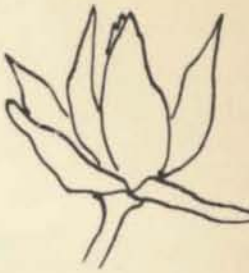
Winds of the People

Sylvia Thomas

Turning Toward the Morning

1. When the deer is bedded down, and the bear is gone to ground,
And the Northern goose has wandered off to warmer bay and sound
It's so easy in the cold to feel the darkness of the year
And the heart is growing lonely for the morning
C - F - / C - F G - / C - F - / C G F C



Chorus
Oh my Joanie don't you know that the stars are swinging slow
And the seas are rolling easy as they did so long ago
If I had a thing to tell you, I would tell you one more time
That the world is always turning toward the morning
G - C - / - - F G - / C - F - / C G F C

2. Well October's growing thin and November's coming home
You'll be thinking of the seasons and the sad things that you've seen
And you hear that old wind talking, hear him singing high and thin
You could swear he's out there singing of your sorrow

3. When the darkness falls around you and the North wind comes to blow
And you hear him call your name out as he walks the brittle snow
That old wind don't mean you trouble, he don't care or even know
He's just walking down the darkness toward the morning

4. It's a pity we don't know what the little flowers know
They can't face the cold November, they can't take the wind and snow
They put their glories all behind them, hang their heads and let it go
But you know they'll be there shining in the morning

5. Oh my Joanie don't you know that days are rolling slow
And the winter's walking easy as he did so long ago
And if that wind should come back and ask you, Why's my Joanie weeping so?
Won't you tell him that you're weeping for the morning?

by Gordon Bok
on Folk Legacy album of the same name with
Ed Trickett and Ann Muir (c) 1975 Folk-Legacy Records. All rights reserved.

Barnyard Dance

It was late one night in the pale moonlight
And all the vegetables went on a spree
They put out a sign that said "Dancin at 9"
And all the admission was free.
It was peas & beans, cabbages & greens
Well it was the biggest sight you've ever seen
And when old man cucumber struck up his number
You oughta heard the vegetables scream.
F C F C / D G C - / F C F C / D - G - //

Well the little turnip top did the backwoods flop
The cabbage tried to shimmy & it could not stop
Little red beet she took his feet
And the watermelon dived with the cockeyed beat.
A - - - / D - - - / G - - - / C - - -

Little tomato, agitator
Shook the shimmy with the sweet potato
And old man garlic dropped dead with the colic
Down at the barnyard dance - this mornin!
Down at the barnyard dance. -Carl Martin
A - - - / D - - - / F D C A / D G C A / D G C -

(c) Beechwood Music, 6255 Sunset Blvd, Hollywood CA 90028.
On Martin, Bogan & Armstrong's BARNYARD DANCE. On Wry Straw's
EARTH TO HEAVEN. On Steve Goodman's SOMEBODY ELSE'S TROUBLES
& a Delaware Water Gap release. Also in SING OUT Vol 27, No. 5 (Sept 1979).

Sunrise, Sunset

Is this the little boy I carried?
Is this the little girl at play?
I don't remember growing older, when did they?
When did she grow to be a beauty?
When did he grow to be so tall?
Wasn't it yesterday when they were small?
Em B^7 Em - / Em B^7 Em E^7 / Am E^7 Am - F# - B^7 -
as above... / Am E^7 Am F# B^7 - - -

Chorus
Sunrise, sunset (2x)   Swiftly flow the days
Seedlings turn overnight to sunflowers
Blossoming even as we gaze
Sunrise, sunset (2x)   Swiftly fly the years
One season following another
Laden with happiness and tears.
Em B^7 (2x) Em - - E^7 / Am D G Em / Am B^7 Em -
as above... / Am Adim Em A^7 / Am B^7 Em -

Now is the little boy a bridegroom
Now is the little boy a bride
Under the canopy I see them, side by side
Place the gold ring around her finger
Share the sweet wine and break the glass
Soon the full circle will have come to pass
From their FIDDLER ON THE ROOF -Sheldon Harnick - Jerry Bock
(c) 1964 Sunbeam Music Inc. In GREAT SONGS OF THE 60's.
All rights reserved.

Singing together in a group can do alot of neat things: It can lighten up a meeting or a class. It can draw people closer together. It can plant a seed - and get you thinking about something in a new way. It can recharge you too ~ and rekindle your sense of hope when things have been hard. And, of course, it can just be fun...

A bunch of us, friends, put together & duplicated these songsheets so that all of these things could happen more easily - in this group & some other ones we've been involved in. These have just been dupicated for these groups' use: they're not for sale to the general public.
Note that most of the songs in these songsheets are copyrighted, either by their authors or (more often) by a publishing company. We have made every effort to determine the correct copyright status of these songs. This is listed under each song (an abbreviated notice such as "(c) 1977 New Moon" would mean "Copyrighted in 1977 by New Moon Music, Inc") All rights to these songs are reserved exclusively by these copyright holders. This means that if you want to publish any of these lyrics (eg. in a magazine or a book) you need to write to this copyright holder for permission. (Libraries can help with addresses) It's also nice to contact authors of uncopyrighted songs, tho you aren't legally bound to.

To sing one of these songs at least one person present has to know the song well enough to lead it. To learn these songs (and others by these songwriters) get copies of the records and songbooks listed under each songbook as sources. Also, since most of the copyright holders are publishing companies, you can write them for sheet music or anthologies (eg. M.Witmark & Sons publishes The Bob Dylan Songbook and Chappell Music publishes collections of Rodgers & Hammerstein songs.)

We figure people ought to sing songs the way they feel like singing them. As a result we have omitted instructions like "repeat first verse", "sing chorus after this verse", "sing la, la, la... after last verse" etc. Different artists will shape songs to their style, mood, and values. All of you are artists when you're singing: so you can figure out yourselves how you want to do it...!

Similarly, you will find minor changes (or in a handful of cases major changes) in the words to some songs. In the great majority of cases, changes were made to eliminate sexist language (eg. using "Man", "brother", or "he" to refer to people in general). Coming up with a creative solution was hardest in the spiritual section. It's clear to us that God isn't male, but what do you sing without being awkward? (We compromised: some songs use "She" to shake up our stereotypes, others are left as "he", and still others try to creatively avoid gender.)
Other changes involved hopelessness, "blaming the victim", playing on guilt, or some kind of stereotype about a group that's oppressed other than women. These changes were suggested by various people working on this (eg. the typists, layout people, etc.) We realize you may well feel that "your favorite song has been butchered!" If a song reflects your reality more fully as it was originally written, for goodness sake sing it that way!

We'd like to make special mention of Sing Out! Magazine. Alot of these songs (and others by these songwriters) first saw light in Sing Out! For almost 30 years folks at Sing Out have worked tirelessly to promote a people's music culture in this country - one rooted in popular imagination and struggles, and reflecting values like peace, racial justice, and caring relationships (ie. things we've been looking for in getting together this booklet.) If you value these kinds of songs, you can help encourage more music like this to be born and spread around by sending a contribution to Sing Out at 505 Eighth Ave, NYC 10018. Aren't good songs a key avenue toward building a richer life and saner world? A one year sub (6 issues) is $11.00, 2 years is $21. The articles are fascinating and great new songs are always appearing.

We're dedicating this project to Malvina Reynolds. Malvina was an amazing woman. In her 77 years she created a wealth of delightful and challenging songs, many of which are included here. She got a PhD in English but couldn't find a teaching job because of her radical ideas and being a woman (this was long before affirmative action). So she worked as a factory worker, a telephone operator and a variety of other odd jobs. Her husband Bud was a labor organizer.

Wherever she was - at a meeting, a concert, or with friends - she communicated humor, energy, excitement about living, outrage at injustice, and belief in people. Her life sparkled, danced, and was filled with good solid work right through her seventies into the last weeks of her life. She was a model of what we can hope to live in our lives, and of the spirit we hope will be moving in us as we sing these songs together.

SOME TIPS on how to use this songbook.

This is a tool for group singing, music teaching and song sharing. If no one in your group knows a given song, you can find the melody via the sources listed under it. "In... " refers to a songbook source, while "On" refers to an album. For example, under the song "Little Boxes" by Malvina Reynolds is written: "In her SONGBOOK and on MALVINA." This means that two sources of the tune are a book called Malvina Reynolds Songbook and an album entitled "Malvina". There's more details on sources in the Artists Index, such as record labels and authors' addresses. 17 excellent general sources of songs in this book are listed at the bottom of this page.

Songs in the index are listed by section, not page. The sections are alphabetically arranged and so are songs within each section (by title). So, if you remember what section a song is in, you don't need the index at all! If there's an arrow after a song in the index, it means the song can be found under the alternative title which follows. { eg. Good old mtn dew → Old... - PLAY means the song can be found under "O" as "Old Mountain Dew" in the PLAY section.

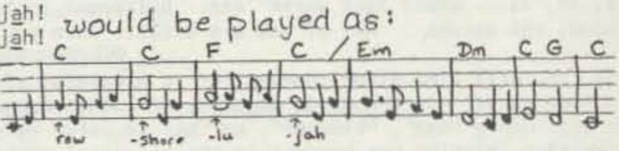
Songs listed under an artist or group's name in the Artists Index are not necessarily written by that artist or group, but are just associated with them (eg. on one of their records). The author is found under the words to the song. If 2 names are listed, the 1st wrote the words, 2nd the music.

Here's how the guitar notation works: Chords are given under the verse or chorus they're for. If nothing is listed, the verse & chorus have the same chords. A dash means repeat the same chord (eg. C - - - is played C C C C.) 2 chords squeezed together means to change chords twice as fast as where the other chords fall (eg. CG G is equal in beats to C G - but you switbh to G sooner)
(Slash marks indicate the end of line in the words above.)

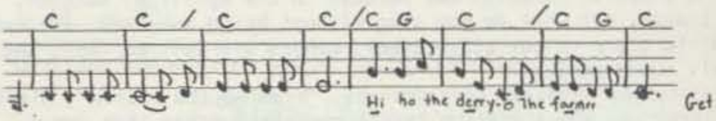
Beat marks under words fall at regular intervals - they also show where the guitar chords fall. With squeezed chords (CG) only the 1st of the 2 falls on a beat mark. Here are 2 examples:

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah!
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah!
C — F C / Em Dm CG C

would be played as:



The farmer in the dell (2x)
Hi, ho the derry-o,
The farmer in the dell.
C — (2x) CG C (2x)



Get it?

Good general sources of tunes for the songs in this book: (with an indication of the number of songs from this book found in that collection - and from what section or the type of songs)

ALL OUR LIVES: A Women's Songbook, ed Joyce Cheney, Marcia Deihl & Deborah Silverstein, Diana Press, 12 W. 25th St, Baltimore 21218, 1976, $6.50. (17 songs here - mainly in women & work sections)
AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, ed Pete Seeger, Oak, c/o Music Sales, 33 W. 60th, NYC 10003, $1.95. (34 - friendship, freedom, work - all "oldies")
American Treasury of 1004 FOLK SONGS, Vol 1 (Up to 1900), ed Isabel & Mary Allen Hood, Hansen, 1977, $9.95. (69, all traditional - lots of songs but bulky!)
BELLS OF RHYMNEY, also ed by Seeger, Oak, $2.95. (34 - in peace, prison, struggle...)
FRICTION IN THE SYSTEM, Eastbay Peoples Music, 2130 A Roosevelt Av, Berkeley CA 94703, 1976, $1.25 ppd. (8, from struggle, work) This group is part of New American Movement.
GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES, ed Milton Okun, Quadrangle, 1970, $5.95. (20, pop or by famous "folkies")
JOYFUL SINGING, World Around Songs, Rte 5, Burnsville NC 28714. They print a variety of pocket-size songbooks for great prices. This one is 90¢/55¢ for 10+. (16 trad.) Write for their catalog.
JUDY COLLINS SONGBOOK, Ryerson, around $8. (22 - miners, friends, dream - by a variety of songwriters incl a few of her own - drawn from her first half dozen albums)
PEOPLE SONGBOOK, ed Waldemar Hille, Oak, 1960, $2.95. (35 - struggle, peace)
POCKETFUL OF SONGS, World Around Songs - see above under Joyful Singing. (24)
REPRINTS FROM SING OUT!, 505 Eighth Av, NYC 10018. Vols 1-11 are $1.50 ea, vol 12 is $2. (94 altogether, in all sections. Vols 2,4,6 & 10 each have over 10 songs each in this collection) These reprint volumes are goldmines of good songs...
SING TOGETHER CHILDREN, World Around Songs - see above JOYFUL SINGING. (19)
SONGFEST, ed Dick & Beth Best, Crown, 1958. (40 oldies but goodies - the book has over 300 tunes)
SONGS OF THE SPIRIT, Friends General Conference, 1520B Race St, Philadelphia 19102, 1978, $3. (28 - spiritual, freedom)
SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, ed Edith Fowke & Joe Glazer, Dover, 1973, $3.50. (45 - work, rural, rich, struggle). Great collection, orig published by Labor Ed Dept of Roosevelt University.
SURVIVAL SONGBOOK, ed Jim Morse & Nancy Matthews, Sierra Club, 1971, $9.95. (14 - ecology)
VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, ed Guy & Candie Carawan, Knopf, 1975, $8.95. (10 - miners). A very moving & beautfiul book on Appalach an peoples' struggles incl photos, songs, personal accounts,et

AMERICA

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Oh beautiful for working folk
Who forged the wealth we see
In farm and mill, in home and school
Unsung in history
America, America
May race nor sex nor creed
No more divide, but side by side
All rise united, freed!

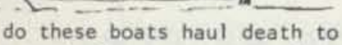
GD/ - GD
GD/E A
GD/ - GG7
CG /CD G

- Pamela Haines (used by permission.)

I'VE GOT TO KNOW (Tune: Farther Along)

Why do your warships sail on my waters?
Why do your bombs drop down from my sky?
Why do you burn my towns and my cities?
I want to know, friend, I want to know why!
D--GD-/---EA-/D--GD-/---AD-

Chorus
I've got to know, friend, I've got to know!
Hungry lips ask me whereever I go!
Comrades and friends all falling around me,
I've got to know, friend, I've got to know.



Why do these boats haul death to my people?
Nitro explosives, cannons and guns?
Where is my food, my soap and my warm clothes?
I've got to know, friend, I've got to know.

You keep me in jail and you lock me in prison
Your hospital's jammed, and your asylum is full
What made your cop kill my trade union worker?
I've got to know, friend, I've got to know!

Why do these warships sail on my ocean?
Why do these bombs drop down from my sky?
Why doesn't your ship bring some food and
some clothing?
I've got to know, friend, I've got to know why.
- Woody Guthrie

In his SONGBOOK. In BELLS OF RHYMNEY. In SING OUT REPRINTS, Vol.1 TRO
(c) 1963 Ludlow Music Inc, New York, NY. Used by permission.

LITTLE BOXES

Little boxes on the hillside
Little boxes made of ticky tacky
Little boxes little boxes
Little boxes all the same
There's a green one, and a pink one
And a blue one, and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.
A-/DA/-D/AE/A-/DA/-D /AE A

And the people in the houses
All go to the university
And they all get put in boxes
Little boxes all the same
And there's doctors, and there's lawyers
And bus'ness executives
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf course
And drink their martini's dry
And they all have pretty children
And the children go to school
And the children go to summer camp
And then to the university
Where they all get put in boxes
And they all come out the same.

And the boys go into bus'ness
And marry and raise a family
And they all get put in boxes
Little boxes all the same
There's a green one, and a pink one
And a blue one, and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.
-Malvina Reynolds

Malvina Reynolds lived many yrs in Berkeley where the hillsides are bulldozed, terraced & emboxed. In her SONGBOOK & on MALVINA. In BELLS OF RHYMNEY & on Seeger's WE SHALL OVERCOME, WORLD OF P.S. & GREATEST HITS. (c) 1962 Schroder Music (ASCAP) Used by permission.

LORD, WONT YOU BUY ME

Oh, Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz
My friends all have Porsches I must make amends
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my
friends. Oh, Lord won't you...
D-GD/----/--GD/--GD

Oh Lord won't you buy me a color TV
Dialing for dollars is trying to find me
I'll wait for delivery each day until 3...

Oh Lord won't you buy me a night on the town
I'm countin on you Lord, please don't let me
down.
Prove that you love me & buy the next round...
- Janis Joplin + Michael McClure

(c) 1970 Strong Arm Music, 75 E. 55th St NYC 10022. All rights reserved.

MY LAND IS A GOOD LAND

My land is a good land
The grass is made of rainbow blades
Its fields and its rivers are blessed by God
It's a good land so they say (2x)
F G C Am (4x) F G C-

My land is a rich land
Its hills and valleys are bound
Its highways go off to many good places
Where many good people are found (2x)

My land is a sweet land
It's a sweet land so I've heard
It's song is made up of many folks' hands
And the throat of a hummingbird (2x)

My land is a free land
It's a free land so I'm told
Freedom is a thing that money can't buy
If it's worth even more than gold (2x)

My land is my homeland
My homeland so strong and true
It starts where the sun is growing each morn
And ends where the skies are blue (2x)
-Eric Anderson

On his BOUT CHANGES'N THINGS & BEST OF E.A. [illegible] Artists music. All rights reserved.

THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

Virgil Caine is my name
And I served on the Danville train
Til Stonewall's calvary came
And tore up the tracks again
In the winter of '65
We were hungry, just barely alive
By May 10th, Richmond had fell
It was a night I remember oh so well
Em G/C Am (repeat) Em C/G C/Em C/G – A A^7

Chorus
The night they drove ole Dixie down
And all the bells were ringing
The night they drove ole Dixie down
And all the people were singin
They said, na, na, na, na, na,...
G C G/C/G C G/C/G Em A C G —

Back with my wife in Tennessee
When one day she said to me
Virgil quick come see
There goes Robert E. Lee
Now I don't mind choppin wood
And I don't care if the money's no good
Ya take what ya need and leave the rest
But they should never have taken the very best

Like my father before me I will work the land
Like my brother above me who took a rebel stand
He was just 18, proud and brave
But a yankee laid him in his grave
I swear by the mud below my feet
You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in
defeat. – J. Robbie Robertson

On Joan Baez BLESSED ARE & FROM EVERY STAGE (c) 1969 Canaan Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission. International Copyright secured.

THE POWER & THE GLORY

C'mon and take a walk with me thru this green
and growin land
Walk through the meadows and the mountains and
the sand
Walk thru the valleys & the rivers & the plains
Walk thru the sun & walk thru the rain
C – – – / – – G – / – – – – /F – G –

Chorus
Here's a land full of power and glory
Beauty that words cannot recall
Oh her power shall rest on the strength of her
freedom
add on C –
Her glory shall rest on us all (last cho: on us all!)
Am – G – /Am – G – /C – Em – /F – G –

From Colorado, Kansas & the Carolinas too
Virginia and Alaska from the old to the new
Texas and Ohio and the California shore
Tell me who could ask for more.

Yet she's only as rich as the poorest of the
poor
Only as free as a padlocked prison door
Only as strong as our love for this land
Only as tall as we stand – Phil Ochs

On his ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SING. (c) Appleseed Music. All rights reserved.

PRINGLE JINGLE

Chorus
Pringle's Newfangled Potato Chips
They're crunchy, so munchy they'll make you
smack your lips.
A boon to the consumer a triumph for man
To fit so many potato chips in a tennis ball can
C – G^7 – / – – C – /F E^7 Am D/C Am D G C

A misshapen potato chip can ruin your whole day
Ours are perfect ovals identical in every way
None is too greasy none is too brown
Our rehydrated potatoes make the best chips in
town
Am E C G/G^7 – C – /A A^7 Dm – /D^7 – G^7 –

Four and one-half ounces, only 57¢
We only use the finest ingredients
Mono & diglycerides, BHA
They can sit on the shelf for 19 weeks & you can
buy them anyway!

All this may sound incredible but wait—there's
even more
You can take our chip where potato chips have
never been before
Stuff 'em in your knapsack not one will break
And you can leave the can at the campsite or
floating in the lake – Fred Small

From his collection SOUNDINGS (c) 1975 used by permission.

PRIVATE PROPERTY

How many times have you been sitting in the
country
Grooving on the flowers and the trees
And you're lying in the sun with no clothes on
Naked as the birds and the bees
Then along comes a man with a badge and a gun
Sez you're all gonna have to put your clothes
back on
Cause the folks around here don't like to see
your ass
And it's them that owns the land you're sittin on
C – A – /D G C G/C – A – /D – G – /C – C^7 – /F – – – /
C – A – /D G C –

Chorus
Private property if you think livin' is free
Private property come and listen to me
How can you be free to live the life you wanna
be groovin' on
When a man has got a paper says he owns the land
you're sittin' on, and
All the rest is owned by someone else.
G – C – /G – C A/D^7 G^7 C A (2x) D^7 G C –

How many times have you been walking through the
city
Watchin' all the kids in the street
And they're playin' on the cement and the broken
glass
And you wish that they could walk on some grass
So you get your friends together, find a vacant
lot
You plant some trees and flowers, make it a
pleasant spot
Then along come a hundred and fifty tactical
police
Saying you think this land is yours, well it's
not.

↗

How many times have you tried living in a commune
Grooving on granola and greens
And you cooked a good organic dinner and you think you'll write a story
Of all the far out places you've seen
Then along come a half a dozen muscular dudes
Saying mind the kids and clean the house while we play a little blues
And mend my pants and change the sheets and take out the garbage
I'll try to be in bed with you by two.

Last chorus
Private property refers to you and to me
Private property if you think women are free
How can you be free to live the life you wanna be groovin' on
When a man has got a paper says he owns the ass you're sittin' on
All the rest is owned by someone else
But we can change it
When everything is owned by everyone.
- Ronald Craig & Judy Abrahms

(c) 1975 authors.

PUTTIN' ON THE STYLE

Young man in a carriage, driving like he's mad
With a pair of horses he borrowed from his dad
He cracks his whip so lively just to see his lady smile
But she knows he's only putting on the style

Chorus D--A/---D %
Putting on the agony putting on the style.
That's what all the young folks are doing all the while
And as I look around me, I'm very apt to smile
To see so many people putting on the style

Sweet 16 goes to church just to see the boys
Laughs and giggles at every little noise
She turns this way a little then turns that way awhile
But everybody knows she's only putting on the style

Young man in a restaurant smokes a dirty pipe
Looking like a pumpkin that's only halfway ripe
Smokin,drinkin,chewin, & thinkin all the while
That there is nothing equal to putting ...

Young man just from college makes a big display
With a great big jawbreak which he can hardly say
It can't be found in Webster's & won't be for a while
But everybody knows he's only...

Preacher in the pulpit shouting with all his might
Glory Hallelujah puts the people in a fright
You might think that Satan's coming up & down the aisle
But it's only the preacher...

See the young executive in his charcoal gray
Talking with some union men who've come to have their say
Sitting at his office desk & wearing a toothpaste smile
That's the executive...

Congressman from Wash. looking mighty slick
Wants to get elected & go back there right quick
Beats his breat & hollers & waves the flag a while
But we know he's only...

In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, SONG OUT REPRINTS, Vol.1 & 1004 FOLK SONGS

SAIL AWAY

_In America you'll get food to eat _
_Won't have to run thru the jungle and scuff up your feet _
Just sing about Jesus and drink wine all day
_It's great to be an American. _ _
(capo up2) D — E —/G—D—

Ain't no lions—ain't no mam snake
Just the sweet watermellon & the buckwht. cake
Ev'rybody is as happy as a man can be
Climb aboard little wog—sail away with me

Chorus
Sail away_ Sail away _
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay_ (repeat)
D – G – / D Bm E A / D – G – / D EA D –

In America every man is free
To take care of his home and his family
You'll be as happy as a monkey in a monkey tree
You're all gonna be an American.
-Randy Newman

On his SAIL AWAY & on Linda Ronstadt's DON'T CRY NOW (c) Warner Bros. Music All rights reserved.

SOUNDS OF SILENCE

_Hello darkness my old friend _
_I've come to talk to you again _
_Because a vision softly creeping
_Left its seeds while I was sleeping _ _
And the vision which was planted in my brain
_still remains _
_Within the sound of silence _
Am - G -/--Am-/--FC/--FC--
F---C-Am-/C G-Am-
In restless dreams I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
Neath the halo of a street lamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light that split the night
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that no one ever share no one dared
Disturb the sound of silence

Fools, said I, "You do not know
Silence like a cancer grows
Hear my words that I might teach you
Take my arms that I might reach you
But my words like silent raindrops fell (pause)
And echoed in the well of silence

AMERICA/

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they'd made
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming
And the sign said "The words of the prophets are
written on the subway walls & tenement
halls
And whispers in the sounds of silence
-Paul Simon

In his SONGS OF P.S. & GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES. On SOUNDS OF SILENCE, WEDNESDAY MORNING 3 A.M., etc. (c) 1964 by author. All rights reserved.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME

Take me out to the ballgame
Take me out to the crowd.
Buy me some popcorn and cracker jacks
I don't care if we never get back,
And it's root root root for the home team
If they don't win it's a shame
And it's one-two-three strikes you're out
At the old ball game.
CG/CG/ADm/D^7G
CG/CA/F FC/FG C

TALKIN' POLITICIAN

Just as long as I can remember
Every four years about November
Folks who wouldn't talk to me on the street
Are comin in my house and wipin' their feet
Kissin my wife, kissin my babies
Well I guess they'd even kiss my old mule if she
hadn't a-voted for Roosevelt.
D G/CG A (repeat) D – G – /A — — D

Well they shake my hand and smile and say
"Hey I'd like to have your vote come election
day
Now you don't need to know where I stand
Just vote for me as many times as you can
That'll be $10 now, and $10 more
Just every time that you vote.

"Now I promise you that if I'm elected
I'll raise the dead and have em resurrected
I'll fix your road, put a bridge on your creek
And sweep out your cowbarn myself twice a week"
Now there just might be somethin to that, cuz
I ain't never seen
Nobody else that can shovel that stuff as fast
as a politician.

The election's come and the road's still muddy
You try to find your old good buddy
He's up at the courthouse grindin his axes
The only thing won't get cut is your taxes
I been sliced this way, so many times I'm
startin to look like a tomater.

The hand you shook behind the plow
That hand is in your pocket now.
You look for your mule and find it's missin
Better start huntin that politician
But there's one good thing, if it weren't for
politicians,
The rest of us folks wouldn't have nothin else
to laugh at except tourists. - Si Kahn

On NEW WOOD (c) 1975 Used by permission. (Last line orig. "except for Nixon")

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Chorus
This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream water
This land was made for you and me. G – D – /A – D – :||

As I was walkin', that ribbon of highway
I saw above me, that endless skyway
I saw below me, that golden valley
I said this land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my
footsteps
To the sparkling sand of her diamond desert
And all around me, a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

Down in the city, in the shadow of the steeple
By the relief office, I saw my people
As they stood there hungry I stood there
whistling: This land...

As I went walking, I saw a sign there
On that sign it said "Private Property"
But on the other side it didn't say nothin'
That side was made for you and me!

Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking my freedom highway
Nobody living can make me turn back, cuz...

The sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving & the dust clouds
rolling
As the fog was lifting, a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me. - Woody Guthrie

Some of these verses didn't make it into your primary school music book! Yet they're all the original Guthrie words. In his SONGBOOK, AMERICA FAVORITE BALLADS, & WEAVERS SONGBOOK. On various Guthrie & Seeger albums. TRO (c) 1956, '58, 70 Ludlow Music Inc, New York NY. Used by permission.

WHAT DID YOU LEARN IN SCHOOL TODAY?

What did you learn in school today, dear little
child of mine (2x)
I learned that Washington never told a lie
I learned that soldiers seldom die
I learned that everybody's free
And that's what the teacher said to me
That's what I learned in school today, that's
what I learned in school.
C – – G/C – CG C/F C (4X) C – CG C
What...
I learned that policemen are my friends
I learned that justice never ends
I learned that murderers die for their crimes
Even if we make a mistake sometimes...

I learned our government must be strong
It's always right and never wrong
Our leaders are the finest men
And we elect them again and again...

I learned that war is not so bad,
I learned about the great ones we have had,
We fought in Germany and in France
And some day I might get my chance...

I learned that boys grow into men
Fly up to the moon and back again
That little girls to mommies grow
To stay at home and cook and sew...
- Tom Paxton

The last verse is new. In his RAMBLING BOY & SING OUT REPRINTS # 7. On Pete Seeger, WE SHALL OVERCOME (c) 1962, 64, 65 Cherry Lane Music, Inc All rights reserved.

YOUR FLAG DECAL WON'T GET YOU INTO HEAVEN

While digesting Reader's Digest
In the back of the dirty bookstore
A plastic flag with gum on the back
Fell out on the floor
Well I picked it up and I ran outside
And slapped it on my window shield
And if I could see old Betsy Ross
I'd tell her how good I feel.
D-/G-/A-/-D/--/-G/A-/-D

Chorus
But your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore
They're already overcrowded from your dirty little war
And Jesus don't like killing, no matter what the reason's for
And your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore. DG- D-/A-D-/G-D-/A--D

Well I went to the bank this morning
And the teller said to me
If you join our Christmas club
We'll give you ten of them flags for free
Well I didn't mess around a bit
I took him up on what he said
And I stuck them flags all over my car
And one on my wife's forehead.

Well I got my windowshield so filled
With flags I couldn't see
So I ran the car upside a curb
And right into a tree
By the time they got a doctor down
I was already dead
And I'll never understand why the man
Standing in the pearly gate said:

(Last Chorus) ...We're already overcrowded. .
-John Prine

Is in JOHN PRINE & on his 1st album. (c) 1971 Walden Music Inc and Sour Grapes Music. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

BETTER WORLD

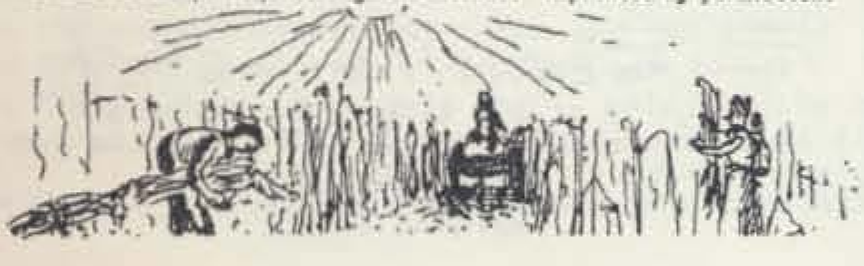
ALL THE WEARY MOTHERS

All the weary mothers of the earth will finally rest
We will take their babies in our arms and do our best
When the sun is low upon the field
To love and music they will yield
And the weary mothers of the earth will rest.
CF CG C*-/CF C D G/C Em/Am F -/CF CG C*-
*(play bass run C, B, A, G)
And the farmer on his tractor, and beside his plow
Will stand there in confusion, as we wet his brow
With the tears of all the businessmen
Who see what they have done to him
And the weary farmers of the earth shall rest.

And the aching workers of the world again shall sing
These words in mighty choruses to all will bring
"We shall no longer be the poor,
For no one owns us anymore"
And the workers of the world again shall sing.

And when the soldiers burn their uniforms in every land
And the foxholes at the borders will be left unmanned
General, when you come for the review
The troops will have forgotten you
And the men and women of the earth shall rest.
-Joan Baez

On her COME FROM THE SHADOWS & GRACIAS A LA VIDA (in Spanish) (c) 1972 Chandos Music (ASCAP) All rights reserved. Reprinted by permission.



BETTER WORLD

There's a better world a-comin can't you see, can't you see?
There's a better world a-comin can't you see
When we'll all be union and we'll all be free
There's a better world a-comin can't you see.
E---/-EA E-/--A E/-EA E-

I see a better world a-comin', yes I see, see, see/I see a...
Out of marching, out of battling, out from rusty chains a-rattlin'/I see a

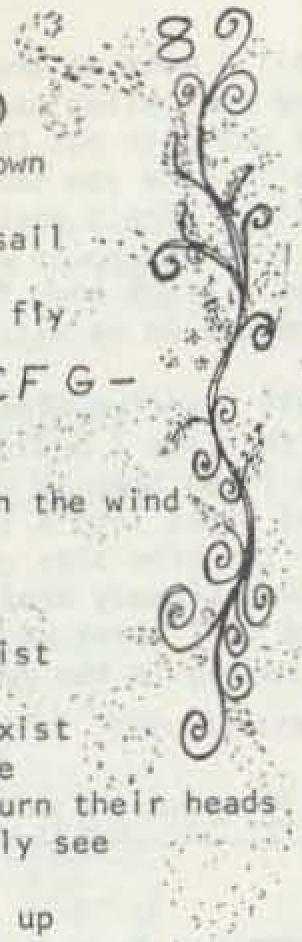
I see a better world a-comin', yes, I know and I know/I see a...
Out of your storms and winds and rains, out of sorrow out of pains...

I see a better world a-comin', Ask me why? Tell you why
I see a better world a-comin', tell you why.
I'll kill Jimcrow and race hate on the sea and in the sky
I see a better world a-comin', I've told you why.

I see a better world yon comin', twon't be long, not very long, I see...
I'm gonna bring you warlords down, scatter your warbirds on my new ground...

Honey, it's a better world we're building, come see it for yourself
Honey, it's a lot better world we're building, come look see.
Gonna use a little old solar power*, build my new place from old ashes
It's a better world we're building, honey, come, lookysee.
- Woody Guthrie

In his SONGBOOK. On his ORIGINAL RECORDINGS & BOUND FOR GLORY. TRO (c) 1963 1976 Ludlow (* Orig. "atom power" !) Music Inc. New York, NY. Used by permission.



BLOWIN IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down
Before they can call him a man
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she can sleep in the sand
How many times must a cannonball fly
Before it's forever banned
CFC -/CFCC/CFC Am/CF G -
CFC -/CFCG

Chorus
The answer my friend is blowin in the wind
The answer is blowin in the wind
F G C Am/F G C -

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea
How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free
How many times will some folks turn their heads
And pretend that they don't really see

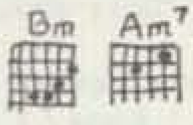
How many times must a woman look up
Before she can see the sky
How many tears must one man shed
Before he can hear people cry
How many deaths will it take till they know
That too many people have died. - Bob Dylan

In his SONGBOOK. On FREEWHEELIN. In GREAT SONGS OF SIXTIES. In PETER PAUL & MARY'S SONGBOOK & on IN THE WIND (c) 1962 M.Witmark+Sons. All rights reserved.

COME ALIVE!

Chorus
Come alive, we are the revolution (2x)
And everything is goin
Yes, everything is growin all right
G C Am G (2x) C Bm/Am Am⁷ D -

We're gonna plant some seeds (We're gonna plant...)
We are the seeds (We are the seeds)
We've gonna plant... (We're gonna...)
We are the seeds _
G GCG (3x) G -



We need some sunshine... /We are...
Water, struggle, spirit, etc. -by PJ Hoffman

On his MUSCLE AND BRAIN. On SOUNDS GOOD & in SONGS ON OUR WAY OUT #1. (c) 1975 Used by permission.

COME AND GO WITH ME

Come and go with me to that land (3x)
Where I'm bound. (repeat)
D -/GD/D -/A -/D -/GD/DA/DG D

There'll be freedom in that land...
There'll be justice in that land...
There'll be singin' in that land...
There'll be lovin' in that land...
There's no hunger in that land...
etc.

In SING OUT REPRINTS #2 & SING TOGETHER CHILDREN. In PETER, PAUL & MARY'S SONGBOOK & on A SONG WILL RISE. On ODETTA & her BALLARDS AND BLUES

I CAN SEE A NEW DAY

I can see a new day, a new day soon to be,
When the storm clouds are all past,
And the sun shines on a world that is free.
C - G - - - C -/C - F -/CGC -

I can see a new world, a new world coming fast
When we're all one people
And hatred is forgotten at last

I can see a new folk, a new folk standing tall,
With their heads high and their hearts proud,
And afraid of nothing at all. -Les Rice

In BELLS OF RHYMNEY & SING OUT REPRINTS # 8 on Pete Seeger I CAN SEE A NEW DAY (c) 1962 Fall River Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

IF I HAD A HAMMER

CEm FG(3x) F G/C FG Am
FG C FG/CF CG CEm FG

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out love betw my bros. & my sisters
All over this land

If I had a bell,. I'd ring it in the morning...
If I had a song...

Well I've got a hammer & I've got a bell
And I've got a song to sing all over this land
It's the hammer of justice its the bell of freedom
It's a song about love betw...
- Pete Seeger + Lee Hays

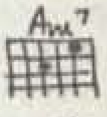
In AMERICA'S FAVORITE BALLADS & TRAVELLIN ON WITH THE WEAVERS. On WORLD OF P.SEEGER & on several Peter, Paul and Mary. TRO (c) 1958, 1962 Ludlow Music Inc. New York, NY. Used by permission.

IF WE ONLY HAVE LOVE

If we only have love then tomorrow will dawn
And the days of our years will rise on that morn.
If we only have love to embrace without fears
We will kiss with our eyes, we will sleep without tears.
C Am C Am/Dm G Dm G/C Am C Am/Dm G - C

If we only have love with our arms open wide.
Then the young and the old will stand at our side
If we only have love, love that's falling like rain,
Then the parched desert earth will grow green again.
E Am E Am/Dm G - C/E Am E Am/Dm E Dm E

If we only have love for the hymn that we shout
For the song that we sing then we'll have a way out.
Am E Am⁷ D⁷ /Dm G - C



If we only have love we can reach those in pain
We can heal our own wounds, we can use our own names.
If we only have love we can melt all the guns
And pass on the world to our daughters and sons.

If we only have love then Jerusalem stands,
And then death has no shadow, there are no foreign lands.
If we only have love we will never bow down,
We'll be tall as the pines neither heross nor clowns.
(below) Am E Am E/F G - - C (Am C Am Fm G C)
Then with nothing at all but the little we are
We'll have conquered all time, all space, the sun and the stars. - Jacques Brel

On JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL (c) Hill & Range S[illegible] NY All rights reserved.

IMAGINE

Imagine there's no heaven, it's easy if you try
No hell below us, above us only sky
Imagine all the people living for today
G C G C (2×) C D--

Imagine there's no countries, it isn't hard to do
Nothin to Kill or die for and no religions too
Imagine all the people living life in peace
Chorus
You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the whole world will live as one
C D G(4×)

Imagine no possessions, I wonder if you can
No need for greed nor hunger nor folk with
empty hands
Imagine all the people sharing all the world.

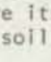
On IMAGINE & Joan Baez COME FOR THE SHADOWS (c) 1971 Northern Songs Ltd US: Maclen Music, Inc. All rights reserved.

LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH

Let there be peace on Earth C Am Dm G
And let it begin with me C Em Dm G
Let there be peace on earth C - B⁷ -
The peace that was meant to be Em B⁷ G⁷ -
With so much to live for Am - Em -
So much that we can be F G C -
Let us walk with each other Am D G -
In perfect harmony Am D G -

Last 4 lines of 2nd verse

Let peace begin with me C - Caug - / F - D -
Let this be the moment now C E⁷ F C / F G C -
With every step I take
Let this be my solemn vow
To take each moment and live each moment
In peace eternally
Let there be peace on earth
And let it begin with me.
-Sy Miller + Jill Jackson



In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT & BEST OF POPULAR SONGS (c) 1955 authors (c) 1956, 1967 Jan-Lee Music. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

SAVE THE PEOPLE

When wilt thou save the people
O God of mercy when?
Not kings and lords but nations
Not thrones and crowns but women & men
Flowers of thy heart, o God are they
Let them not pass like weeds away
The heritage of sunless days
God save the people! G C/Am D/G C/Am F D -
C D EmBm CD/EmBm CG A D
AmG G AmG G/Bb C D -
Shall crime bring crime forever
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Spirit
That we shall toil for wrong?
No say thy mountains, no say thy skies
Our clouded sun shall brightly rise
And songs be heard instead of sighs, God...

When wilt thou save the people
O God of mercy when?
The people, Lord, the people
Not thrones and crowns but women and men
God save the people for thine they are
The children as thy angels fair
Save the people--from despair, God... (At end: Eb F D/3×)
-Stephen Schwartz

From the musical GODSPELL (c) 1973 Hansen Music. All rights reserved.

SING, SING LIBERATION

Chorus
Sing, sing liberation
Sing struggle and pain
Sing, sing revolution
Along with the sun comes the rain
DG/GD/etc.

Life is ours to live now
Sing struggle and pain
And love is ours to give (freely!) now
Along with the sun comes the rain

We are growing like trees now, sing...
Growing til we're free now, along...

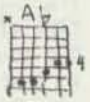
Grow up towards the sun now...
Till this world is one now...
-Bruce Kokopeli

Used by permission.

THAT CAUSE CAN NEITHER BE LOST NOR STAYED

That cause can neither be lost nor stayed
Which takes the course of what **God** has made
And is not trusting in walls and towers
But slowly growing from seeds to flowers.
C Am G C/Am Dm G C/Am E F C/Am Ab CG GC

Each noble service that **we** have wrought
Was first conceived as a fruitful thought
Each worthy cause with a future glorious
By quiet growing becomes victorious.



Thereby itself like a tree it shows
That high it reaches, as deep it grows
And when the storms are its branches shaking
It deeper root in the soil is taking.

Be then no more by a storm dismayed
For by it the full-grown seeds are laid
And though the tree by its might it shatters
What then if thousands of seeds it scatters!
-Kristian Ostergaard & J. Nellemann

To a Danish folk tune. Eng. transl. J. C. Aaberg. In JOYFUL SINGING & HYMNAL FOR FRIENDS.

TURN BACK, O MAN

Turn back, O man, foreswear thy foolish ways
Old now is earth & none may count her days
Yet thou her child whose head is crowned with
flame
Still will not hear thine inner God proclaim
Turn back... C - F C F G C - / C - F C Dm - G -
G Am G C Dm C E - / C G C G C D G - / C Am E Am Dm
Earth might be fair & all folk glad & wise C G C
Age after age men's tragic empire rise
Built while they dream & in that dreaming weep
Would we but wake from out our haunted sleep
Earth might be fair &...

Earth shall be fair and all her people **one**
Nor till that hour shall God's whole hope be done
Now even now once more from earth to sky
Peals forth in joy that old undaunted cry:
"Earth shall..."

We were going to try & change the "man" reference here as we usually have til a woman suggested she kinda liked singing it as is...! Music is from the Geneva Psalter of 1551. In JOYFUL SINGING & HYMNAL FOR FRIENDS (c) A.D. Peers.

WAY OVER YONDER

Way over yonder is a place that I know
Where I can find shelter from hunger and cold
And the sweet tasting good life is so easily
found
Way over yonder that's where I'm bound.
C – Am –/Dm – C F C/Am – Dm –/C F C –

I know when I get there, the first thing
I'll see
Is the sun shining golden, shining right
down on me
Then trouble's gonna lose me, worry leave
me behind
And I'll stand up proudly in true peace of
mind.

Way over yonder is a place I have seen
In a garden of wisdom from some long ago dream.
(chords for 1st half of verse)
Maybe tomorrow I'll find my way
To the land where the honey runs in rivers
each day
And the sweet tasting good life is so easily
found
Way over yonder, that's where I'm bound (2x)
-Carole King

On her TAPESTRY. (c) 1971 by Colgems-EMI Music Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

WAYFARING STRANGER

I'm just a poor wayfarin stranger
Trav'lin thru this world of woe
But there's no sickness, no toil nor danger
In that bright world to which I go.
Am E Am –/Dm – E –/Am E Am F/Dm Em Am –

Chorus
I'm goin there to get my freedom
I'm goin there no more to roam
I'm only goin over Jordan
I'm only goin over home.
F G Am –/F G Am E/Am E Am G F/Dm Em Am –

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is rough and steep
But gentle fields lie just before me
Where all folk live in joy and peace.
-traditional

In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, JOYFUL SINGING, 1004 FOLK SONGS. On Baez' DAVID'S ALBUM. In FIRESIDE FOLK SONGS.

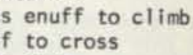
WE WILL GET THERE (Woyaya)

We are going
Heaven knows where we are going
We'll know we're there.
C –/F Em Dm –/C – – –
(Capo up 2)
We will get there
Heaven knows how we we'll get there
We know we will
(Bridge):
It will be hard we know
And the road will be
Am G F –/– – /C G
Muddy and rough but we'll... (into 2nd verse)
by Sol Amarfia & Osibisa

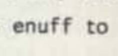
On Art Garfunkel, ANGEL CLARE (c) Authors. All rights reserved.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW

Chorus
What the world needs now is love sweet love
It's the only thing that there's just too
little of
What the world needs now is love sweet love
No not just for some, but for everyone
(Capo up) Em7 Am7 (2x) Dm7 F Em G
Em7 Am7 (2x) Dm7 – E E7



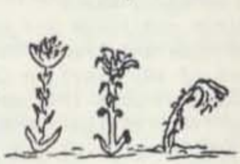
Lord we don't need another mountain
There are mountains & hillsides enuff to climb
There are oceans & rivers enuff to cross
Enough to last--till the end of time
Am7 – – –/Gm7 C Fmaj7 Dm7
Gm7 C Fmaj7/Am7 D7 Dm7 G



Lord, we don't need another meadow
There are cornfields & wheat fields enuff to
grow
There are sunbeams & moonbeams enuff to shine
Oh listen Lord--if you want to know.
Burt Bachrach & Hal Davis

In their songbook, Great Songs of the 'Sixties, World's Greatest Hits of the 'Sixties (c) 1965 Blue Seas All rights reserved.

CHANGING



AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never
brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of
auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne my dear (2x)
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for...
C G C F/C G FG C :/
We twa hae ran aboot the brae and pu'd the
Bowans fine
We've wandered mony a weary foot sin auld lang
syne... -Robert Burns

In POCKETFUL OF SONGS, 1004 FOLK SONGS, FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS.

BRING ME A ROSE

Bring me a rose in the wintertime
When it's hard to find
Bring me a rose in the wintertime
I've got roses on my mind.
rose is sweet most anytime and yet
Bring me a rose in the wintertime
It's so easy, we forget.
C –/C F/C –/F G/Repeat, ending: G C
(verses)
Bring me a friend when I'm far from home. . .
Bring me a smile when I'm all alone. . .
. . . kiss when my child is grown . . .
. . . love in the autumn years. . .
. . . peace when there's talk of war. . .
(We have been unable to track down the name of the Catholic priest who wrote this song. Can you help?)

CHANGES (Capo up or play in D) F G C Am/ F G Em/F Dm/G C F G C —

Sit by my side, come as close as the air
Share in my memories of gray
Wander in my world
Dream about the pictures that I play of changes

Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall
To brown and to yellow they fade
Then they have to die
Trapped within the circle time parade of...

Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind
Visions of shadows that shine
Till one day I returned
And found they were the victims of the vines...

The world spinning madly it drifts through the
dark
Swims through a hollow of haze
A trip around the stars
A journey through the universe ablaze with...

Movements of magic will glow in the night
All fears of the forest are gone
But when the morning breaks
They're swept away by golden drops of dawn...

Passions will part to a strange melody
As fires will sometimes burn cold
Like petals in the wind
We're puppets to the silver strings of soul of...

Your tears will be trembling now we're somewhere
else
One last cup of wine I will pour
I'll kiss you one more time
And leave you on the rolling river shore of...
-Phil Ochs

On his IN CONCERT. On Ian & Sylvia's PLAY ONE MORE & BEST OF IAN AND SYLVIA. Also in Ochs' THE WAR IS OVER. (c) 1967, 68 Barricade Music Inc., New York, N.Y. All rights reserved.

CIRCLE GAME

Yesterday a child came out to wonder
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder
And tearful at the falling of a star
C F C — / — F G — / C F Em — / F G C —
Chorus (capo up 2)
And the seasons they go round and round,
the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on a carousel of time
We can't return we can only look behind from
where we came
And go round and round and round in the circle
game C FC C FC/F — C — /F — EmF/Em FG C -

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons
Skated over ten clear frozen streams
Words like when you're older must appease him
And promises of someday make her dreams

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now
Cartwheels turn to carwheels through the town
And they tell him take your time it won't be
long now
Til you drag your feet to slow the circles down

Years spin by and now the child is 20
Though her dreams have lost some grandeur coming
true
There'll be new dreams maybe better dreams and
plenty
Before the last revolving year is through
- Joni Mitchell

On her LADIES OF THE CANYON & MILES OF AISLES. On I AM & SYLVIA'S GREATEST & On BEST OF BUFFY SAINT-MARIE. (c) 1966 Siquomb.

11 CHANGING

GONE GONNA RISE AGAIN

I remember the year that my granddaddy died
Gone, gonna rise again
They dug his grave on a mountainside.
Gone, gonna rise again
I was too young to understand
The way he felt about the land
But I could read his history in his hands
Gone, gonna rise again
D C D/C D (repeat) D — /C A — /DC D/CG D (2x)

It's corn in the crib and apples in the bin...
Ham in the smokehouse and cotton in the gin...
Cows in the barn and hogs in the lot
You know he never had a lot
But he worked like the devil for the little he
got...
These apple trees on the mountainside...
He planted the seeds just before he died...
I guess he knew that he'd never see
The red fruit hanging from the tree
But he planted those seeds for his children and
me...

High on a ridge above the farm...
I think of my people that have gone on...
Like a tree that grows in the mountain ground
The storms of life have cut 'em down
But the new wood springs from the roots
underground... - Si Kahn

On his NEW WOOD. On Lucha's MEANS STRUGGLE tape. (c) 1975. Used by permission.

THE GOODNIGHT-LOVING TRAIL

Too old to wrangle or ride on the swing
You beat the triangle and you curse everything
If dirt was a kingdom, then you'd be the king
C - G — / — F C - / — - F —
Chorus
On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp blows like the lone bawling
calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light.
C G C F — / C — G — / C G C F — / C · · G — /
G — F C
With your snake oil and herbs and your liniments
too.
You can do anything that a doctor can do
Except find a cure for your own goddam stew

The cookfire's gone out and the coffee's all
gone,
The boys are all up and they're raising the dawn
You're still sitting there, lost in a song

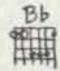
I know that some day I'll be just the same
Wearing an apron instead of a name
There's nothing can change it, there's no one
to blame
For the desert's a book writ in lizards and
sage
Easy to look like an old torn out page
Faded and cracked with the colors of age.
- Utah Phillips

This is the actual name of a famous cattle trail explored by Charles Goodnight and Oliver Loving. "Old Woman" is the affectionate name which cattle crews give their cook, who is usually a retired cowboy himself. In his STARLIGHT ON THE RAILS & on UTAH PHILLIPS. On Ed Trickett's TELLIN TAKES ME HOME. (c) 1973.

HELLO IN THERE

We had an apartment in the city
And me and Loretta liked living there
It'd been years since the kids had grown
A life of their own, And left us alone.
John and Linda live in Omaha
And Joe is somewhere on the road
We lost Davy in the Korean War
I still don't know what for, don!t matter
anymore. C Dm G – (2x) Em – F – / C – G –

Chorus
Ya know, that old trees just grow stronger
And old rivers grow wilder everyday
Old people just grow lonesome
Waiting for someone to say
Hello in there--Hello Bb – C – (2x) Em – F – /
C – / G – C –



Someday I'll go and call up Rudy
We worked together at the factory
But what could I say when he asks "What's new?"
Nothin, what's with you? Nothing much to do.
Me and Loretta, we don't talk much more
She sits and stares thru the back door screen
And all the news just repeats itself
Like some forgotten dream, that we've both seen

So if you're walking down the street sometime
And spot some hollow ancient eyes
Please don't just pass 'em by and stare
As if you don't care, say hello in there,
Hello.
– John Prine

There are a powerful lot of negative sterotypes about what it means to be old in our society. Many of these are internalized by old folks themselves & this can really limit their lives. This song, Time it Was/CHANGE, and Old Friends/FRIEND are to some extent written within these stereotypes. We're including them because we think it's critical to acknowledge and face the pain those of us who are older often experience--rather than trying to ignore this as so often happens. Is anyone like the Gray Panthers writing songs with a powerful joyful concept of these years? (c)1971 Walden Music Inc + Sour Grapes Music. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

HEY, YOU LITTLE BRAND NEW BABY

Chorus A DA / A E / A DA / AE A
Hey, little brand new baby
Your Momma and your Daddy think you're mighty
nice
Hey, little brand new baby
I hope you have a mighty nice life

Your Daddy's lookin' mighty proud
Handin' out cigars all around the town
Grinnin' like a 'possum and I think he's gonna
crow / And I hope... A D / A E / A D / AE A

Your mamma waited quite awhile
Carried you around for half a million miles,
But you know it was worth it when you look at
her smile, and I...

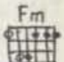
It all lies ahead of you and from this day
It won't be easy as you travel your way
But here's to your birth and I just want to
say, that I... – Tom Paxton

Written for Rosemary and Milt Okun's new child. In his RAMBLING BOY & Seeger's BELLS OF RHYMNEY. (c) 1962. Cherry Lane. All rights reserved.

IN MY LIFE

There are places I remember
All my life though some have changed
Some forever not for better
Some have gone and some remain
All these places have their moments
With lovers and friends I still can recall
Some are dead and some are living
In my life, I've loved them all

C Em Am / F Fm C – :// Am – D – / F Fm C – ://



But of all these friends and lovers
There is no one compares with you
And these memories lose their meaning
When I think of love as something new
I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life I love you more
–John Lennon & Paul McCartney

On Beatles RUBBER SOUL. On Judy Collins IN MY LIFE, COLORS, & RECOLLECTIONS. (c)1965 Northern Songs Ltd. US: Maclen Music Inc., New York, N.Y. All rights reserved.

THE LAST THING ON MY MIND

It's a lesson too late for the learning
Made of sand, made of sand
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning
In your hand, in your hand.
G C G GC / G GD G – / (repeat)
(capo up 2)

Chorus
Are you going a way with no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind?
Well I could have loved you better didn't mean
to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind.
D – C G / C G D – / G – C G / D – G –

As we walk, all my thoughts are a tumblin'
Round and round, round and round
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin'
Underground, underground.

You've got reasons a plenty for goin'
This I know, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't go.

As I lie in my bed in the morning
Without you, without you
Each song in my breast dies a-borning
Without you, without you. –Tom Paxton

In his RAMBLING BOY & ANTHOLOGY. In SING OUT REPRINTS # 10. In Judy Collins' SONGBOOK & on RECOLLECTIONS. On Peter, Paul & Mary SEE WHAT TOMORROW... (c) 1964 Deep Fork Music. All rights reserved.

MANY LONG YEARS

(tune: Come and Go with Me to that Land)

Chorus
Many long years I have to live
Many long years to grow and flourish
It makes me smile to think of all that's yet
to come
My life is in my hands
Reaching out across this great land
I've got some good things to do that are just
begun
D – / G D / D E A – / D – / G D / D D G D –

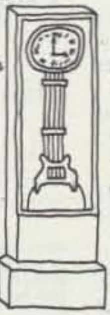
I was born pretty long ago
And each year I learned some more
Bout handlin folks who couldn't see me clear _
Parents, teachers, doctors, cops
Guess they made mistakes alot
But they couldn't touch the spirit that's in
here _

Now every where I turn
I find new things to learn
Ways to love and fight and be more free _
So much I've thought before
May end up out the door
But the one thing that I'll always keep is me _

As the years move along
My life grows like a song
Finding friends and loves on every side _
People who feel free
To embrace reality
Claiming the world as ours with joy and pride _

Now I wonder where I'll be
In two thousand fifty three
When all we've worked to grow and build is done _
This earth will be my home
Justice and peace everywhere full blown
I'll be thinking 'bout new ways to grow and
have more fun _ -Peter Blood

Who has remarkably little interest in either dying or growing obsolescent. Tune in PETER, PAUL & MARY SONGBOOK, SING OUT REPRINTS # 2, SING TOGETHER CHILDREN. (c) 1978 Used by permission.



ONE DAY AT A TIME

Chorus
I live one day at a time _
I dream one dream at a time _
Yesterday's dead and tomorrow is blind
And I live one day at a time _
CFC-/EmFG-/CFCF/CFC-

Though you're surprised to see me back at home_
You don't know how I miss you when you're gone_
Don't ask how long I plan to stay
_It never crossed my mind
Cuz I live one day at a time _

There's a swallow flyin across a cloudy sky
Searchin for a patch of sun, so am I
Don't ask how long I have to follow him
Perhaps I won't in time, but I live...
-Willie Tyson

This album was dedicated to David Harris, Baez' former husband while he was doing time in Lompoc Federal Prison for draft resistance. (c) Tree.

PASSING THROUGH

I saw Adam leave the garden
With an apple in his hand,
I said, "Now you're out, what are you gonna do?"_
"Plant my crops and pray for rain,
Maybe raise a little Cain
I'm an orphan now and only passing through."_
D D7/G D/D -A-/D D7/G D/D A D -

Chorus
Passing through,_passing through_
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue, glad that I ran
into you
Tell the people that you saw me passing through._
D - - -/D D7 G D/D A D-

CHANGING

I saw Jesus on the cross,
On that hill called Calvary,
Do you hate mankind for what they done to you?
He said, "Talk of love no hate,
Things to do it's gettin late,
I've so little time and I'm just passing thru."

Well, I shivered with George Washington
One night at Valley Forge,
Why do the soldiers freeze here like they do?
He said, "Men will suffer, fight
Even die for what is right,
Even though they know they're only...

I was at Franklin Roosevelt's side
Just a while before he died,
He said "One world must come out of World War II
Yankee, Russian, white or tan
Young and old in every land
We're all people and we're only...

Gandhi spoke of freedom one night
I said "Man we've gotta fight"
He said "Yes but love's the weapon we must use.
For with killing no one wins
It's with love that peace begins
It takes courage when you're only...

I was talking with the crew
Of the ketch, The Golden Rule
"From these prison walls tell folks what we tell
you
That if the bombs begin to fall
They will kill us one and all
We're in the same boat and we're only passin...

In American Favorite Ballads.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Once upon a time there was a tavern
Where we used to raise a glass or two
Remember how we laughed away the hours
And dreamed of all the great things we would do
Am - / - Dm / Dm Am / B7 E
Chorus
Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd
never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a day
We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and
never lose
For we were young and sure to have our way
La, la, la, ...
Those were the days, oh yes, those were the days!
Am Dm/G C / Dm Am / E Am/
TAG: Am Dm/E Am
Then the busy years went rushing by us
We lost our starry notions on the way
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern
We'd smile at one another and we'd say:

Just tonight I stood before the tavern
Nothing seemed the way it used to be
In the glass I saw a strange reflection
Was that lonely person really me?

Thru the door there came familiar laughter
I saw your face and heard you call my name
Oh, my friends, we're older but no wiser
For in our hearts the dreams are still the same.
— Gene Raskin (trans. fr. the Russian)

In GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES. (c) 1968 Essex. All rights reserved.

CHANGING

TIME IT WAS (Bookends)

Time it was and what a time it was
It was. . .(pause) _
A time of innocence _
A time of confidences _
Dm7 – / C – //
Long ago. . . it must be
I have a photograph _
Preserve your memories _
They're all that's left you. _ –Paul Simon

In SONGS OF PAUL SIMON. On Simon & Garfunkel's BOOKENDS. (c) 1968 by author. All rights reserved.

TO MY OLD BROWN EARTH

To my old brown earth and to my old blue sky
I'll now give these last few molecules of "I"
And you who sing and you who stand nearby
I do charge you not to cry _
Guard well our human chain, watch
well you keep it strong
As long as sun will shine _
And this our home keep pure and sweet and green
For now I'm yours and you are also mine _
D G DG D/G A GA D/ D G DG D/ G D Bm –
F#mG A F#mG A/ G Em A – / D G DG D/ G Em – A D –
(D may be played in place of F#m) – Pete Seeger

He wrote this because he was asked to sing at funerals and never felt he had quite the right song to sing. I think Seeger's point is "don't feel sorry for me." But as those who go on living we may well need to take time to grieve--for our sake and not the dead's. In his BELLS OF RHYMNEY & SINGOUT REPRINTS #10. (c) 1964 Stormking Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

TODAY

Chorus
Today while the blossoms still cling to the vine
I'll taste your strawberries and drink your
sweet wine
A million tomorrows will all pass away
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine today _
C Am F G (2x) C C7 F Fm / C Am Dm G – C –

I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover
You'll know who I am by the song that I sing
I'll feast at your table & sleep in your clover
Who cares what tomorrow shall bring _
C Am F G (3x) F G C G

I can't be contented with yesterday's glories
I can't live on promises winter to spring
For now is my moment, today is my story
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

In AN EVENING WITH JOHN DENVER. Recorded by New Christy Minstrels. (c) 1964 Miller Music. All rights reserved.

TURN AROUND

Where are you goin my little one, little one?
Where are you goin my darlin my own?
Turn around and you're two, turn around and
you're four
Turn around and you're a young one goin out of
the door
Turn around (3x) and you're a young one...
C Em F G (2x) C F Fm / C Dm G C
Refrain: C – C7 – F Em G C

Where are you goin my little one, little one?
Little blue jeans and 'jama tops where have
you gone?
Turn around and you're tiny, turn around and
you're grown
Turn around and your all grownup with babes
of your own... – – Malvina Reynolds

I saw Malvina alive and full of energy in Chicago last spring and then a few months later I suddenly was tragically "turned around." In her SONGBOOK & on MALVINA. In SING OUT REPRINTS #5. On Seeger's WORLD OF P. SEEGER. (c) 1958 + 1959 Clara Music Publishing Corp. All rights reserved.

TURN, TURN, TURN

Chorus
To everything turn, turn turn
There is a season turn, turn, turn
And a time for ev'ry purpose under heaven _ _
C – F Em Dm / – C F Em Dm / – Em – F G C – –

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep _ _
G – C – (3x) / C F G C – –

A time to build up... to break down
. . . to dance, ... mourn.
. . . cast away stones
A time to gather — stones together.
. . . of war, . . of peace
. . . love. . . hate
. . .you may embrace
. . . to refrain – from embracing.
. . . to gain, . . lose
. . . rend, . . . sew
. . . love, . . . hate
. . . peace, I swear, it's not too late.
– Pete Seeger

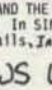
Words are from the Book of Ecclesiastes (3:1-8). In BELLS OF RHYMNEY & on his BITTER AND THE SWEET & GREATEST HITS. On Judy Collins' #3 & RECOLLECTIONS. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #9 & GREAT SONGS OF 60's. TRO (c) 1962 Melody Trails, Inc, New York NY. Used by permission.

WHO KNOWS WHERE THE TIME GOES

GUITAR: Play in E (capo up 4 using C chords as use arrangement at below)
Across the morning sky, all the birds are
leaving _
Ah how can they know it's time for them to go? _ _
Before the winter's fire we'll still be dreamin _
I do not count the time _ _ _
Who knows where the time goes? (2x)
C – F – C – F – (2x) Dm Em F – Em – F/ F C – – –
Refrain: G F C / C F – C – (F – C – F –)
Sad deserted shore, all your fickle friends are
leaving
Ah and yet you know it's time for them to go
But I will still be here I have no thought of
leaving...

And I am not alone while my love is near
And I know it will be so until it's time to go
So count the storms of winter and then the birds
of spring again
I do not fear the time
Who knows how my love grows, who knows where
the time goes? - Sandy Denny

Here is a lovely harder guitar accompaniment. A2 is as shown & the other chords are "barred" in an F or Fm pattern.



E – A2 – E – A2 – / E – A2 – E – A AG#m
F#m G#m A – G#m – A / A E – – –
Refrain: D A E / E AE F#mA E – (A2...

Sandy died from a tragic home injury this year. On fairport convention's UNHALFBREAKING & their CHRONICLES. In JUDY COLLINS SONGBOOK & on her WHALES & NIGHTENGALES & her RECOLLECTIONS (c) [illegible] Music, Denmark. All rights in USA + Canada assigned to Irving Music, Inc.

BOTTLE OF WINE

Chorus
Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine
When you gonna let me get sober?
Leave me alone, let me go home
Let me go back and start over
C - - - / C - G C (repeat)

Ramblin' 'round this dirty old town
Singin' for nickels and dimes
Time's gettin' rough, I ain't got enough
To buy a little bottle of wine
C G F C / C G C - (repeat)

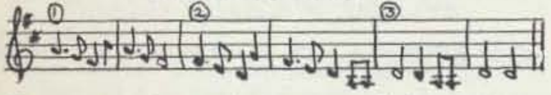
Little hotel, older than hell
Dark as the coal in a mine
Blankets are thin, I lay there and grin
'Cause I got a little bottle of wine

Pain in my head, bugs in my bed
Pants are so old that they shine
Out on the street, tell the people I meet
Won't you buy me a bottle of wine?

A preacher will preach, a teacher will teach
A miner will dig in the mine
I ride the rods, trusting in God
Huggin' my bottle of wine -Tom Paxton

In his RAMBLING BOY & ANTHOLOGY. In SING OUT REPRINTS #10. On Judy Collins' IN CONCERT. (c) 1963 Deep Fork/United Artists. All rights reserved. On his AIN'T THAT NEWS album.

CHAIRS TO MEND



Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend! Mackerel, fresh mackerel! Any old rags? Any old rags?

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city where the ~~streets~~ girls are so pretty
I first met a fine lass named Molly Malone
As she wheel'd her wheel-barrow thru streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh!
Chorus: Alive, alive oh! (2x)
Crying Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh!"
D - A - / D - E A ‖: D - A - / D - A D :‖

She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheel'd their barrow thru streets broad and narrow... .

She died of a fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of our Molly Malone;
Her ghost wheels her barrow... -Irish Trad.

In POCKETFUL OF SONGS, SING TOGETHER CHILDREN, FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK-SONGS, & 1004 FOLKSONGS.

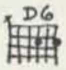
DIRTY OLD TOWN

I met my love by a gasworks cross
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed my girl* by a factory wall (*or man)
Dirty old town, dirty old town
D G D - / G A D - / D G D - / Em A D6 -

The moon is shifting behind a cloud
Cats are crawling all along the beat
Springs a girl in the streets at night...

I heard a whistle coming from the docks
And a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring on a smoke-filled air...

I'm gonna get me a nice sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in a fire
Cut you down like an old dead tree ...
-Ewan MacColl



(c) Milk Music. All rights reserved.

DOWNTOWN

When you're alone and life is making you lonely
You can always go downtown
When you've got worries, all the noise and the hurry
Seems to help I know downtown
Linger on the sidewalks where the neon signs are pretty
Listen to the music of the traffic in the city
How can you lose?
G - C D (4x) G - C - (2x) Em -

Chorus
The lights are much brighter there
You can forget all your troubles, forget all your cares
And go downtown, where all the lights are bright
Downtown, waiting for you tonight
Downtown, its gonna be all right, now.
C - - - / A - - - / G - C D (3x) G - - -

Don't hang around and let your troubles surround you
There are movie shows--downtown
Maybe you know some little places to go to
Where they never close--downtown
Listen to the rhythm of a gentle bosa nova
You'll be dancing with it too before the night is over
Happy again. -Tony Hatch

WELBECK MUSIC LTD. LONDON
In GREAT SONGS OF THE 60's. (c) 1964 MCA. NY All rights reserved.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

Eastside, westside, all around the town
The gang played ring around rosy, London bridge is falling down
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke
We'd trip the light fantastic on the sidewalk of New York - James Blake & Charles Lawlor

Blake was a hat salesman who wrote these words at work after the musician shared his new tune with him in 1894. This was Al Smith's campaign song in 1928.

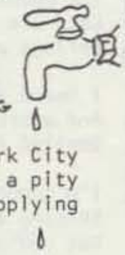
C GC FG C/F CA D G/CG C F C/F CA DG C

CITY/

THE EGGPLANT THAT ATE CHICAGO

You better watch out for the eggplant that ate
Chicago
For he may eat your city soon.
You better watch out for the eggplant. . .
If he's still hungry this whole country's doomed
C - A7 -/D7 G7 C G/C - A7-/D7 G C -

He came from outer space looking for something
to eat
He landed in Chicago, He thought Chicago was
a treat (It was sweet, it was just like
sugar) F - C -/D7 - G7 -
(Prob. Copyrighted.)



THE FAUCETS ARE DRIPPING

Chorus
The faucets are dripping in old New York City
The faucets are dripping and, oh, what a pity
The reservoir's drying because it's supplying
The faucets that drip in New York
C -/F C/G7 -/- C

You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer
He'd rather you'd move than to put in a washer
The faucets are dripping, they sound in my ears
The tap in the bathroom's been running for years
(Chords as in chorus ending: G7 G7C

There's a wild streak of green in the sink in
the kitchen
It comes from the rill trickling out of the
plumbing
The streams from the mountains, the pools from
the lea
All run from my faucet and down to the sea

You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer
You can't ask the landlord to mend the old
stairs,
He takes in the rents and he lives in Miami
Where faucets don't drip and there's sun
everywheres.

The faucets are dripping, the landlord's content
With every new tenant he raises the rent
The buildings can crumble, the tenants can cry
There's a shortage of housing, you'll live
there or die. -Malvina Reynolds

In SONGBOOK. (c) 1959. Schroder Music (ASCAP). Used by permission.
Also in SURVIVAL SONGBOOK.

FORCE OF LIFE

It was way down in the city on a crowded street
I heard some poets making music
Strumming on their guitars they made rhythms
flow,
They made beauty out of life's confusion
G C (4x)

Chorus
It sure seems funny to me now and then
When I think about this world we live in
There's people struggling everywhere
And the Force of Life don't give in
Am Em/C G/Am Em/C D

Way down in the subway I saw flowers grow
Out of the rubbish and the ashes
It seemed to me I heard a baby's cry
Right in the middle of life's disasters
I saw a garden in a young child's smile
And paradise in his laughter
I heard the beating of the pulse of life
It's beating now and forever after

I'm goin' to the city when the stars are bright
To sing my song among the masses,
And when it's real late and all the stars go out
I'm gonna be there when the darkness passes

"The Power of the People is The Force of Life
(repeat many times at end) -Peter Kessler
On Red Star Singers' FORCE OF LIFE. Additional words (c) 1974
Paredon. Used by permission.

GHETTO

If you've ever lived in a ghetto
Maybe at the close of your days
On your frontporch you hear the sound of the
jukebox
From a neighborhood cafe.
C ---/C - G -/C - F D/C F C -

Well at noon you may hear the neighbors fussin
When a kid breaks a window pane
And at night, at night you may be wakened
By the sound of the out, outbound train.

The rich folks they own the big city
And they down us for living the way we do
But when you're born the child of a poor man
You know the ghetto is the only place for you.

If there is such a thing as revolution
And there will be if we rise to the cause
When we build, we build...the new Jerusalem
There won't be no more ghetto, ghetto at all
- B. Bramlett, H. Banks, B. Crutcher

On Joan Baez, ONE DAY AT A TIME. (c) East Memphis Music. All rights reserved.
(Sing this about 2x as fast as Baez)

HEAVEN HELP US ALL

Heaven help the child who never had a home
Heaven help the girl who walks the streets alone
Heaven help the roses if the bombs begin to fall
Heaven help us all.
C Am F Dm/C Am F G/C Am F G/C F C

Chorus
Heaven help us all (2x)
Heaven help us, Lord, hear our call
When we call (2x) Heaven help us all.
C F G C (2x) C E - Am/ - D - G - C

Heaven help the black man if he struggles one
more day
...the white man if he turns his back away
...the man who kicks the man who has to crawl
Heaven help us all.

...the boy who won't reach twenty-one
...the man who gave that boy a gun
...the people with their backs against the wall..

Now I lay me down, before I go to sleep
In a troubled world I pray the Lord to keep
Keep hatred from the mighty and the mighty from
the small... -Ronald Miller

On Joan Baez BLESSED ARE...(c) Stein & Van Stock. All rights reserved.

I LIVE IN A CITY

Chorus
I live in a city, yes I do (3x)
Made by human hands.
G - - - /D7 - - - /G - Am - /D7 - G -

Black hands, white hands, yellow and brown
All together built this town
Black hands, white hands, yellow and brown
All together make the wheels go 'round.
G - Am D7 (2x) G - C - / G - AD7 G

Brown hands, yellow hands, white and black
Mined the coal and built the stack
Brown hands, yellow hands, white and black
Built the engine and laid the track.

Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white
Built the buildings tall and bright
Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white
Filled them all with shining light.

Black hands, white hands, brown and tan
Milled the flour and cleaned the pan
Black hands, white hands, brown and tan
The working woman and the working man.
-Malvina Reynolds

In her SONGBOOK & On ARTICHOKES...(c) 1960 Schroder Music (ASCAP) Used by permission.

LARIMER STREET

Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town
The iron ball swings and knocks it all down
You knocked down my hock shop, you knocked down my bar
And you black-topped it over to park all your cars.
D-G-/D-EA/D-G-/D-AD

Chorus
And where will I go, And where can I stay?
You knocked down the skid road & hauled it away
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down, boys
They're running the bums out of town.
D--G/D-EA/D-G--/A-D-

Old Maxie the tailor is closing his doors
There ain't nothin left in the 2nd hand stores
You knocked down my pawn shop and the big Harbor Lights
And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street
And you built a big club where the playboys can meet
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid
But you built a new hall for the stock market trade.

These little store keepers they don't stand a chance
With the big uptown banKers acalling the dance
With their suit-&-tie restaurants that's all owned by Greeks
And the counterfeit hippies and their plastic boutiques.
↗

Now I'm finding out there's just 1 kind of war--
It's the 1 going on tween the rich and the poor
I don't know a lot about what you'd call class
But the upper and middle can all kiss my ass.
-Utah Phillips

About urban "renewal" in Chicago (& everywhere else) In STARLIGHT ON THE RAILS. (c) 1973.

LOVE LIKE A CITY

(Tune: Peace Like a River)

I've got love like the city, love like the city
I've got love like the city in my soul
I've got tears like a hydrant (3x) in my soul
(usually do a capella, but can use: Am-/-E/A . . . [illegible]

I've got fear like a siren. . .
Strength like a work crew. . .

I got hatred like litter. . .
Boredom like billboards. . .

I've got peace like a tower. . .
Love like the city. . .

Tune in SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.

words by Freddie Willoughby

THE M.T.A. SONG

Now let me tell you of a story 'bout a man named Charlie
On this tragic & fateful day
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife & family
Went to ride on the M.T.A.
GC/GD/GC/GD G

Chorus
But did he ever return? No he never returned
And his fate is still unlearned
He may ride forever neath the streets of Boston
He's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendell Square Station
And he changed for Jamaica Plain
When he got there the conductor told him "One more nickel!"
Charlie couldn't get off that train

Now all night long Charlie rides thru the tunnel
Saying "What will become of me?
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea
Or my cousin in Roxbury?"

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scollay Square Station
Every day at a quarter past two
& thru the open window she hands Charlie a sandwich
As the train comes rumblin thru

Now you citizens of Boston, don't you think it is a scandal
That the people have to pay and pay?
Fight the fare increase, vote for Walter O'Brien
And get Charlie off the M.T.A.!
- Jacqueline Steiner & Bess Hawes

Written in 1949 as a protest against the proposed subway fare increase (from 10¢ to 15¢!) and as a campaign song for the Progressive Party candidate for mayor, Walter O'Brien. Under the proposed fare riders would pay one fare on entering the subway and a second on leaving. In SINGOUT REPRINTS Vol 1. Tune is the "Wreck of the Old '97." and is found as "Nine to Five" in ALL OUR LIVES.
(c) 1956 Atlantic Music. All rights reserved.

CITY/

PHILADELPHIA* IS A WONDERFUL PLACE!

Philadelphia is a wonderful place
The Westside is where we live
(repeat)
Am –/– E / Am – /AmG Am

So sing all you people
Life is here to live (repeat)
-this version by Freddie Willoughby

*(or "Chicago" or Seattle or wherever you live!)

RING AROUND THE ROSY RAG

I had a friend, a friend I could trust
Went into the park and got busted
Doing the ring around the rosy rag
Went out late at night
Put a lot of people over eighty up tight,
She was doing the ring around the rosy rag.
C E/F – / C D G – / C E / F – / C D G C –
(capo up 4 to E)

Chorus
Ring around, ring around rose
Touch your nose and blow your toes
Mind for doing the ring around the rosy rag
(repeat)

We ought to send Officer Joe Strange
To some Australian mountain range
So we all can do the ring around the rosy rag
Would you like to put Philadelphia up tight one night?
Do ring around the rosy in the middle of the night?
Yes, we all should do... -Arlo Guthrie

After King was murdered in 1968, many cities exploded in riots. Philadelphia's then police chief Frank Rizzo responded by defining any assemblage of 3 or more people as "a riot." This particular "riot" occured in Rittenhouse Square. On his ALICE'S RESTAURANT (c) (c) Appleseed Music. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

STREETS OF LONDON

Have you seen the old man in the closed down market
Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride, and held loosely at his side
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news
CG AmEm / FC DG / CG AmEm / FC GC

Chorus
So how can you tell me you're lonely
And say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand and lead you thru the streets of London
I'll show you something to make you change your mind
F Em G Am / D – G – / C G Am Em / F C G C

Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walkin'
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

In the all night cafe at a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup
Each tea lasts an hour and he wanders home alone.

Have you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears?
In our winter city the rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care. -Ralph McTell

Copyrighted material. Ralph is a well-known English folk singer. On his STREETS OF LONDON. (Kicking Mule label)

TRY FOR THE SUN

We stood in the windy city
The gypsy boy and I
We laughed and we sang in the moonlight
With the rain droppin tears in our eyes.
C FC G – / F G C – :||

Chorus
And who's gonna be the one
To say it was no good what we done?
I dare a man to say that I'm too young
For I'm goin to try for the sun.
F G C – (4x)

We huddled in a derelict building
And when he thought that I was asleep
He threw his full coat round my shoulder
And shivered there beside me in a heap.

We sang and cracked the sky with laughter
Our breath turned to mist in the cold
Our ages put together made thirty
But our eyes told the dawn we were old.

Mirror mirror, hangin in the sky
Please look down see what's happenin here below
I stand here singin to the flowers
So very few people really know. -Donovan

On his FAIRYTALE, LIKE IT IS, & REAL...(c) Southern Music. All rights reserved.

UP ON THE ROOF

When this ole world starts getting me down
And people are much too much for me to take
Climb right up to the top of the stairs
And all my cares just drift right into space
C – Am – / F – C – / (repeat)
On the roof the only place I know
When you just have to wish to make it so
[Up on the roof ← add when sing at end]
F – – – / C – Dm G

When I get home feeling tired and beat
I go up where the air is fresh and sweet
I get away from the bustling crowds
And all that rat race noise down in the street
At night the stars put on a show for free
And darling you can share it all with me
I keep telling you

Right smack dab in the middle of town
I found a paradise that's troubleproof
And if this world starts getting you down
There's room enough for two up on the roof.
-Carole King & Gerry Goffin

If you've never done this you have no idea the magic this song is about. On her WRITER. On Laura Nyro CHRISTMAS AND THE BEADS OF SWEAT. (c)1962 Screen Gems-Erll Music Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

CREATIVITY

LA BAMBA

Para bailar la Bamba_(2x)
Se necisita una poca de gracia
Una poca de gracia, y otra cosita
Y arriba, y arriba, y arriba iré
Por ti seré, por ti seré
Bamba, Bamba,_Bamba, Bamba_
Bamba, Bamba B7 - E A B7 - E A B7 etc

Yo no soy marinero
Soy capitan, soy capitan
Bamba, Bamba, Bamba, Bamba..
Bamba, Bamba.

In 1004 FOLKSONGS. On Harry Belafonte's RETURNS TO CARNEGIE HALL.

DANCING AT WHITSUN

It's 50 long springtimes since she was a bride
And still you may see her at each Whitsuntide
In a dress of white linen and ribbons of green
As green as her memories of loving _
D - A D/ - Em - G A /D A Bm A/D Em AD D

The feet that were nimble tread carefully now
As gentle a measure as age will allow
Thru groves of white blossoms, by fields of
young corn
As once she was pledged to her true love.

The fields they stand empty, the hedges grow
free
No young men to tend them, or pastures go seed
They are gone where the forests of oaks went
before
And gone to be wasted in battle.

Down from the green farmlands and from their
loved ones
Marched husbands and brothers and fathers and
sons
There's a fine roll of honor where the Maypole
once stood
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun.

There's a straight row of houses in these latter
days
All covering the downs where the sheep used to
graze.
There's a field of red poppies, a wreath from the
Queen
But the ladies remember it's Whitsun
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun. - John Austin Marshall

This song is about morris dancing. Traditionally these dances were done only by men and with each dance done only in a particular village that it was identified with. When the male population of several of these villages was decimated during the 1st World War, the women of these villages took up the spring dancing to keep the tradition alive. On Priscilla Herdman THE WATER LILIES (c) author. All rights reserved. Also on Gordon Bok, Ann Mayo Muir & Ed Trickett's WAYS OF MAN.

FOR FREE

I slept last night in a good hotel_
I went shopping today for jewels_ _
The wind rushed around in the dirty town
And the children let out from the schools ↗
I was standing on a noisy corner_
Waiting for the walking green _
Across the street he stood and he played
real good
On his clarinet for free_ _
G F#m Em-/Am C F C //Am Em G -/C G D -/
Me, I play for fortune G F#m Em -...
And those velvet curtain calls
I've got a black limousine and two gentlemen
Escorting me to the halls
And I play if you have the money
Or if you're a friend to me
But the one man band by the quick lunch
stand
He was playing real good for free

Nobody stopped to hear him
Though he played so sweet and high
They knew he had never been on their TV
So they passed his music by
I meant to go over and ask for a tune
Maybe put on a harmony
But I heard his refrain as the signal
changed
He was playing real good for free.
- Joni Mitchell

On her LADIES OF THE CANYON & MILES OF AISLES. On Buffy Sainte-Marie's QUIET PLACES. (c) Siquomb Publishing Corp., New York NY All rights reserved. (NOTE: D can be played in place of F#m)

GUANTANAMERA

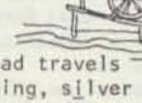
Yo soy un hombre sincero, de donde crece la
palma (2x)
Y antes de morirme quiero echar mis versos del
alma
D Em A - (3x) D G A -/D Em A - (2x)

Chorus:
Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanemera (2x)
G - A - D - A -/D Em A - (2x)
Mi verso es de verde claro, y de un carmin
encendido (2x)
Mi verso es un cierro herido, que busca en el
monte amparo

Con los pobres do la tierra quiero yo mi suerte
echar (2x)
El arroyo de la sierra me complace mas que el
mar
- José Martí

José Martí was a Cuban poet and leader in several uprisings against Spanish colonial rule until his death in the insurrection of 1898. On Seeger WE SHALL OVERCOME, GREATEST HITS, & WORLD OF...In SING OUT REPRINTS #6 & TRAVELLING ON WITH WEAVERS (c) 1963 Fall River. All rights rsrvd. SPAN.TRANSL: I am a truthful man from the land where palms grow. Before I die I want to cast out these poems of my soul. / My poems are clear green, they are flaming crimson, my poems are a wounded fawn searching thru the hills. / With the poor people of the earth I want to cast my lot. The coolness of the mountains please me more than the sea.

HOLLY ANN



_She is a weaver
_Thru her hands the bright thread travels
Blue green water, willows weeping, silver stars
She sings and sighs as the shuttle flies
_Like a carry dancer
Pink and purple, velvet red for a lover's bed_
D -/Em -/G - D - (repeat)

continued →

Chorus
Living north of San Francisco_
Sometimes it's nice to be alone_
She says it's peaceful in the country_
The lights of the Golden Gate will lead her
home. Bm F#m (or A) G -/DAD- (repeat)

She is a spinner D -
In her hands the wooden wheel turns Em -
The wool around and around again G - D -
A gypsy from Bolinas
Sits and plays the mandolin
Faces smile in the firelight of a foggy night.

(bridge - tune as in chorus)
You can see the bridges of the city
Hangin in the air by steel and stone
She says it's peaceful where she's living...

She is a weaver
Thru her hands the bright thread travels
Blue green water, willows weeping, silver stars
She is my sister
The baby born when I was older
Her hands are light, her hair as bright as
the summer sun. -Judy Collins

Written for her sister. On her TRUE STORIES. (c) RockyMountain Nat'l Park Music Inc, New York, NY. Int'l Copyright Secured. All rights reserved.

THE MANDOLIN MAN

He came into town with his mandolin ___
Calling all the people and they came to him ___
He said I want to hear all that's pretty __
He said I want to hear all that's nice
D(bass run: A,B,C#,B) (4x)/G(bass G, F#,E,E) D(A,B,C#B)
(2x)

They laughed at him with his mandolin
They left him there with his funny grin. . .
He said. . .

The children of the town then came to him
Magically called with his mandolin. . .

They smiled at him with his mandolin
Their eyes like his were sparkling
They said d'you want to hear all that's pretty,
etc.
He said I want to hear all that's pretty, etc.
-Donovan

On his GIFT FROM A FLOWER TO A ROSE GARDEN. (c) Peer Music. All rights reserved.

MR. BOJANGLES

I knew a man Bojangles & he'd dance for you
In worn out shoes
Silver hair, a ragged shirt & baggy pants
The old soft shoe
He'd jump so high, he'd jump so high
Then he'd lightly touch down
Crun* /F - G - // F - Em E Am--/-G---
*Play C chord 4 times with bass notes C,B,A & G
Chorus: _Mr. Bojangles_(3x) danced___
Am-G- (3x) C run
Met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was
Down and out
He looked at me to be the eyes of age
As he spoke right out
He talked of life, he talked of life
He laughed & slapped his leg a step
He said his name Bojangles & he danced a lick
Across the cell
Grabbed his pants for better stance, whoa
he jumped so high
He clicked his heels
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh
Shook back his clothes all around. (cho)

He danced for those at minstrel shows &
county fairs
Through out the South
Spoke with tears of 15 yrs how his dog & hir
Travelled about
The dog up & died, he up & died
After 20 years he still grieved

Said now I dance at every chance in honky tonks
For drinks and tips
But most the time I spend behind these coun
Cuz I drinks a bit
He shook his head and as he shook his head
I heard someone ask him "Please"... -Jerry Jeff Walker

This song is about a real person, a Black dancer in the South around the turn of the century. On his MR. BOJANGLES (c) Cotillion-Danel. All rights reserved.
Also on John Denver's WHOSE GARDEN WAS THIS.

ONE MORNING IN MAY

One morning, (3x) in May
I spied a young couple, they were makin their
way_
And one was a cowboy & a brave one was he
And the other was a lady & a bold one was she.
D C G D/D C G A/ D Bm G D/D G A D

Where are you going, my pretty fair maid
Just down by the river, just down by the shade
Down by the river, down by the spring,
Just to see the waters glide & hear the
nightingales sing.

Well, they hadn't been there but an hour or so
When out of her satchel came fiddle & bow
And the tune that she played made the valleys
all ring
Oh, hark said the cowboy, hear the nightingale
sing.

Oh, lady, pretty lady, will you marry me?
Oh no, said the woman, that never can be
For to play on my fiddle, my life must be free
And the love of my sisters is plenty for me.
New words: Jeanne Mackey

To a traditional song. Tune is on a James Taylor album & in SONGS OF ALL TIME (WORLD AROUND SONGS - see book list under JOYFUL SINGING).

PER SPELMANN (Peter, the Fiddler)

Per spelmann, han hadde ei einaste ku (2x)
Han bytte bort kua fekk fela igjen (2x)
Chorus
"Du gamle, gode fiolin, du fiolin, du fela me!"
G C G - (3x) G C G C Cho C - - - G C

Per Spelmann played gently and his fiddle's
sound (2x)
Made all the folks dance til they wept all
around (2x) Du gamle...

"And tho I grow old as the earth is old now...
I'll never swap my dear violin for a cow!"...
- Norwegian

In GOOD FELLOWSHIP SONGS (World Around Songs - see JOYFUL SINGING on book list). NORWEGIAN TRANSL: Peter the Fiddler had only one cow, but he swapped it for a fiddle instead. Chorus: "You dear old good violin, you violin, my fiddle dear!"

SARASPONDA

(Women:) Sarasponda (3x) Retsetset! (repeat)
(Men: softly) Boomda, Boomda...
C – G C (2x)

(Together:) F C F C/G C G C
Ahdoray-oh! Ahdoray-boomday-oh!
Ahdoray-boomday-retsetset, Awsay-pawsay-oh

This is a spinning song with the soft "boomda's" representing the "burr" of the spinning wheel. In POCKETFUL OF SONGS. (c) 1944 Cooperative Recreation Service.

SING A SONG

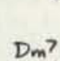
Sing, sing a song
Sing it loud, sing it strong
Sing your good times and bad
Sing your happys and sads
G C/G F/C G/Em C//G C/G A/
GEm CA/AmD G//G Am /etc.
Sing, sing a song
Make it last your whole life long
Don't worry if it's not good enough for
somebody's perfect ear,
Just sing, sing a song!

La, lala lala la... – new words to a song by Joe Raposo

Orig. (c) 1971 + 1972 Jonica Music Inc. All rights reserved. In CARPENTERS' GOLD (Triangle Music Corp)

SONG FOR DUKE

I didn't even know the man _
I didn't know the man himself_
Even though his music filled my life_
As it has so many others_
I knew that he had died that week_
After fighting death a year or more_
But I had had a rule before_
That funerals were a waste of flowers_
C – /Dm^7 – /G – /C – /repeat



But something said I had to go_
To be a witness to his gift of love_
A man who never once gave up on life_
Until death took him in its tracks _
Am – /G – /F C/Dm^7 G

The people stood around the church
Ten thousand there they say, or more
Black and white, rich and poor
Together they were there to say farewell.
In New York City it had rained that day
The streets were silver and the sky was gray
In the church the music sailed and sang
And seemed to fill the air with shining sun.

The man was a hero
He played the music of our souls
He knew that we all have in us
A place where beauty always grows
Outside in the streets again
The people wandered thru the falling rain
They waved their hands and dried their tears
And turned to go about their lives again.
But none of us will be the same
If we hear the things his music says
That loving is the gift of life
And making music was his way of love.

The man was a hero
He sang the music of our souls... –Judy Collins

Written for Duke Ellington, the great jazz musician. On her JUDITH. (c) 1975 The Wildflowers Company. All rights reserved.

CREATIVITY

SONG FOR VICTOR (Canción a Victor)

Trigo y maíz era tu voz
mano de sembrador
alma de cobre, pan y carbón
hijo del tiempo y del sol

Am Dm Am Dm/Am – Em – /Dm – Am Dm
Am E Am Am^7/Dm – Am Dm/Am E A –
Tu canto fué flor de metal
grito de multitud
arma en el puño trabajador
viento del norte y del sur...

Caiste allí junto a otros mil
cuando nació el dolor,
hoz y martillo tu corazón
rojo de vida se abrió...

El pueblo así te regarrá
en su jardín de luz,
serás clarin de lucha y amor
¡Canto de Chile serás!... – ***Inti-Illimani***

Written for Victor Jara, one of the leaders of the Chilean folksong revival during the Allende period, murdered in Santiago stadium in 1974 at the time of the rightest coup. On Inti-Illimani 2. SPAN. TRANSL. Wheat & corn were your voice. Hand of the planter, soul of copper, bread, & coal. Son of the time & the sun. / Your song was a flower of metal, shout of the multitude, arm of the worker's fist, wind of the north and the south. / You feel together with thousands when the pain was born. With a hammer & sickle in your heart the red blood of life was spilled. / And so the people will nourish you in their garden of light. You will be the beacon of struggle & love, you will be Chile's song!

TENDER LADY (Having Been Touched)

The tender lady has sadness in her eyes
She sees the fallen hopes, the loneliness & lies
Tell me have you something to ease her pain?_
Why not give her happiness & peace again?
G Am G^{maj7} Am (2x) Bm C D –/Am D Gmaj^7(C G C)

I know I've come before asking things for me
But the tender lady needs so much care you see
Tell me have you something...

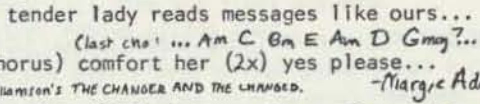
(Note: Bm or G can be played in place of Gmaj^7)

Chorus
Music, oh sweet melody
Won't you draw her close to you_
And comfort her for me
Em A D G/C F# Bm E/Am D G^{maj7}(C G C)

I am just a friend of hers, I cannot move the
stars
But the tender lady reads messages like ours...
(last cho: ... Am C Bm E Am D Gmaj7...
(last chorus) comfort her (2x) yes please... –Margie Adam

On Cris Williamson's THE CHANGER AND THE CHANGED.

Tune guitar to "open G" From bottom: DGDGBD



(c) Labyris Music Inc. All rights reserved.

TO SING FOR YOU

When you're feelin kinda lonesome in your mind_
With a heartache followin you so close behind _
Call out to me as I ramble by:
I'll sing a song for you
That's what I'm here to do
To sing for you _
D G D– (2x) G A/G D/G D/G D D

continued→

CREATIVITY)

When the night has left you cold and feelin sad
I will show you that it cannot be so bad
Forget the one who went and made you cry...

When you feel you just can't make it anymore
With your head bowed down your starin' at the
floor
Search out to me with your weary eyes...

Now everyone they have their work you know
And to find out mine you ain't got far to go
Call out to me with your weary eyes...
--Donovan

On an early album. (c) Southern Music Ltd. All rights reserved.

TZENA, TZENA

Tzena (4x) Habanot ur'ena chayalim bamoshava
Alna (4x) alna titchabena mi ben Chayil ish
tsava
C F G C (2x)

Tzena (2x) habanot ur'ena Chayalim bamoshava
Alna (2x) alna titchabena mi ben chayil ish tsava.

Tzena(2x) tzena (3x) tzena (2x) tzena (4x) :||
C F G —/C F G GC
—ISSACHAV MIRON, JULIUS GROSSMAN, YEHIEL HAGGI

The Hebrew words are about all the pec e of the village coming out to dance all night with a group of soldie passing thru. In WEAVERS SONGBOOK & On their ON TOUR. (This can be sung as a round in the first two sections)

VINCENT

(Capo up 2)
Starry starry night _
Paint your pallet blue and grey _
Look out on a summer's day
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul
Shadows on the hills _
Sketch the trees and the daffodils _
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
In colors on the snowy linen land
(F) CF C / Dm7 — / — / G CF / repeat ending: G C ↗

Chorus
Now I understand _
What you tried to say to me _
And how you suffered for your sanity _
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now. _
Dm7 G/C (with base run)* — / Dm7 G / Am / Dm7/G CF C

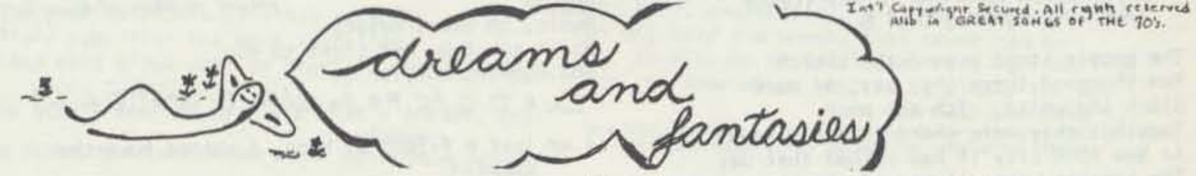
Starry starry night
*base notes: C, B, A, G
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze
Swirling clouds in violet haze
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of China blue
Colors changing hue
Morning fields of amber grey
Weathered faces lined in pain
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand

(Bridge)
But they could not love you _
But still your love was true
And when no hope was left in sight
On that starry, starry night
You took your life as lovers often do
But I could have told you, Vincent,
This world was never meant for one
As beautiful as you. _
Dm7 G/C (run) — / Dm7 / Fm / CEm A / F / Dm7 /
G CF CF

Starry starry night
Portraits hung in empty halls
Frameless heads on nameless walls
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget
Like the strangers that you've met
The ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn, the bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow

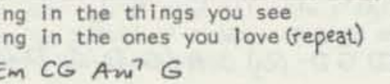
(Last Chorus)
Now I think I know, what...set them free
They did not listen, they're not listening still
Perhaps they never will. --Don MacLean

Written for the great French painter Van Gogh, who eventually committed suicide near the turn of the century. On his AMERICAN PIE & in his SONGS OF...(c) 1971 • 1972 Mayday Music Inc • Yahweh Tunes Inc Int'l Copyright Secured. All rights reserved. Also in 'GREAT SONGS OF THE 70's.



BEST FRIEND (THE UNICORN SONG)

When I was growing up, my best friend was a
unicorn
The others smiled at me and called me crazy
But I was not upset by knowing I did not conform
I always thought their seeing must be hazy
The unicorn and I would while away the hours
Playing, dancing and romancing in the wild
flowers, and we'd sing:
G D Em B / C G Dsus D :// Em Am7 D Gmaj7 /
Em A B — —



Chorus
Seeing is believing in the things you see
Loving is believing in the ones you love (repeat)
C Am7 G — / Em CG Am7 G

When I was seventeen, my best friend was the
northern star
The others asked, why was I always dreaming
But I did not reply, I found my thoughts were
very far
Away from daily hurts and fears and scheming
The northern star and I would share our dreams
together
Laughing, sighing, sometimes crying, through all
kinds of weather, and we'd sing:

And now that I am grown, my best friend lives
inside of me
The others smile at me and call me crazy
But I am not upset, for long ago I found the key
I've always known their seeing must be hazy
My friend inside and I will while away the hours
Playing dancing... And we sing... —Margie Adam

On SONGWRITER. On Ginni Clemmens' LONGTIME FRIENDS. (c) 1974 Labyris Music. All rights reserved. Also on Peter Paul & Mary REUNION.

THE BRANDY TREE (The Otter's Song)

(Capo up some, or play in Dm)

I go down to the Brandy Tree
And take my nose and tail with me
All for the world and the wind to see
And never come back no more
Am Em / EmAm Em / Dm Em / FG Am

Down in the meadowmarsh, deep and wide
Tumble and tangle by my side
All for the westing wind to run
And slide in the summer rain
    Sun come follow my happy way
    Wind come walk beside me
    Moon on the mountain, go with me
    A wondrous way I know
    C G / C G / Am Em / FG Am

I go down to the windy sea
And the little gray seal will play with me
Slide on the rock and dive in the bay
And sleep on the ledge at night
    But the seal don't try to tell me how
    To fish in the windy blue
    Seal's been fishing for a thousand years
    And he knows that I have too

When the frog goes down to the mud to sleep
And the lamprey hides in the boulders deep
I take my nose and tail and go
A hundred thousand hills
    Sun come follow my happy way. . .

Someday down by the Brandy Tree
I'll hear the Shepherd call for me
Call me to leave my happy ways
And the shining world I know
    Sun on the hill, come go with me
    My days have all been free
    The pipes come laughing down the wind
    And that's the way I go / FDm G / FG A
    That's the way for me. - Gordon Bok & an otter

(Really--on the record label is says "--Bok-Otter" for this track) On his PETER KAGAN AND THE WIND. (c) author. All rights reserved.

BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON

Brother sun and Sister moon,
I seldom see you, seldom hear your tune,
Pre-occupied with selfish misery.
C(run)* FG C / Am Em FG C (2x)

Brother wind and Sister air,   * bass run: C,B,A,G
Open my eyes to visions pure and fair,
That I may see the glory around me.

(Bridge)
I am God's creature, of God I am part.
I feel a love awakening my heart.
F EmFG C / F Em Bb G

Brother sun and Sister moon,
I now do see you, I can hear your tune;
So much in love with all that I survey.

Written about Saint Francis of Assisi for the film by same title (c) Peer Music Int'l. All rights reserved. — Donovan

DREAMS AND FANTASIES

EL CONDOR PASA

I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail
Yes I would if I could I surely would
Am C / - - Am - (capo up 2)

'd rather be a hammer than a nail, Yes I...

bridge)
Away, I'd rather sail away
Like a swan that's there and gone
A man gets tied up to the ground
He gives the world its saddest sound
    its saddest sound.
F - / C - / F - / C - Am -

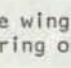
I'd rather be a forest than a street...

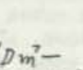
I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet...

- PAUL SIMON, JORGE MILCHBERG & DANIEL ROBLES

To an 18th c. Peruvian folk tune. In Simon's SONG OF...& ON Sim.& Garf.'s BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS & GREATEST HITS OF... (c) 1933, 63, 70 Edward B. Marks Music Corp + Jorge Milchberg. English (c) 1970 Charing Cross Music Inc. All rights reserved.

GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN





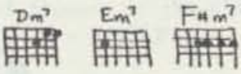
I went out to the hazelwood
Because a fire was in my head
Cut and peeled a hazel wand
And hooked a berry to a thread
And when white moths were on the wing
And moth-like stars were flickering out
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.
C - / Dm7 C / C - Dm7 - / C - / - - / Dm7 C / Dm7 -
(best done a capella)

When I had laid it on the ground
And gone to blow the fire aflame
Something rustled on the ground
And someone called me by my name
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossoms in her hair
Who called me by name and ran
And vanished in the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands
I will find out where she has gone
And kiss her lips and take her hand
And walk thru long green dappled grass
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon
The golden apples of the sun.

- POEM BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Yeats was a great Irish poet at the turn of the century. The tune is traditional. On Judy Collins' GOLDEN APPLES...in her SONGBOOK.



IMAGES

Pick a flower from my soul
Put it in a crystal bowl
Water it with tender care
And watch it open in the air
Find a place near sunlit skies
And let it grow before your eyes
And the rest will come with time
The rest will come with time.   (con't)
D A / Am G / C F / Dm7 Em7 A / Em7 F#m7 Em7 F#m7 (2x)
G E / D E... D -

DREAMS AND FANTASIES

Feel the ocean of my mind
Take the treasures that you find
Listen to the tides of change
As thoughts and feelings rearrange
Fun along the shoreline sand
And listen to your heart's command
And the rest will come with time. . .

Climb the canyons of my heart
Seek the place where caring starts
Walk beside the mountain stream
And know that you are in my dream
Sing the songs you hear in me
Become part of the fantasy
And the rest. . . —Margie Adam

On her SONGWRITER. (c) 1974 Labyris Music Co. All rights reserved.

LOVE MINUS ZERO / NO LIMIT

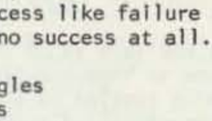
My love she speaks like silence
Without ideals or violence
She doesn't have to say she's faithful
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
People carry roses
Make promises by the hours
My love she laughs like the flowers
Valentines can't buy her.
C –/F C/ F CAm/Dm G/ repeat ending DmG C

In the dime stores and bus stations
People talk of situations
Read books, repeat quotations
Draw conclusions on the wall.
Some speak of the future
My love, she speaks softly
She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all.

The cloak and dagger dangles
Madames light the candles
In ceremonies of the horsemen
Even the pawn must hold a grudge
Statues made of matchsticks
Crumble into one another
My love winks, she does not bother
She knows too much to argue or to judge.

The bridge at midnight trembles
The country doctor rambles
Bankers' nieces seek perfection
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring
The wind howls like a hammer
The night blows cold an' rainy
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing – Bob Dylan

On Joan Baez ANY DAY NOW. (c)1965 M. Witmark + Sons. All rights reserved.



MAY THE LONGTIME SUN

May the longtime sun shine on you
All love surround you
And the pure light within you
Guide your way on -Michael Herron

The incredible String Band HANDMAN'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER. (c) Paradox.

C F/G C/C F/G C

MOONSHADOW

Chorus
O I'm bein followed by a moonshadow,
Moonshadow, moonshadow
Leapin and a hoppin like a moonshadow/ moon...
C –/FG C /C –/FG C

And if I ever lose my hands
Lose my plough, lose my lands
Yes, if I ever lose my hands
Oh if—I won't have to work no more
FC FC/FC FG/FC FC/FDm CAm DmG C
And if I ever lose my eyes
All my colors all run dry
Yes if I ever lose my eyes
Oh if--I won't have to cry no more

And if I ever lose my legs
I won't moan & I won't beg
Yes if...I won't have to walk no more

...lose my mouth, all my teeth north & south
...I won't have to talk (pause)

(bridge) D G (4x)
Did it take long to find me?
I asked the faithful light
Yes, did it take long to find me
And are you goin to stay the night?
- Cat Stevens

On his TEA FOR TILLERMAN & GREATEST HITS. In his SONGBOOK. (c) 1970 + 1971 Freshwater Music Ltd. London. US: Irving Music Inc (BMI) International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

MY FATHER

My father always promised us that we could live
in France
We'd go boating on the Seine, & I would learn to
dance
We lived in Ohio then, he worked in the mine
On his dreams like boats we knew, we sailed in
time. Grun – CAm GD/Grun – CAm D/
Em A Drun – /F Dm C Bb G (CG D)
(Grun' play base G, F#, E, G Drun: D, C#, B, A)
All my sisters soon were gone to Denver &
Cheyenne
Marrying their grownup dreams, the lilacs & the
man
I stayed behind the youngest still, always danced
alone
The colors of my father's dreams faded without a
sound

I live in Paris now, my children dance & dream
Hearing the words of a miners life in words
they've never seen
I sail my memories on high like boats across the
Seine
And watch the Paris sun, set in my father's eyes
again. -Judy Collins

In her SONGBOOK & On WHO KNOWS WHERE THE TIME GOES & RECOLLECTIONS (c) 1968 Rocky Mountain National Park Music Co, Inc. New York, NY Int'l copyright secured. All rights reserved.

O-E-DALLAY

Lathan mo run*, O-E-Dallay lathan
Wind west & tide westing: O-E-Dallay lathan
Lo lathan, mo run.

G Am G– C–G–/D Am Bm G C–G Em/
Am D G (C–D)

* pronounced "rune"

↗

Down on the wave, O-E-Dallay lathan
Wind west & tide westing: came he by day
singing/Lo lathan mo run.

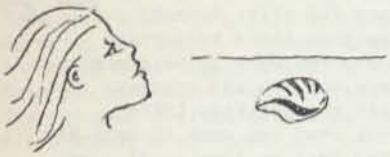
I gave to him, all in my heart's keeping
He gave to me, laughing, sea shells & sea's
yearning/ Lo...

I gave to him all in my heart's morning
He gave to me, weeping, a baby died borning...

October wind, O-E-Dallay lathan
Wind west & tide westing & I go down running...

There was no one, O-E-Dallay lathan
Only the seal crying, O-E-Dallay lathan...
- Gordon Bok

On his SEAL DJIRIL'S HYMN, A song & story cycle based on Maine coast mythology about creatures who change back & forth between seals & humans. The album has a lovely harmony by Ann Mayo Muir.
(c) 1972 Folk-Legacy Records. All rights reserved.



OH HAD I A GOLDEN THREAD

Oh, had I a golden thread & needle so fine
I'd weave a magic strand of rainbow design
Of rainbow design
D G D A (2x) G DA D -

In it I'd weave the bravery of women giving
birth
In it I'd weave the innocence of children over
all the earth
Children of all earth

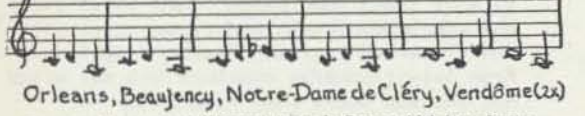
Far over the water I'd reach my magic band
To every city, thru ev'ry single land
Thru every land

Show my brothers & my sisters my rainbow design
Bind up this sorry world with hand & heart &
mind ...

Far over the waters I'd reach my magic band
To every human being so they would understand...
-Pete Seeger

In BELLS OF RHYMNEY & SINGOUT REPRINTS # . On his ESSENTIAL...On Judy Collins' WHALES AND NIGHTMARES. (c) 1959 Stormking/Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

ORLEANS, BEAUJENCY



These are the names of different towns in France which have famous bells.

PEACE, MY SISTER

Chorus
Peace, my sister, you are sharing all my dreams
Joy, my brother, you are finding me the means
To wage a life of wonder to sing a song so free
To find my spirit growing stronger deep inside
of me (Capo up 2) C Em Dm G/etc. end: Dm G C-

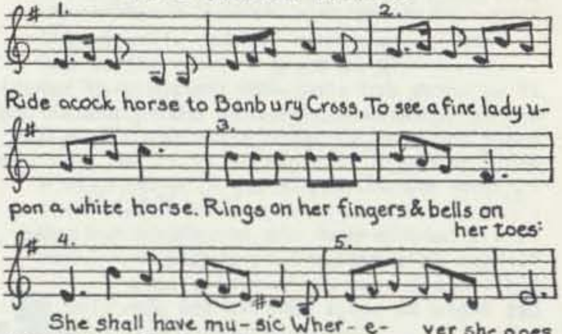
DREAMS AND FANTASIES

My tears are salty tho' my smile is open wide
Laugh with me and cry with me, together side
by side
Our arms in full embrace around each other's
shared desire
We circle madly, laughing gladly, never will
we tire.

The hills are silent with the falling of the
snow
Quiet, my friend, now listen as you go
The mountainside is sleeping underneath the
frozen rain
And gently as it dozes, it whispers this
refrain. - Bruce Kokopeli

Used by permission.

RIDE ACOCK HORSE


1.
2.
Ride acock horse to Banbury Cross, To see a fine lady u-
3.
pon a white horse. Rings on her fingers & bells on her toes:
4.
5.
She shall have mu-sic Wher-e- ver she goes.

(Can also bring in parts on "Banberry")

RHYMES AND REASONS

So you speak to me of sadness
And the coming of the winter
Fear that is within you now
That seems to never end.
And the dreams that have escaped you
And a hope that you've forgotten
And you tell me that you need me now
And you want to be my friend
CG/F C /Am C/F G repeat ending /G -

And you wonder where we're going
Where's the rhyme and where's the reason
And it's you cannot accept
It is here we must begin
To seek the wisdom of the children
And the graceful way of flowers in the wind
F - /C G /Am C/G - /Dm - - - /C F G -

Chorus
For the children and the flowers
Are my sisters and my brothers
Their laughter and their loveliness
Would clear a cloudy day
Like the music of the mountains
And the colors of the rainbow
They're a promise of the future
And a blessing for today. As 1st 8 lines, ending: /GC ↗

Though the cities start to crumble
And the towers fall around us
The sun is slowly fading
And it's colder than the sea
It is written, from the desert
To the mountains they shall lead us
By the hand and by the heart
And they will comfort you and me

In their innocence and trusting
They will teach us to be free
(instrumental)

(Last chorus - second half)
And the song that I am singing
Is a prayer to non-believers
Come and stand beside us:
We can find a better way. - John Denver

In his SONGBOOK & on his RHYMES AND REASONS, GREATEST HITS, & AN EVENING WITH.... (c) 1969 Cherry Lane Music. All rights reserved.

RIPPLE

If my words did sing_with the voice of sunshine_
And my tunes were played on the harp unstrung
Would you hear my voice_come thru the music_
Would you hold it close as if it was your own?
G - C - / - - - G / - - C - / G D C G

It's a hand-me-down_the thoughts are broken_
Perhaps it's better left unsaid
And I don't know_don't really care_
Let there be songs to fill the air.

Chorus
Ripple in still water.
When there is no pebble tossed, no
breeze to blow
Am - D - / G C - D

Reach out your hand if your cup be empty
If your cup be full let it be again
Let it be known there is a fountain
That was not made by the hand of man.

There is a road no simple highway
Between the dawn and dark of night
And where you go no one will follow
That path is for your steps alone.

You who choose to lead must follow
But if you fall you fall alone
If you should stand then who's to guide you
If I knew the way I would take you home.
- The Grateful Dead

Copyrighted material. All rights reserved.

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

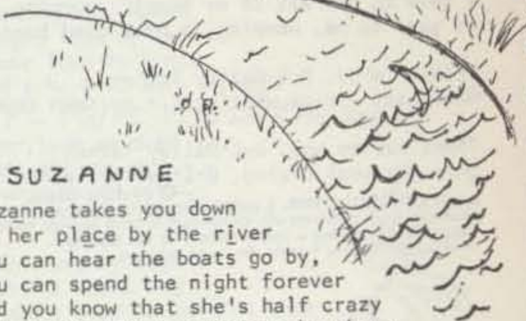
Are you goin' to Scarborough fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine.
Am - G Am / C Am D Em / Am C - Em / Am G - Am

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt... (Capo up - or play in Dm)
Without no seam or needle work...

Tell her to find me an acre of land
Between the salt water and the sea strands.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
And gather it all in a bunch of heather.

This is one of many variants derived from Child Ballads called the "Elfin Knight." These traditional English folksongs (collected by Francis Child during the 19th c.) came over to this country & got handed down orally from generation to generation until only gragments of the original meaning often remain in current Appalachian versions. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #6, FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLKSONGS, 1004 FOLKSONGS. On Simon & Garf. PARSLEY, SAGE, ROSEMARY & THYME. This version (c) 1966 Paul Simon.



SUZANNE

Suzanne takes you down
To her place by the river
You can hear the boats go by,
You can spend the night forever
And you know that she's half crazy
And that's why you want to be there
And she feeds you tea and oranges
That came all the way from China
And just when you want to tell her
That you have no love to give her
She gets you on her wavelength
And she lets the river answer
That you've always been her lover
G - / - - / Am - / - - / G - / - - / Bm - / C - /
(repeat 1st 6 bars)

Chorus
And you want to travel with her (2nd verse:
And you want to travel blind
And you think you maybe trust her
Cuz she's touched your perfect body with her
mind.
Bm - / C - / G - / Am - G - - -

And Jesus was a sailor
When he walked upon the water
And he spent a long time watching
From his lonely wooden tower
And when he knew for certain
Only drowning men could see him
He said all men shall be sailors then
Until the sea shall free them
But he himself was broken
Long before the sky would open
Forsaken almost human
He sank beneath your wisdom like a stone

Suzanne takes your hand
And she leads you to the river
She's wearing rags and feathers
From Salvation Army counters
And the sun pours down like honey
On our lady of the harbor
And she shows you where to look
Amid the garbage and the flowers
There are heroes in the seaweed
There are children in the morning
They are leaning out for love
And they'll lean that way forever
While Suzanne holds her mirror

Last chorus
... Cuz you've touched her perfect body with
your mind. - Leonard Cohen

On his 1st album & in his SONGS OF...On Judy Collins' IN MY LIFE, Joan Baez' FROM EVERY STAGE, & Roberta Flack's KILLING ME SOFTLY. In GREAT SONGS OF 60's. (c) 1966 Project Seven Music Inc. NY, NY. All rights reserved

VIOLETS OF DAWN

Take me to the night I'm tipping
Topsy turvy turning upside down_ _ _
Hold me tight and whisper what you will
For there is no one here around
Oh you may singsong me sweet smiles
Regardless of the city's careless frown
  Come watch the no colors fade blazing
  Into petal sprays of violets of dawn.
C Dm7 (8x) Oh you may: F G/C Dm7 G -/C Dm7 etc.

In blindful wonderment's enchantment
You can lift my wings softly to flight
Your eyes are like swift fingers
Reaching out into the pockets of my night
O whirling twirling puppy warm
Before the flashing cloaks of darkness gone
  Come watch...

Some prince charming I'll be on two white steeds
To bring you dappled diamond crowns
And climb your towers sleeping beauty
Fore you ever know I've left the ground
You can wear a cinderella-snow white-
Alice wonderlanded gown...

But if I seem to wander off in dreamlike looks
Please let me settle slowly
It's only me just staring out at you
A seeming stranger speaking holy
No I don't mean to wake you up
It's only loneliness just acoming on--So let...

Like shadows bursting into mist
Behind the echoes of this nonsense song
It's just a chasing whispering trail
Of secret steps--o see them laughing on
There's magic in the sleepiness
Of waking to a childish sounding yawn. Come...
-Eric Anderson

On his 'BOUT CHANGES 'N THINGS & BEST OF...(c) United Artists/Music.
All rights reserved.

THE SWALLOW SONG

Come wander quietly and listen to the wind
Come here and listen to the sky
Come walking high above the rolling of the sea
And watch the swallows as they fly
Em Em7 C B7/Em - B7 -/Am Em Am B7/Am - B7 -

There is no sorrow like the murmur of their
  wings
There is no choir like their song
There is no power like the freedom of their
  flight
While the swallows roam alone

Do you hear the calling of a hundred thousand
  voice
Hear the echo in a stone
Do you hear the angry bells ringing in the night
Do you hear the swallows when they've flown

And will the breezes blow the petals from your
  hand
And will some loving ease your pain
And will the silence strike confusion from
  your soul
And will the swallows come again? -Richard Fariña

On his REFLECTIONS IN A CRYSTAL WIND, & MEMORIES. (c) M. Witmark & Son.

THE WATER IS WIDE

The water is wide, I cannot cross over
And neither have I wings to fly
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my true love & I
DG A -/D Em A -/D G Bm G/ A - D -

A ship there is and she sails the seas
She's laden deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
And I know not how I sink or swim.

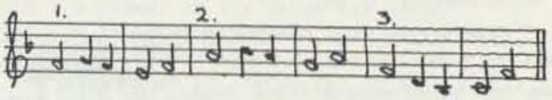
O waly waly up the bank
And waly waly down the braes
And waly waly by yon burnside
Where me and my love were wont to gae

O love is handsome and love is fine
Gay as a jewel where first its new
And love grows old and waxes bold
And lights my life like the mornin dew.

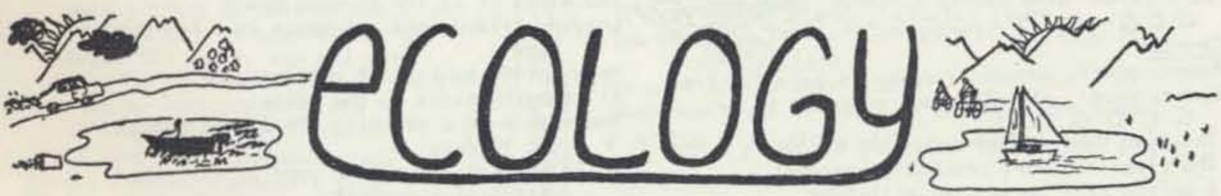
When sea sand turneth far inland
And mussels grow on every tree
When cockle shells turn silver bells
Then would I lose my love for thee.

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #3, Joan Baez SONGBOOK & 1004 FOLKSONGS. "Waly, Waly"version on Buffy Sainte-Marie's LITTLE WHEEL SPIN.

WHITE SANDS AND GRAY SANDS



White sands & gray sands. Who'll buy my
white sands? Who'll buy my gray sands?



BIG YELLOW TAXI

They paved paradise and put up a parking lot _
With a pink hotel, a boutique and a swinging
  hot spot _ C - G -/C D G -

Chorus G -/C FG/C D G -
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's
  gone
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot →

ECOLOGY/

They took all the trees and put them in a tree
    museum
And they charged all the people a dollar & a half
    just to see 'em

Hey farmer farmer put away that DDT now
Give me spots on my apples but leave me the birds
    and the bees (Please)

Late last night I heard the screen door slam
And a big yellow taxi took away my old man.
-Joni Mitchell

On LADIES OF THE CANYON & MILES OF AISLES. On Dylan's DYLAN (c)
1969. Siquomb Publishing Corp. New York, NY. All rights reserved.

CIRCLE OF LOVERS

People take a look what they're doing
They're tearin this planet apart
Those men who seek profit and power
Are making plans for you and me
G - CG/G - C - /G - CG /Am - D -

Chorus
But we're forming a circle of lovers
Of all people who walk on the earth
And we know that the circle of life
Will keep us all together
C - G - /C D G - /C - G - /D - G -
The power of love is the strongest in the
    Universe
The power of love is the spirit of the Earth.
G D C G (2x)

We don't want your nuclear power
There's lots better ways bein found
The sun and wind are a power
That keeps the cycles of life turnin round.

We don't want your nuclear future
We're planning it just this way
We're gonna stand right up here at Seabrook
Till they listen to what we say.

People take a look what we're doing
We're healing this planet of ours
Those men who seek profit and power
They ain't strong enough to keep us all apart!rt
(last line:) Am - D - G - - -   -Charlie Murphy

Used by permission. (c) 1978.

COMMUNITY POWER

(tune: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

They're taking away all our power
By bringing in nuclear plants
They talk of technology's flower
We'd rather give safety a chance
G C G - /G - D - /G C G - /C D G -
Chorus
Power, power, community power is ours for free
Power, power oh bring back my power to me.
G C D G (2x)
The fish have washed up on the Hudson
The pipelines have cracked in Vermont
A poison mist hangs over Millstone
What more proof could anyone want?

The companies can't get insurance
The dangers are so plain to see
How long can they lie to the public
About public utility?

They promise to safeguard the poison
Plutonium in tons we have stored
But we know there's a lot unaccounted for
The atoms for peace go to war

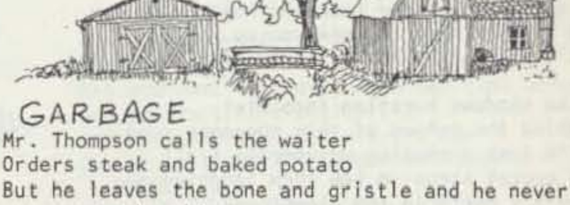
But folks now are coming together
Control of our lives we demand
We think we can handle it better
Than experts from NRC land

Our friend Sam he toppled the tower
And Ron sat and froze in the sky
Hundreds arrested at Seabrook
And our turn will come by and by

They're taking away all our power
By bringing in nuclear plants
Like doomsday machines they will tower
We'll stop them, we know that we can

I'm running my farm on a windmill
I'm heating my house chopping wood
My factory runs on a waterwheel
The sun heats my bathtub real good.
-Joanna Cazden

Part of the campaign to stop the nuclear power plant in Seabrook, N.H.



GARBAGE

Mr. Thompson calls the waiter
Orders steak and baked potato
But he leaves the bone and gristle and he never
    eats the skins
Then the bus boy comes and takes it
With a cough contaminates it
As he puts it in a can with coffee grounds and
    sardine tins
Then the truck comes by on Friday and carts it
    all away
And a thousand trucks just like it are
    converging on the bay
Em - / - - / - - B7 - / - - / - - / - - Em -
B7 - Em - / Am - D -
Chorus
Garbage! Garbage!
We're filling up the sea with garbage
Garbage! Garbage!
What will we do when there's no place to put all
    the garbage?
Em - / - B7 / - - /Am Em B7 Em
Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac
And winds it up the freeway track
Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydrocarbon
    haze
He's joined by lots of smaller cars
All sending gases to the stars
There to form a seething cloud that hangs
    for 30 days
While the sun licks down upon it with its
    ultraviolet tongues
Til it turns to smog and settles down and ends
    up in our lungs.
(2nd chorus)
Garbage (2x) We're filling up the sky with
    garbage...
...nothing left to breathe but garbage.

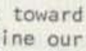
Getting home and taking off his shoes
He settles down with the evening news
While the kids do homework with the TV in one
ear
While Superman for the thousandth time
Sells talking dolls and conquers crime
They dutifully learn the date of the birth of
Paul Revere.
In the paper there's a piece about the mayor's
middle name
And he gets it done in time to watch the
All-Star bingo game

Garbage! (2x) We're filling up our minds with...
What will we do when there's nothing left to read
and there's nothing left to need
There's nothing left to watch & there's nothing
left to touch
There's nothing left to walk upon & nothing left
to talk upon
And nothing left to see & nothing left to be,
but Garbage!
(new verse by Pete Seeger)
In Mr. Thompson's factory, they're making plastic
Christmas trees
Complete with silver tinsel & a geodesic stand
The plastic's mixed in giant vats from some
conglomeration
That's been piped from deep within the earth or
strip-mined from the land
And if you ask them questions, they say "Why
don't you see?
It's absolutely needed a strong economy!"

Garbage! (2x) Their stocks & their bonds--all...!
What will they do when their system goes to smash
there's no value to their cash
There's no money to be made, but there's a world
to be repaid
Their kids will read in history books 'bout
financiers and other crooks
And sexism & slavery & nukes and all their knavery
To history's dustbin they're consigned, along
with many other kinds of GARBAGE! -*Bill Steele.*

On Seeger's BANKS OF MARBLE and his GOD BLESS THE GRASS. Also in SURVIVAL SONGBOOK. (c) 1969 Chinga Music. (c) assigned to Whitfield Music Inc 1978. All rights reserved.

THE GARDEN SONG



Chorus Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this garden grow
All you need is a rake and a hoe C FC/F C./
And a piece of fertile ground. F CAm/D G
Inch by inch, row by row
Someone bless these seeds I sow
Someone warm them from below
Til the rains come tumbling down.
Repeat chords, ending:
DG C

Pulling weeds, picking stones
We are made of dreams and bones
Need a place to call my own
For the time is near at hand.
Grain for grain, sun and rain
Find my way through nature's chain
Tune my body and my brain
To the music of the land.
Plant your rows straight & long
Temper them with prayer & song
Mother earth will make you strong
If you give her love and care.
An old crow's watching hungrily
From his perch in yonder tree:
In my garden I'm as free
As that feathered thief up there!

- by Dave Mallet
On his DAVE MALLET. (c) Cherry Lane Music. All rights reserved. Also on Pete Seeger's CIRCLES & SEASONS and a John Denver recent album.

GOD BLESS THE GRASS

God bless the grass that grows through the crack
They roll the cement over it & try to keep it
back
The concrete gets tired of what it has to do
It breaks & buckles & the grass grows thru
And God bless the grass
Am - AmE Am/E - AmE Am/C Am C Am/
(for higher voices: try Dm) F Am CD E -/Am E Am-
God bless the truth that fights toward the sun
They roll the lies over it & think that it is
done
It moves underground & searches for the air
And after a while it is growing everywhere

God bless the grass that grows through cement
Its green & tender & easily bent
But after a while it lifts up its head
The grass is living the stone is dead...

God bless the grass so gentle & low
But its roots they are deep & its will is to
grow
And God bless the truth the friend of the poor
And the wild grass growing at the poor man's
door... - *Malvina Reynolds*

On her HELD OVER & in her SONGBOOK. On Seeger's GOD BLESS THE GRASS, his ESSENTIAL... & BANKS OF MARBLE. (c) 1964 Schroder Music (ASCAP) Used by permission. Also in SURVIVAL SONGBOOK.

GONNA LAY DOWN THAT LIMERICK NUKE
(Tune: Down by the Riverside)

Gonna lay down that Limerick nuke (Seabrook,etc)
Down by the riverside (3x)
Gonna lay down that Limerick nuke
Down by the riverside
And bring our power home. G -/--/D-/G -
G -/--/D- G -

Chorus
We're gonna bring our power home (6x)
C -/G - / D - /G - //
Gonna stand up to PECO. . .
Gonna stop all those nuclear plants. . .
Gonna look toward the sun and wind. . .
Gonna combine our energy. . .
Gonna reach out in love, not fear. . .

LET IT BE

When you walk in the forest, let it be
There's a flower in the wood, let it be
There's a flower in the wood, and it's
innocent and good
By the stone where it stands let it be.
F A7 DmA7/F A7 Dm-/F-Am-/Bb-A'-
Let it be, let it be,
It's so lovely where it is, let it be
Tho you want it for your own, if you take it
from its place
It will not be what it was
When you loved it where it stood in the wood
F A^7 Dm A^7/F A^7 Dm-/F- Am-/Bb-/A- Dm-

Let it be, let it be
It's so lovely where it is, let it be
It's a thoughtful child, innocent and wild
By the stone, by the reed
Let it bloom, let it seed, Let it be.
-*Malvina Reynolds*

In her SONGBOOK & on MALVINA REYNOLDS. (c) 1960. Schroder Music (ASCAP). Used by permission. Also in SURVIVAL SONGBOOK.

ECOLOGY/

LITTLE BLUE TOP

Chorus
Round & round goes the little blue top
Whirling and turning with never a stop
Dappled with white, dappled with brown
The little blue top keeps aturning around
C - FC/ - - D7 G/C - FC/ G - FC

Oh there's wild raging oceans and proud mountain chains
Green, peaceful valleys and wide grassy plains
Families of life that each setting contains
Dolphins and spiders and cattle and cranes

And theres red folk & white folk & yellow folk too
Black folk & brown folk to name just a few
Folks green with envy and others who're blue

Oh there's teachers & lawyers & medicine men
Places to go to & people who've been
Others who stay home & tend to the shop
And they whirl & turn on the little blue top

But there're some who are greedy & some who don't care
And they're fouling our rivers & poisoning our air
If all of the rest of us don't make them stop
They might end the life on the little blue top
-Tony Hughes

(c) 1971 author. Used by permission.

MOTHER EARTH

Chorus
Sing you a song to your sweet Mother Earth
She's calling She's calling you've heard her before
You may remember the time before words
She kissed you and loved you and gave you your form. D - GD/G A G D //

She cries as she sees we've forgotten our names
Forgotten the truth we're all one and the same
It pains her to see the fear in our eyes
With brothers and sisters living sad broken lives

We have oceans and mountains we have rivers and streams
All given freely as signs of her love
A birdsong at daybreak, a cool summer breeze
Have been beaten and stolen and poisoned by men
It pains her to see how we ravage our home
For money and power we make the trees moan.
- Charlie Murphy

(c) author 1979. Used by permission.

OCEAN LOVE

O mother ocean, with your waves of power & grace
O mother ocean, your son has lost his way
D G - D (2x)

I need you to comfort me, to heal this pain within
I need you to anchor me, to rock me deep within your arms
To rock me deep in your love
A G A G / Bm A EmA EmA A / EmA D -

What are we ever going to do
If what they keep telling us is true?
Hear the great whales crying:
"Is the ocean dying?" (2x)
A G D A/G Bm Em A / G - D A / G - D -
Refrain: O mother ocean love, ocean love, ocean...
D G - D etc. -Charlie Murphy

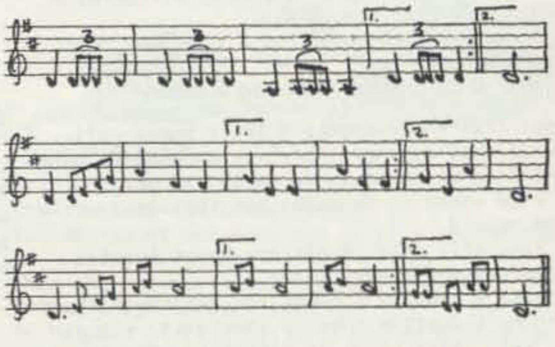
(c) 1981 Good Fairy Music. On his CATCH THE FIRE.

ONE BOTTLE OF POP

1 bottle of pop, 2 bottles of pop, 3... 4...
5...6...7 bottles of pop, POP!

Don't throw your trash in my backyard, my...(3x)
Don't throw your trash in my backyard, my backyard's full

Fish & chips & vinegar, vinegar, vinegar
Fish & chips & vinegar, pepper(3x) POP!



(and the "Trident" version from the Northwest!)
DON'T PUT YOUR BASE IN MY BACKYARD

1 Submarine; 2 Submarines...7 Submarines; Stop!
Don't put your base in my backyard. . .
'cuz my backyard's green
World peace & harmony...harmony & love.
- Bruce Kokopeli

Written as part of the campaign against Trident Submarine bases in Washington State. Used by permission.

THE PEOPLE ARE SCRATCHING

Come fill up your glasses and set yourselves down
I'll tell you a story of somebody's town
It isn't too near and it's not far away
and it's not a place where I'd want to stay

Am E7/ - Am /C G7/C E

Chorus
The people are scratching all over the street
Because the rabbits had nothing to eat.

Am - Dm / E7 E7Am

The winter came in with a cold icy blast
It killed off the flowers, and killed off the grass
The rabbits were starving because of the freeze
And they started eating the bark on the trees

The farmers said, "This sort of thing just
won't do
Our trees will be dead when the rabbits get
through
We'll have to poison the rabbits, it's clear
Or we'll have no crops to harvest next year."

So they bought the poison and spread it around
And soon dead rabbits began to be found
Dogs ate the rabbits, and the farmers just said
"We'll poison those rabbits 'till the last dog
is dead."

Up in the sky there were meat-eating fowls--
The dead rabbits poisoned the hawks and the
owls
Thousands of field mice the hawks used to chase
Were multiplying all over the place

The fields and the meadows were barren and
brown
The mice got hungry and moved into town
The city folks took the farmers' advice,
And all of them started to poison the mice

There were dead mice in all the apartments and
flats
The cats ate the mice, and the mice killed the
cats
The smell was awful, and I'm glad to say
I wasn't the man hired to haul them away

All through the country and all through the
town
There wasn't a dog or a cat to be found
The fleas asked each other "Now where can we
stay?"
They've been on the people from then till
this day

All you small creatures that live in this land
Stay clear of the man with the poisonous hand!
A few bales of hay might keep you alive
But he'll pay more to kill you than to let
you survive.

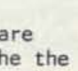
-words by Ernie Marrs, Harold Martin, and Pete Seeger

On Seeger's GOD BLESS THE GRASS (c)1963 by Fall River Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission. In SURVIVAL SONGBOOK.

POLLUTION

If you visit American city
You will find it very pretty
Just two things of which you must beware
Don't drink the water and don't breathe the
air.

C G/- C/C7 FF#dim/CG GC



Pollution (2x), They got smog and sewage and
mud
Turn on your tap and get hot and cold running
crud.

Am G F E/FC G C -

See the halibuts and the sturgeons
Being wiped out by the detergeons
Fish gotta swim and birds gotta fly
But they don't last long if they try
Pollution (2x) You can use the latest toothpaste
And then rinse your mouth with industrial waste

Just go out for a breath of air
And you'll be ready for Medicare
The city streets are really quite a thrill
If the hoods don't get you, the monoxide will
Pollution (2x) wear a gas mask and a veil
Then you can breathe long as you don't inhale

Lots of things here that you can drink
But stay away from the kitchen sink
Throw out your breakfast garbage, and I've got
a hunch
That the folks downstream will drink it for
lunch
So go to the city, see the crazy people there
Like lambs to the slaughter they're drinking the
water and (cough) breathing the air.

-Tom Lehrer

On his THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS. In SURVIVAL SONGBOOK. (c) 1965 by author. Publication rights! Maelstrom Inc. All rights reserved.

THE QUEEREST CRITTER

Chorus
What is the queerest critter of all?
Man is the queerest I recall
Never sees the handwriting on the wall
Till his back is up against it.
C - FC/- - GC/(repeat)

Harpoon Harry roams the seas
Slaughtering the whales
Wonders why there are so few
In the oceans where he sails
C - - - (3x) C - FC

Seiner Sammy looks for fish
Brings his catch to shore
Takes the most that he's allowed
Grumbles cuz he can't get more

Logger Louie fells the trees
Sends them to the mill
Cannot understand why floods
Wash out each denuded hill

Mo the Miner strips the hill
Claws out earth and clay
Rips the ground to get the coal
Says that that's the price you pay

- Vera Neulin

(c) author. All rights reserved.

RAINBOW RACE (One Blue Sky)

Chorus
One blue sky above us
One ocean lapping all our shores
One earth so green and round
Who could ask for more
And because I love you
I'll give it one more try
To show my rainbow race
It's too soon to die.
G C/D G/Em Am/D G (repeat) ↗

Some people live like an ostrich
Bury their heads in the sand
Some think that plastic dreams
Can unclench all those greedy hands
Some people like to take the easy way
Poisons, bombs, they think we need 'em
Don't you know you can't kill all the
unbelievers
There's no short cut to freedom

Go tell,go tell all the children
Go tell all the mothers and fathers too
Now's our last chance to share
What's been given to me and you
-Pete Seeger

On RAINBOW RACE & WORLD OF... In SURVIVAL SONGBOOK. (c)1970 Sanga Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

SUNRISE AT SEABROOK

From Connecticut, Rhode Island, & Vermont
Massachusetts, New Hampshire & Maine
Like patriots of ages past
To Seabrook town they came
Marxists and liberals side by side
Republicans and pacifists, too
When deadly danger periled their homes
They knew what they had to do
G D C G/ G D G D/ G D C G/G D G -

Chorus
And the sun risin at Seabrook
Shone down on people risin up for their land
Sayin "Here we will stay--no, we won't go away
Till the power is ours once again"
C D Em -/C D G -/Am- GEm /C DG -

Farmers and students and fisherfolk
United they marched along
Together for love of their common earth
They massed two thousand strong
"How can it be in our free land"
They only asked to know
"That corporations now decide
If the world shall survive or no?"

Against the fearful atom's might
They set the power of peace
They gathered on that fateful site
And demanded the insanity cease
Without a hateful word e'er spoke
They filled New Hampshire's jails
Till the governor had to set them free
Without a dollar for bail

Those who meddle with poisoned power
Have a terrible lesson to learn
When you bargain with the devil himself
You surely will get burned
And you who care for your children's lives
And the lives of their children to come
Trust in your own hearts and hands
And boldly reach for the sun -Fred Small

From his collection AQUIFER (c) 1977. Used by permission.

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO THE RAIN?

Just a little rain falling all around
The grass lifts its head to the heavenly sound
Just a little rain, just a little rain
What have they done to the rain?
C - F C/Em - F C/ F - C -/Dm - G -

Chorus
Just a little child standing in the rain
The gentle rain that falls for years
And the grass is gone, the child disappears
And rain keeps falling like helpless tears
And what have they done to the rain?
C - F C/G Dm E Am -/F - Em -/Dm - C A/
Dm - G -

Just a little breeze out of the sky
The leaves nod their heads as the breeze blows
by
Just a little breeze, with some smoke in its
eye
What have they done to the rain? -Malvina Reynolds

In her SONGBOOK & on HELD OVER. In SING OUT REPRINTS #6. In Joan Baez' SONGBOOK & on her IN CONCERT (c) 1962 Schroder Music (ASCAP) Used by permission. In SURVIVAL SONGBOOK.

FREEDOM

AIN'T GONNA LET NOBODY TURN ME ROUND!

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around
Turn me around! (2x)
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around
I'm gonna keep on a walkin, keep on a talkin
Marchin down to freedom's land
Am---/E-Am-/----/E---/-- Am
Ain't gonna let segregation turn me around. . .
No police, no jail cell, no killins,
no long meetins, no despair, etc.
-The Albany(Ga)Movement

On Joan Baez' FROM EVERY STAGE. In WE SHALL OVERCOME (1963, Oak Publics)

AIN'T YOU GOT A RIGHT?

Ain't you got a right (Ain't you got...)(3x)
To the tree of life?
D G - A/- D - -/- Em - A/G D - -

You come from a distance (come fr a dist...)
You come from a distance (come fr...)
Ain't you got a right (ain't...) to the tree
of life?

So rocky was the road (rocky was the road)
So tedious was the journey (tedious...)
Ain't you got a right (ain't...) to...

I know you had a hard time (ain't you got a right)
I know you're tired (ain't you got a right)
Ain't you got a right (ain't...) to...

My life will be sweeter (life will...) (2x)
Ain't you got a right (ain't...) to ..

You can tell all my brothers (ain't you got a...)
You can tell all my sisters (ain't...)
You can tell it to the world (ain't you got a
right) to the tree of life? - Georgia Sea Islands

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #10

BOURGEOIS BLUES

Look-a-here people, listen to me
Don't try to find no home down in Wash.,D.C.
Lord it's a bourgeois town_ ooooh,it's a
bourgeois town _
I got the bourgeois blues I'm gonna spread the
news all around _
E - /E^7 - / A^7 - E - /B^7 - EA^7 E

Me and Martha was standin' upstairs
I heard the white man say, "Don't want no
colored down there." Lord it's...

Home of the brave, land of the free
Don't want to be mistreated by no bourgeoisie...

White folks in Washington, they know how
Throw a colored man a nickel just to see him bow.

Tell all the colored folks to listen to me,
Don't try to find no home now in Wash..D.C. .
-Huddie Ledbetter

Edited with new additional material by Alan Lomax. Leadbelly made the song in 1938 after he and some friends got kicked out of one hotel after another where the management couldn't stomach interracial parties. TRO (c) 1959 Folkways Music Publishers, Inc. New York, NY. Used by permission.

FOLLOW THE DRINKIN GOURD

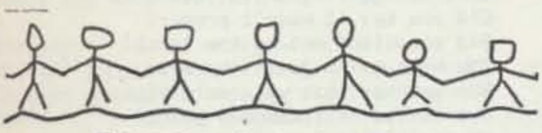
Chorus
Follow the drinkin gourd! (2x)
For the old man is a waitin for to carry you
to freedom
If you follow the drinkin gourd.
EmA A Em - (2x) G-D Em Bm / Em Bm Em -

When the sun comes up and the first quail calls
Follow...
For the the old man is a waitin...
Em - - - / - - - - / G D Em Bm/ Em Bm Em -

The river bank will make a mighty good road
The dead trees will show you the way
Left foot, peg foot, travellin on/ Follow...

The river ends between two hills/ Follow...
There's another river on the other side.
Follow...

This song derives from the time of the underground RR & offers instructions to runaway slaves for reaching freedom in Canada--above all, of course, to keep heading toward the "drinking gourd" (The Big Dipper). In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT & THE WEAVER'S SONGBOOK. On Seeger I CAN SEE A NEW DAY.



FREE AT LAST

Chorus
Free at last! Free at last!
Thank God a'mighty I'm free at last! (2x)
D -/- A / D - /- AD

One of these mornings bright and fair
(Thank God a'mighty I'm free at last!
I'm gonna put on my wings and try the air
(Thank God a'mighty I'm free at last!)

Old Satan's mad because we're glad (Thank...)
He missed a crowd he thought he had...

A favorite of Martin Luther King. In 1004 FOLKSONGS.

GO DOWN, MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt land --
let my people go
Oppressed so hard they could not stand --
let my people go
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land
Tell ol' Pharoah let my people go!
Em B^7 Em - (2x) Em B^7 Em C/Em B^{7}Em -
Em - Am - EmAm Em Am/ Em-Bm-Em B^7 Em -
Thus speaks the Lord, bold Moses said --
let my people go
If not I'll strike your first born dead --
let my people go! ...

No more in bondage shall they toil...
They're comin' out with Egypt's spoil...

Your foes shall not forever stand...
You shall possess your own good land...

O let us all from bondage flee...
And soon may all the earth be free...

"Moses" in slavery era songs usually refers to Harriet Tubman as well as the earlier emancipator (Tubman led thousands of slaves to freedom on the underground RR). In SONGS OF WORK & PROTEST, SONGS OF THE SPIRIT, PEOPLES SONGBOOK, & POCKETFUL OF SONGS.

HOLD ON

Paul and Silas was bound in jail
Had nobody for to go their bail
Keep your eyes on that prize, hold on _ _
Hold on, hold on
Keep your eyes on that prize, hold on!
Em - - -/- - D Em/- - - - D EmDEm
EmD - - - Em - -/- - - - D EmDEm
The very moment that all seemed lost
The dungeon shook and the chains fell off...
Paul and Silas began to shout
The jail door opened and they walked out
The only thing that we did wrong
Was stayin in the wilderness too long
The only thing that we did right
Was the day we begun to fight!
Got my hand on the freedom plow
Wouldn't give nothin for my journey now
God gave Noah the rainbow sign
No more water but the fire next time
The only chain that folks can stand
Is the chain of hand in hand. -Alice Wine

In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT and BELLS OF RHYMNEY.

I WASN'T SURPRISED

When our towns were in flame and yet we got the
blame, I wasn't surprised_
When police stormed the streets and no one came
to our needs, I wasn't surprised___
It wasn't our last and it wasn't our first
My people are killed even right in our church
And maybe I'm wise from too many cries, but I
wasn't surprised.
Dm - Gm Am - Dm -/F - G Em - Am Em Am -
Dm G Em Am (2x) F - C Am - Bm (- - Am Dm - - -)

When they shot Fred and Mark as they slept
in the dark, I wasn't...
When the commission contends it was in self-
defense...
Well it wasn't our last and it wasn't our first
My people are killed in their sleep, in the
church
And maybe I'm wise from too many cries, but...

Well right down the block a young boy picked
a lock, I wasn't...
A man shot him dead: he was hungry, how he bled...
It wasn't our last and it wasn't our first
Our children are killed down the block, in the
church
And maybe I'm wise from...

When they shot down my son, nothing wrong had
he done...
He was walking to class 'cross the Jackson State
grass...
It wasn't our first and it wasn't our last
My family is killed even crossing the grass
And maybe I'm wise from hearing his cries, but...

I've seen your children fall and I grieve for
you all, but...
I have known all along that they're mean and
they're strong, so don't be surprised.
It wasn't your last, it was only your first
The day will come round that they'll kill you
in church
And maybe I'm wise from too many lies...

Yes I'm bitter as hell, but one thing I'll tell
you: you might be surprised
If we stand side by side to stop this genocide,
they will be surprised.
For as long as we're silent, as long as we're still
They'll gun us & shun us, you know that they will
So raise your voice high in one unified cry
And we'll see who's surprised! Am D---

-Kristin Lems ;

On her OH MAMA. Slightly different version on Lucha's MEANS STRUGGLE Tape. (c) 1975 + 1979 author. Used by permission. For bookings + her records, write: Carolsdatter Productions, 908 W. California #3, Urbana IL 61801.

IF ANYBODY ASKS YOU WHO I AM

If anybody asks you who I am who I am, who I am
If anybody asks you who I am
Tell em I'm a child of God.
C - GC/C -/GC

If anybody asks you what I do...
....tell em that I love to shine

If anybody asks you what I feel...
...tell em that I'm full of hope

If anybody asks you where I'm bound...
...tell em that I'm bound to fly.

IF YOU MISS ME FROM THE BACK OF THE BUS

(Tune: O Mary Don't You Weep)

If you miss me from the back of the bus
And you can't find me nowhere
Come on up to the front of the bus,
I'll be ridin' up there (3x)
Come on up to the front of the bus,
I'll be ridin' up there.
DA/AD/GD/DA D #

If you miss me from Jackson State
And you can't find me nowhere
Come on over to Ole Miss
I'll be studyin' over there...

If you miss me from the cotton fields
And you can't find me nowhere
Come on down to the court house
I'll be votin' right there...

If you miss me from the front of the bus
And you can't find me nowhere.
Come on up to the driver's seat
I'll be drivin' up there...

On Pete Seeger WE SHALL OVERCOME. Tune: AMER FAV. BALLADS, SONGS OF THE SPIRIT, PEOPLES SONGBOOK.

I'M ON MY WAY

I'm on my way (I'm on my way)
To the Freedom land (to the Freedom land) } (3x)
I'm on my way, Great God, I'm on my way
D-/A-/--/D-/--D7/G-/DAD-

I asked my sister to go with me...
If she says no, I'll go anyhow...
I asked my boss to let me go...
If he says no, I'll go anyhow...
If you can't go, don't hinder me...
I'm on my way and I won't turn back...

In BELLS OF RHYMNEY & PEOPLES SONGBOOK. On Seeger's WE SHALL OVERCOME & Odetta's BALLADS & BLUES.

IT ISN'T NICE

It isn't nice to block the doorways
It isn't nice to go to jail
There are nicer ways to do it
But the nice ways always fail
It isn't nice! It isn't nice!
You told us once, you told us twice
But if that's freedom's price
We don't mind no, no, no (2x)
C Am/F G (repeat 3x) F G/C Am F G(2x)

It isn't nice to carry banners
Or to sleep in on the floor
Or to shout our cry of freedom
At the hotel and the store.
It isn't nice! It isn't nice!...

Well, we've tried negotiations
And three person picket lines
Mr. Charlie didn't see us,
And he might as well be blind.
Now our new ways aren't so nice
When we deal with men of ice:
But if that's freedom's price...

They murdered folks in Harlan County
Shot George Jackson in the back.
Did you say it wasn't proper?
Did you stand out on the track?
You were quiet just like mice,
Now you say that we aren't nice,
But if that's freedom's price
We don't mind...

(Repeat 1st verse and on chorus:)
...You told us once, you told us twice
Well thank you buddy for your advice
But if that's freedom's price...

- Malvina Reynolds

In her SONGBOOK & On MALVINA REYNOLDS. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #9. (c) 1964 Schroder (ASCAP). Used by permission.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body lies amouldrin in the grave (3x)
But his soul goes marchin on
Glory, glory hallelujah (3x) his soul goes...
G -/CG/- GEm/CD G (repeat) ↗

John Brown died to put an end to slavery (3 x)...

He captured Harpers Ferry with his 19 men so true
He frightened Old Virginny till she trembled
thru & thru
They hung him for a traitor, they themselves
the traitor crew...

John Brown was a deeply religious abolitionist leader from Kansas who came to Virginia to distribute the arms from the arsenal at Harper Harper's Ferry to slaves in the area. The plan was aborted & Brown eventually was hung for treason. In SONGS OF WORK & PROTEST, AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, PEOPLES SONGBOOK. On Seeger's DANGEROUS SONGS.

MERVIN BARR

Have you heard of Gen. Nathan Medford Forest
For 5 years he fought the yankees hand to hand
But after Appomatox he got lonesome
So he went and organized the Ku Klux Klan.

D CG D - (4x)

His soldiers crossed the Mississippi River
And they founded Forest City, Arkansas
I never got to meet old Gen. Forest
But then he never met my old friend Mervin Barr.

All along the bars and grills of Forest City
A-talkin to the people where they are
"I think it's time for us to get together
There's no need to be afraid" says Mervin Barr

Shoulda pulled a supplemental pension
From injuries he got in the Marines
And when he'd talk you couldn't help but listen
He was the gentlest man I've ever seen.

Some days he was too sick to leave the southside
Where he lived with his mama in a little old
shotgun shack.
And they'd send him to the VA home in Memphis
Where the sheets were white but Mervin's face
was black.

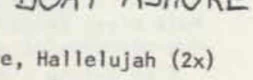
But he knew that he was needed by his people
And he marched them up and down that Delta town
The doctors tried to send him back to Memphis
But he wouldn't leave until the fight was won.

They say that on the day that he was buried
500 people stood beside his grave
I don't like funerals but I kinda wish I'd been
there
Tho I couldn't say just why I feel that way.

The night riders' shotguns didn't kill him
Nor the people that had sworn they'd do him in
He died because he wouldn't go to Memphis
And I don't expect to see his like again.

-Si Kahn

On NEW WOOD (c) 1975. Used by permission.



MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Chorus
Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah (2x)
CF C F C / Em Dm CG C

Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah...
River Jordan is chilly and cold/chills the body
but not the soul...
River Jordan is deep and wide/get my freedom on
the other side...
Michael's boat is a music boat...

-Traditional (Afro-American)

Michael is the archangel. In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, SONGS OF THE SPIRIT, SINGOUT REPRINTS #1, POCKETFUL OF SONGS. Discovered by Anthony Salctan in an 1886 collection of U.S. slave songs.

O FREEDOM!

O freedom O freedom
O freedom over me
And before I'd be a slave, I'll be
buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord and be free
D - AD/D-A-/D-GD/DAD -

No more killin's...
No more fear...
No more hunger...
There'll be joy...
There'll be peace...etc.

-Traditional song, adapted by SNCC

On ODETTA & Odetta's BALLADS AND BLUES. In SONGS OF WORK & PROTEST, PEOPLES SONGBOOK, & 1004 FOLKSONGS. On Seeger's WE SHALL OVERCOME.

OH MARY DON'T YOU WEEP

If I could I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood
Pharoah's army got drownded
Oh Mary don't you weep.
D A/ - D/G D/ DA D

Chorus
Oh Mary don't you weep don't you mourn (2x)
Pharaoh's army got drownded
Oh Mary don't you weep!

Moses stood on the Red Sea shore
Smotin the water with a 2 x 4...
The Lord told Moses what to do
To lead those Hebrew children through...
God gave Noah the rainbow sign
No more water but fire next time...
Mary wore 3 links of chain
Every link was Freedom's name...
One of these days bout 12 o'clock
This old city's gonna reel and rock
One of these days in the middle of the night
People gonna rise and set things right.

From the Book of Exodus. In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, PEOPLES SONGBOOK, SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.

THIS LITTLE LIGHT

This little light of mine - I'm gonna
let it shine, (3x)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.
D - - - / G - - D / - - - Bm / D A DG D

Everywhere that I may go...
Right there on the job...
(bridge)
The light that shines is the light of love
Lights the darkness from above,
It shines on me and it shines on you,
Show what the power of love can do.
I'm gonna shine my light both far and near,
I'm gonna shine my light both bright and clear,
Where there's a dark corner in this land,
I'm gonna let my little light shine! (cont'd →)
D - / G - / D - / E A / D - / G7 - / D B7 / EA D

For the poor and hungry folk...
Building a new world...
Put it under a bushel--No!
Aint nobody gonna "whoof" it out...
Some say "It's dark, we cannot see"
But love lights up the world for me
Some say "Turn around & just go hide"
But we have the power to change the tide
Some call life a sad old story
But we see a world that's bound for glory
The real power is yours and mine
So let your little light shine!

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #2 & BELLS OF RHYMNEY. On ODETTA SINGS FOLK SONGS.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

We shall overcome, we shall overcome
We shall overcome some day;
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome some day!
CFC - (2x)/C FG AmD GDG-/CFC-FGAm -/
We are not afraid... CFCGCFC -
We are not alone...
We'll walk hand in hand...
Black and white together... ↗
We shall all be free...

Taught by two Black union members to Zilphia Morton in Charleston in 1936. Modified by her, Seeger, Guy Carawan & Frank Hamilton over the years--as well as by Freedom riders and sit-iners in the early 60's. One of many songs that's gone from being gospel to union to civil rights to anti-war in thrust. In BELLS OF RHYMNEY, SONGS OF WORK & PROTEST. On Seeger WE SHALL OVERCOME. On Joan Baez' IN CONCERT. TRO (c) 1960 Ludlow Music Inc. New York, NY. Used by permission. Royalities are contributed to the freedom movement by writers.

WOKE UP THIS MORNING

Woke up this morning with my mind
stayed on freedom (3x)
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah!
G - - - /C - - G/G - - Em/G D GC G

We're gonna walk, walk
We're gonna talk, talk } (3x)
With our minds on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah!

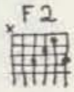
Ain't no harm to keep your mind
stayed on freedom...
Walkin' and talkin' with my mind...
Singin' and workin' with my mind...
- Rev. Osby of Aurora, Illinois

In TRAVELLING ON WITH THE WEAVERS.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

CATCH THE WIND

In the chilly hours and minutes
Of uncertainty, I long to be
In the warm hold of your loving mind
To feel you all around me
And to take your hand along the sand
Ah, but I may as well try and catch the wind
C - F2 - (2x) C - FGC - G - (repeat. ending: CFC -



When sundown held the sky
I want to bide awhile behind your smile
And everywhere I'd look your eyes I'd find
For me to love you now
Would be the sweetest thing, 'twould make me
sing
Ah, but...

Di, di, di, etc. F - Em - Am - D - G - - -

When rain has hung the leaves with tears
I want you near to quell my fears
To help me to leave all my blues behind
Standing near you soul
Is where I want to be, I long to be...

Loving you these years
Has brought to birth from well-tilled earth
A strong and lasting ally and a friend
Holding never holds
But touching brings a love with wings
Ah, the joy of being kissed by the wind.
-Donovan

On his LIKE IT IS, REAL...GREATEST HITS, BEST OF...(c) Southern Music Ltd. All rights reserved.
(Last verse is new.)

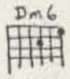
LA CHANSON DES VIEUX AMANTS

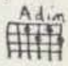
(The Song of the Old Lovers)

Bien sûr, nous eûmes des orages
Vingt ans d'amour c'est l'amour fol
Mille fois tu pris ton bagage
Mille fois je pris mon envol
Et chacque meuble se souvient
Dans cette chambre sans berceau
Des éclats de vieilles tempêtes
Plus rien ne ressemblait à rien
T'avais perdu le goût de l'eau
Et moi celui de la conquête
Am - E - /- - Am - // C - G/Gm F/ - C AmEm
C - G/Gm F/ - E AmE

Chorus
O, mon amour
Mon doux, mon tendre, mon merveilleux amour
De l'aube clair jusqu'à la fin du jour
Je t'aime encore, tu sais, je t'aime
Am - Dm6/Am Am7 Dm Dm6/ E E7 Am Am7
F Am Adim E

Moi, je sais tous tes sortilèges
Tu sais tous mes envoûtements
Tu m'as gardé de pièges en pièges
Je t'ai perdue de temps en temps
Bien sûr tu pris quelques amants
Il fallait bien passer le temps
Il faut bien que le corps exulte
Finalement, finalement
Il nous fallu bien du talent
Pour être vieux sans être adultes...





Et plus le temps nous fait cortège
Et plus le temps nous fait tourment
Mais n'est ce pas le pire piège
Que vivre en paix pour des amants
Bien sûr tu pleures un peu moins tôt
Je me déchire un peu plus tard
Nous protégeons moins nos mystères
On laisse moins faire le hasard
On se méfie du fil de l'eau
Mais c'est toujours la tendre guerre... *-Jacques Brel*

(c) 1966 Hill & Range Sons, Inc. New York, N.Y. All rights reserved

Brel is a prolific giant of a songwriter from Paris, his songs capturing vivid images of different slices of life. In JUDY COLLINS' SONGBOOK and on WILDFLOWERS. FR. TRANSL. Sure we've had our storms, 20 yrs. of love is a crazy kind of love. A thousand times I've taken off. / Each piece of furniture in this room with no cradle recalls flashes of old tempests. Nothing ressembles what it was anymore; you've lost the taste for water, and I my taste for conquest. Chorus: O my love, my gentle, my tender, my marvellous love--from the clear dawn to the end of the day I love you still, you know I love you. // I know all the spots you run off too, you know all my little hiding places. You've guarded me from step to step, I've lost you from time to time. / Sure you've taken lovers, one had to pass the time, to let the body exult itself. It took alot of skill to finally become old without becoming adult. // The more time has carried us along, the more it's tormented us. But the worst fate would have been to live in too much peace as lovers. / You cry less easily while I'm less quick to run away, we hide our mysteries less. We leave less to chance, pay closer attention to the thread of things. But it's always a tender war.

DODI LI

Chorus
Dodi li _va-ani lo / Ha-roeh _bashoshanim (2x)
Dm Gm Dm Am/Dm Gm DmAm Dm
_Mi zot olah _min hamidbar /_Mi zot olah_
_Mi kuteret mor _mor ulevona /_Mor ulevona _
Dm ---/-- Gm-
_Libavtini _achoti kalah /_Libavtini kalah _(2x)
Dm - Am - /Dm G Dm -
_U-ri _tza-fon /_U-vo-i teyman _(2x)
Dm - Gm - /Dm - Am — -Israeli

A beautiful Israeli couple dance. Words are from the Song of Songs: (cho) My beloved is mine & I his, that feeds among the lilies. / Who is that going up from the desert burning myrrh & frankencense? / You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride. / Awake, north wind, & come o south wind.

FACES

(Capo up)
_Dreamed about you in an eastern storm
_Dreamed about you in a southern warm
And wondered if I use your face _to ease my pain
_Maybe I won't ever see that face again _
But loving you will have to last at least till then _
G F/G F/C D Bm E/Am D Bm E/Am C G -

If there was a gentle neighbor boy
Or if I knew some other deeper joy
I wonder would I need to use your face for a friend
Maybe I won't ever...

(bridge)
Uh wake up, there's much more to life than faces far away from my touching
Wake up, I am more than just a dream machine that pours out sorrow
Why not step outside here now and look around the world
I might see a face that takes the place of you, but I don't need another face to

Dream about in an eastern storm... (1st verse)
C D Bm Em/C D Bm G7/C B7 Em Eb/Am - C -
- Holly Near & Jeff Langley

In her SONGBOOK called "WORDS AND MUSIC" & on LIVE ALBUM (c) 1974 Hereford. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

FIRE AND RAIN

_Just yesterday morning they let me know you were gone
Susanne, the plans they made put an end to you
_I walked out this morning and I wrote down this song
I just can't remember who to send it to
C Dm F C/C Dm F - (repeat)

Chorus
I've seen fire and I've seen rain
I've seen sunny days that I thought would never end
I've seen lonely times when I could not find a friend
But I always thought I'd see you again
F G C - (3x) F - C -

Won't you look down upon me Jesus, you've got to help me make a stand
You've just got to see me through another day
My body's aching and my time is at hand
And I won't make it any other way

Now I'm walking my mind to an easy time, my back turned towards the sun
Lord knows when the cold wind blows it'll turn your head around
There's hours of time in the telephone line to talk about things to come
Sweet dreams and flying machines in pieces on the ground. -James Taylor

On his SWEET BABY JAMES & in John Denver's POEMS, PRAYERS & PROMISES. (c) 1969,70 Blackwood Music/Country Road. All rights reserved. (Written about a friend of Taylor's who commited suicide in a mental hospital.)

THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW YOUR FACE

The first time ever I saw your face
I thought the sun rose in your eyes
And the moon and stars were the gifts you gave
To the dark and the empty skies, my love. To...
D A D - /D F#m G/D Em D - /C - D Am/ C - D -

The first time ever I kissed your mouth
I felt the earth move in my hand
Like the trembling heart of a captive bird
That was there at my command, my love...

The first time ever I lay with you
And felt your heart beat close to mine
I thought our joy would fill the earth
And last till the end of time... -Ewan MacColl

On his & Paggy Seeger's NEW BRITTON GAZETTE 2. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #6. on Roberta Flack's 1st album & Peter Paul and Mary's SEE WHAT TOMORROW...(c) 1962 Stormking Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

IF YOU LOVE ME

If you love me, if you love, love, love me
_Plant a rose for me
And if you think you'll love me for a long, long time
_Plant an apple tree.
The sun will shine, the wind will blow
The rain will fall and the tree will grow
And whether you comes or whether you goes
I'll have an apple and I'll have a rose
Lovely to bite and nice to my nose
And every juicy nibble will be
_A sweet reminder of the time you loved me
And planted a rose for me—And an apple tree
(Capo up) CG C /F C /F C/G C/
F - /C - /G - /CG C/
F - /CG C/Fm CG/CAb G - C -Malvina Reynolds

In SONGBOOK & on HELD OVER (c) 1974 Schroder Music (ASCAP) Used by permission.

I GAVE MY LOVE A CHERRY

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone
I gave my love a story that had no end
I gave my love a baby with no cryin

D G - D/A D - A/- D - A/G - - D
How can there by a cherry that has no stone
How can...no bone/no end/with no cryin?

A cherry when it's bloomin it has no stone
A chicken when it's pi pin it has no bone
The story of "I love you" it has no end
A baby when she's sleepin has no cryin

See Tumbalakaika (in this section) for a Yiddish version of this song.
In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, SING TOGETHER CHILDREN, 1004 FOLKSONGS.
On WORLD OF PETE SEEGER & Jean Ritchie's NONE BUT ONE.

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN'

I know where I'm goin and I know who's goin with me
I know who I love and my dear knows who I'll marry.
C Am Dm G / Em Am D.м G

I have stockings of silk & shoes of bright green leather
Combs to buckle my hair & a ring for every finger

O feather beds are soft & painted rooms are bonnie
But I would give them all for my handsome winsome Johnny

Some say he's poor but I say he's bonnie
Fairest of them all is my handsome winsome Johnny. -Scottish

In WEAVER'S SONGBOOK, 1004 FOLKSONGS, & FIRESIDE BOOK OF LOVE SONGS.
On Judy Collins' MAID OF CONSTANT SORROW. On Bellafonte's RETURNS TO CARNEGIE HALL

JOCK O'HAZELDEAN

Why weep ye by the tide, Ladie
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son
And ye shall be his bride
And ye shall be his bride, Ladie
Sae comely to be seen
But aye she let the tears doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.
D A G A - / G Em A - / D A G A - / G A D -
G - - Em - / D - G Em / D A G A - / G A D -
Now let this willfu' grief be done
And dry that cheek sae pale
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And laird o' Langley-dale
His step is first in peaceful ha'
His sword in battle keen
But aye she let the tears doon fa'...

A chain of gold ye shall not lack
Nor braid to bind your hair
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk
Nor palfrey fresh and fair
And you, the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forest queen
But aye she let the tears doon fa'...

The kirk was deck'd at morningtide
The tapers glimmer'd fair
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride
And dame and knight were there
They sought her baith by bower and ha'
The ladie was na' seen
She's o'er the Border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean. -Trad. Scottish
On Priscilla Herdman WATER LILIES.

LA JOIE D'AMOUR (Plaisir d'Amour)

Orig: Plaisir d'amour n'endure qu'un moment
Chagrin d'amour endure toute la vie.

Chagrin d'amour, il perce le coeur jusqu'à fond
La joie d'amour endure toute la vie.
D A D - G D A - / Bm A D G D A D -

The pain of love is deep and real and strong
The joy of love endures the whole life long.

Your eyes kiss mine, I can see the light in them shine
You give me heaven right then when your eyes kiss mine.

My love loves me and all the wonders I see
A rainbow shines in my window, my love loves me.

Our love grows long, like a night that grows into dawn
Like a seed that grows to full flower, our love grows long. -adaptation of song by Jean Paul Martini

A 19th c. operatic composer. Orig. is in Joan Baez' SONGBOOK & on Vol 2. Also in 1004 FOLKSONGS. (This adaptation is considered a delight by some & barbarism by others! If you're among the latter -

LEAN ON ME

Sometimes, in our lives
We all have pain, we all have sorrow
But, if we are wise
We know there's always tomorrow
D - G - / D - A - / D - G - / D - A D

Lean on me, when you're not strong
And I'll be your friend, I'll help you carry on
For, it won't be long
Till I'm gonna need somebody to lean on

Please swallow your pride
If I have things you need to borrow
For no one can fill
Those of your needs that you won't let show

(bridge)
You just call on me brother (or sister)
When you need a hand
We all need somebody to lean on
I might just have a problem
That you'll understand
We all need somebody to lean on
D - / - - / - - A D :||

Cont'd ↗

If.there is a load
You have to bear, that you can't carry
I'm right up the road
I'll share your load if you just call me, etc.
-Bill Wither

(C) 1972 INTERIOR MUSIC CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED ·

A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS

What would you do if I sang out of tune?
Would you stand up and walk out on me?
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song
And I'll try not to sing out of key
D- Em- /A - D- :||

Chorus
Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
Oh, I get high with a little help from my friends
I'm gonna try with a little help from my friends.
C G D - (3x)

What do I do when my love is away?
Does it worry you to be alone?
How do I feel by the end of the day?
Are you sad because you're ... your own? No...

(Bridge)
Do you need anybody?
I need somebody to love
Could it be anybody?
I want somebody to love.
Bm - E -/DCG - - :||

Would you believe in a love at first sight?
Yes I'm certain it happens all the time
What do you see when you turn out the light?
I can't tell you but I know it's mine.
-John Lennon & Paul McCartney

On SERGEANT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND. & BEATLES '67-'70 (c) 1967 Northern Songs Ltd. US: Maclen Music Inc. All rights reserved.

LONG TIME FRIENDS

Chorus
I'm looking for some long time friends (2x)
Life's a long and twisted road
Many curves and unseen bends
So I'm looking for some long time friends
DAD-/D-A-/GD/GA-/DAD-

Good friends tend to slip out of your reach
If you walk too tall and keep to straight a path
With your eyes so far ahead
That you can't see by your side
You'll never see your long time friends

There are women I hold close to my heart
And men I hope will always be a part of my life
You've got to know each heart is real
And each life will touch your own
And this world will be your long time home

It's a wide world with many ways to give
Many ways to love and ways to live
I'm not so sure I'd want to find
Just one soul to blend with mine
So I'm finding me some long time friends
-Cathy Winter (On Cathy Winter + Betsy Rose's fine album SWEET SORCERY.)

In ALL OUR LIVES & on Ginni Clemmens' LONG TIME FRIENDS (c) 1975 author. Used by permission.

FRIENDSHIP & LOVE

LAVENDER'S BLUE

Lavender's blue, dilly, dilly, lavender's green
When I am King, dilly... you shall be Queen
Who told you so, dilly... who told you so?
'Twas mine own heart, ... that told me so.
C - F C/F C Dm G /C - F C/ F C G7 C
Call up your men, dilly... set them to work
Some with a rake... some with a fork
Some to make hay... some to thresh corn
While you and I... keep ourselves warm.
In SING TOGETHER CHILDREN.
-Trad. English

MARIE'S WEDDING

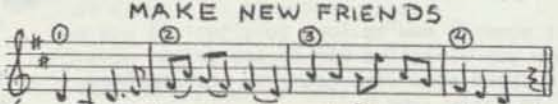
Chorus
Step we gaily, on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and on we go
All for Marie's wedding.
E -/A E :|| (Alt E-/A B7 :||)

Over hill ways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheeling thru the town
All for the sake of Marie.

Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her creal
Plenty bonny bairn's as weel
That's the toast for Marie.

Cheeks are bright as rowens are
Brighter far than any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is my darling Marie! -Trad. Scots
In the CLANCY BROS SONGBOOK.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS



Make new friends & keep the old
One is silver & the other gold

MICHAEL FROM MOUNTAINS

Michael wakes you up with sweets
He takes you up streets and the rain comes down
Sidewalk markets locked up tight
And umbrellas bright on a grey background
There's oil on the puddles in taffeta patterns
That run down the drain
In colored arrangements that Michael will change
With a stick that he found.
D - / Gm D (repeat) C - / B - / Bb A/
DEm DEmD

Chorus
Michael from Mountains
Go where you will go to
Know that I will know you
Someday I may know you very well
Am - /G - /F#m - /EmF#m G - D -

Michael brings you to a park
He sings and it's dark when the clouds come by
Yellow slickers up on swings
Like puppets on strings hanging in the sky
They'll splash home to suppers in wallpapered kitchens
Their mothers will scold
But Michael will hold you to keep away cold
Till the sidewalks are dry.

(cont'd)

Michael leads you up the stairs
He needs you to care and you know you do
Cats come crying to the key
And dry you will be in a towel or two
There's rain in the window there's sun in the
    painting
That smiles on the wall
You want to know all but his mountains have
    called
So you never do   -Joni Mitchell

On her first album. On Judy Collins' WILDFLOWERS. In J. Collins' SONGBOOK. (c) 1968 + 1969 Siquomb Publishing Corp. New York, NY. All rights reserved.

MULTIPLE RELATIONSHIP BLUES

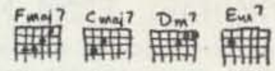
I love Peggy and George and you
You love me and Bob and Sue
Peggy loves George and Sal and Ralph
Helen wants Bob all for herself
You know we got the multiple relationship
    blues C Am/F G :// C Am F G (2x)

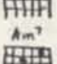
Chorus
Multiple, multiple. . . . multiple relationships
C Am F G (2x) C F C –

I was pacing up the floor (much uptight)
Deciding who to be with (to spend the night)
Its so hard to have to choose between the
    four of you
(Who will it be, maybe him or her or me)
(bridge)
We love each other, it's plain to see
(Why did she choose him instead of me?)
I love you all, about the same
(I wish you'd stop calling me by his name)
F – – – / C – – – / F – – – / G – – –

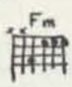
I met someone new to love (oh, hurray)
I know you will like him so (go away)
Let's spend some time together soon perhaps
    in early June
(He and I we're very happy together)
-Michael Zwell

OLD FRIENDS





Old friends, old friends
Sat on their park bench like bookends
A newspaper blown thru the grass
Falls on the round toes, on the high shoes
Of the old friends
Fmaj7 Cmaj7 (2x) / Dm7 G C Am / Dm7 – G – / Am – Cmaj7 –
    F Am7 (Fmaj7 Cmaj7)
Old friends
Winter companions, the old men
Lost in their overcoats, waiting for the sunset
The sounds of the city sifting thru trees
Settle like dust on the shoulders
Of the old friends
Fmaj7 Cmaj7 / Dm7 G Fmaj Em7 / Dm7 G C Am /
(bridge)   Dm7 G Em7 Am / Am G – / Am7 –
Can you imagine us years from today
Sharing a park bench quietly?
How terribly strange to be seventy



Dm7 G Cmaj7 – / F Fm C – / Dm7 G Am –
Old friends
Memory brushes the same years
Silently sharing the same fear
Fmaj7 Cmaj7 / Dm7 G Fmaj7 Em7 /

In his SONGS OF...& on his & Garf's BOOKENDS & GREATEST HITS. (c) 1968 author. All rights reserved. (See note under "Hello in There" in Changeng

RAMBLIN' BOY

He was a pal and a friend always
We rambled round in the hard ol' days
He never cared if I had no dough
We rambled round in the rain and snow
E – A – (2x) A D A – / E – A –

Chorus
So here's to you my ramblin' boy
May all your rambles bring you joy (repeat)
A D A – / E – A – ://

In Tulsa town we chanced to stray
We thought we'd try to work one day
The boss says he had room for one
Says my old pal, "We'd rather bum"

Late one night in a jungle camp
The weather was cold and it was damp
He got the chills, and he got them bad
They took the only friend I had

He left me here to ramble on
My ramblin' pal is dead and gone
If when we die we go somewhere
I'll bet you a dollar he's ramblin' there
-Tom Paxton

In his RAMBLING BOY. In Judy Collins' SONGBOOK & on her CONCERT (c) 1963 Cherry Lane Music. All rights reserved.

SINCE YOU ASKED

What I'll give you since you've asked
Is all my time together
Take the rugged, sunny days
The warm and rocky weather
Take the roads that I have walked along
Looking for tomorrow's time–peace of mind
Em A / G A :// C A / C A B G –

As my life spills into yours
Changing with the hours
Filling up the world with time
Turning time to flowers
I can show you all the songs
That I never sang to one man* before
    (As above ending: / C A Bm – –
(interlude)
We have seen a million stones lying by the water
You have climbed the hills with me to the
    mountain shelter
Taken off the days, one by one
Setting them to breathe in the sun
G – A – (2x) C – – – (2x)

Take the lilies and the lace
From the days of childhood
All the willow winding paths
Leading up and outward
This is what I give
This is what I ask you for, nothing more.
(as 1st verse)   -Judy Collins   (* or "friend")

In her SONGBOOK & on WILDFLOWERS, RECOLLECTIONS, & COLORS. (c) 1967 Rocky Mountain Nat'l Park Music, Inc. NY, NY. All rights reserved. Int'l Copyright secured.

SONG FOR JUDITH (Open the Door)

_Sometimes I remember the old days
_When the world was filled with sorrow
_You might have thought I was living, but I
was all alone_
_In my heart the rain was falling
_The wind blew the night was calling
Come back, come back I'm all you've ever known
C – / G – / F – C – :||

Chorus
Open the door and come on in
I'm so glad to see you my friend
You're like a rainbow coming around the bend
_And when I see you happy
_Well it sets my heart free
_I'd like to be as good a friend to you as you
are to me_
E – / D DA / D A E – / D A / E DA / E – DA DA

_There were friends who could always see me
_Through the haze their smiles would reach me
Saying OK, saying goodbye, saying hello_
_Soon I knew what I was after
Was life and love tears and laughter
Hello my good friend, hello my darling, what do
you know?_

_I used to think it was only me
Living alone not feeling free
_To be alive,_to be your friend_
_Now I know we all have stormy weather
The sun shines through when we're together
I'll be your friend right through to the end_
-Judy Collins

(She sings last chorus as "see you my friends".)
On her LIVING. (c) Rocky Mountain Nat'l Park Music Co, Inc New York, NY All rights reserved. Int'l copyright secured.

TUMBALALAIKA

Shtayt a bocher un er tracht
Tracht un tracht die gantze nacht
Vemen tzu nemen un nit far schemen (2x)
Am – – E / – – – Am / – – Dm Am / Dm E – Am

Chorus
Tumbala, tumbala, tumbalalaika (2x)
Tumbalalaika, shpiel balalaika
Tumbalalaika, fraylach zol zain

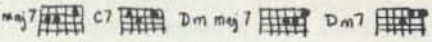
Maydl, maydl, 'chvel bai dir fregn
Vos ken vaksn, vaksn on regn
Vos ken brenen un nit oifhe-rn
Vos ken benken, vaynen on tre-rn?

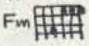
Narishe bocher, vos darfst du fregn
A shtayn ken vaksn, vaksn on regn
A liebe ken brenen un nit oifhe-rn
A hartz ken benken, vaynen on trern -Ashkenazi Jewish

In BELLS OF RHYMNEY & FIRESIDE BOOK OF LOVE SONGS. YIDDISH TRANSL.:
A youth worries all night whether he can overcome his shyness enuff to make a friend./Maiden I ask you: what can grow without rain, burn without burning out, cry without tears? / Foolish boy, a stone (i.e. nothing) can grow without rain, love can burn without burning out, a heart can cry without tears.

UNTIL ITS TIME FOR US TO GO

You're not a dream, you're not an angel
you're a man
I'm not a queen, I'm a woman, take my hand
We'll make a space in the lives that we've
planned
And here we'll stay until it's time for us to go
C Cmaj7 C7 A7 / Dm Dmmaj7 Dm7 G / 1st line / Dm G C –

We are different, world's apart, we're not the
same
We laughed and played from the start like in a
game
You could have stayed outside my heart but in
you came
And here you'll stay until it's time for you
to go 

(bridge)
Don't ask why _Don't ask how_
Don't ask forever Love me now_love me now!_
Fm – C – (2x) / E – Am – D – G – 

This love of mine has no beginning it has no end
I was an oak, now I'm a willow, now I can bend
Though I may never in my life see you again
Here I'll stay until it's time for me to go
-Buffy Sainte-Marie

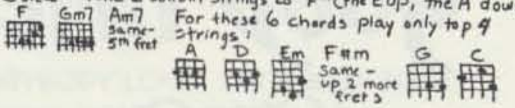
On her MANY A MILE & BEST OF...On Roberta Flack's CHAPTER TWO. In BEST OF POP SONGS (c) 1965 Gypsy Boy/Music Inc. Used by permission of author and publisher.

YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE

Chorus
You are the sunshine of my life
That's why I'll always be around
You are the apple of my eye
Forever you'll stay in my heart
F Gm7 Am7 F / Gm7 – F Gm7 :||

I feel like this is the beginning
Though I've loved you for a million years
And if I thought our love was ending
I'd find myself drowning in my own tears_
F Gm7 Am7 F / F Gm7 Am7 A / D Em F#m D /
G – C –
You must have known that I was lonely
Because you came to my rescue
And I know this must be heaven
How could so much love be inside of you?
-Stevie Wonder

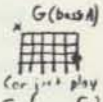
Guitar: Tune 2 bottom strings to "F" (the E up, the A down)



For these 6 chords play only top 4 strings!

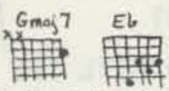
Written for his sister after she nursed him back to health. On TALKING BACK. (c) 1972 Stein & Van Stock. All rights reserved.

YOU CAN KNOW ALL I AM



You can know all I am _
Share my life, take my giving_ _
I can't change how I'm living_
But you can know all I am_ _
G (bass A) – D G D / – A – – / G (bass A) Em – G / (or just play G)
G(A) D G D
You can know all I am
Watch me grow, know my sorrow
I can't lend & I can't borrow, but...

FRIENDSHIP / LOVE



(bridge)
This could be a love in passing, simple & lonely
Mysterious woman, elegant stranger where it's safe and dark inside
But it's much harder to love you, to say "love me"
With all my right & wrong I've been longing to say it all along
Am^7 — Gmaj^7 - / B^7 - Em - / D EbD Gmaj^7 - /
E — G(with A) —
-Holly Near & Jeff Langley

In her SONGBOOK called "WORDS AND MUSIC" & on YOU CAN KNOW ALL I AM. (c) 1975 Hereford.
All rights reserved. Used by permission.

YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND

When you're down and troubled
And you need some loving care
And nothin, nothin is goin right
Close your eyes and think of me
And soon I will be there
To brighten up even your darkest night
Am E/AmE Am/F G C -/E -/AmE Am/F Em DmG DmG

Chorus
You just call out my name
And you know wherever I am
I'll come running to see you again
Winter, spring, summer or fall
All you have to do is call
And I'll be there: you've got a friend
C -/F -/C - Dm -/C Em/F Dm/F Dm C(F C E)

IF the sky above you
Grows dark and full of coouds
And that old north wind begins to blow
Keep your head together
And call my name out loud
Soon you'll hear me knockin at your door

(interlude)
Ain't it good to know that you've got a friend
When people can be so cold
They'll hurt you, and they'll desert you
And take your soul if you let them
Oh, but don't you let them
F -/C Em/ F Fm/ Am D/Dm G -Carole King

On her TAPESTRY and on James Taylor's MUD SLIDE JIM. (c) 1971 Colgems-EMI Music Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné
Refrain Il y a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublirai.
C - Am - (2x) C G Am C /Em C D G
refrain: C - F C/ Am C G C

Sous le fueilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher
Dans le plus haut des branches
Le rossignole chantait...

Chante, rossignole, chante
Toi qui as le coher gai
Tu as le coeur à nire
Moi, je l'ai a pleurer

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir meriter
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que j'lui ai refusé...

Je voudrais que la rose
Fut encore au rosier
Et que ma douce amie
Fut encore a m'aimer...

French: Long have I loved you - I will never forget you. The waters, oak leaves and nightingale are images of the singer's sadness.

BALM IN GILEAD

Chorus
There is a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole
There is a balm in Gilead
To heal the suffering soul.
C - - -/C FC G -/C - Am C/Fmaj^7 G C -

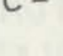
Sometimes I feel discouraged
And think my work's in vain
But then that endless Fountain
Revives my soul again.
C - FEm EmF/C - G -/C - FEm Em/C GE Am F
If you've got trials like Peter
If you've got trials like Paul
Go home and show your neighbor
That Love will free us all! -Black Spiritual

GOOD TIMES/ BLUES

BOTH SIDES NOW

Bows and flows of angel hair
And ice cream castles in the air
And feather canyons everywhere
I've looked at clouds that way
But now they only block the sun
They rain and snow on everyone
So many things I could have done
But clouds got in my way
G C - G/- Bm C G/- CAm-/ C-D- ://

Chorus
I've looked at clouds from both sides now
From up and down and still somehow
It's clouds illusions I recall
I really don't know clouds at all.
G - CG/CG CG/Bm CGC/G C Dsus D
G - - -



Moons and Junes and ferriswheels
The dizzy dancing way you feel
As every fairytale comes real
I've looked at love that way
But now it's just another show
You leave them laughing when you go
And if you care don't let them know
Don't give yourself away
I've looked at love.... give and take...

Tears and fears and feeling proud
To say I love you right out loud
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds
I've looked at life that way
But now old friends are acting strange
They shake their heads, they say I've changed
Something's lost, but something's gained
In living every day.
I've looked at life.... . win and lose... .
-Joni Mitchell

On her CLOUDS & MILES OF AISLES. In Judy C.'s SONGBOOK & on her WILDFLOWERS. On Pete Seeger's WORLD OF...(c) 1967 Siquomb. Publishing Corp, New York, NY. All rights reserved.

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS

(capo up 2)
When you're weary, feelin small_
When tears are in your eyes, I will dry them all_
I'm on your side when times get rough_
And friends just can't be found
Like a bridge over troubled water }
J will lay me down } 2x
G C G C / G Am7 GC G / D - G G7/ CA D
C GEm / CB7 Em / C GEm / CD G (C G C)
When you're down and out, when you're on the
street
When evening falls so hard I will comfort you
I'll take your part when darkness comes
And pain is all around. . . (end: / CD Em C G...)

Sail on silver girl, sail on by
Your time has come to shine all your dreams are
on their way
See how they shine, if you need a friend
I'm sailing right behind
Like a...I will ease your mind. -Paul Simon
(end: / CB7 Em C G CCm G)

In his SONGS OF...On his & Garf's BRIDGE OVER...& GREATEST HITS. (c) 1969 author. All rights reserved. (published by Charing Cross Music Inc.)

CIRCLE ROUND THE SUN

Oh I love my baby_ _
And he's bound to love me some_(repeat)
Well he throws his arms around me
Just like a circle round the sun _ _ _
A Em A Em / G D A Em (repeat) A Em / G Em A Em A Em

I lay down last night
I was trying to take my rest...
But my thoughts they just kept wanderin
Like them wild geese in the west

Now I know that sunrise
It's gonna shine in my backyard and someday...
And that wind's just bound to rise up
Gonna blow, blow all my blues away -Traditional

On James Taylor's 1st album. (c) 1969,70 Blackwood/Country Road All rights reserved.

CLOSE YOUR EYES

The sun is slowly sinkin down
But the moon is risin
And this old world must still be spinnin round
And I still love you
D GD A - / GD AG G / D GD A - / GD AD (GD AD)

Chorus
So close your eyes,
You can close your eyes, it's all right
I don't know no love songs
And I can't sing the blues anymore
But I can sing this song
And you can sing this song when I'm gone
GD A / Em G Bm - / G A / C G Bm - / GA G / GA GA Bm -

GOOD TIMES/BLUES

I know there's gonna be another day
We gonna have a good time
Nobody's gonna take this time away
You can stay as long as you like.
-James Taylor

On his MUD SLIDE JIM & on Linda Ronstadt's HEART LIKE A WHEEL (c) Blackwood Country Road. All rights reserved.

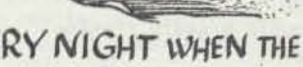
DREAM CHILD

(capo up 3)
I love to see you in the low-light, love
And touch your sweet weakness with my fire
Let's burn together all through the night
I'm just a dream child of desire, yeah...(2x)
G D / Em AD / G D / AmD GE / AmD G

There's a wild-fire burning in my country, oh
Oh my land is all on fire
You got me burnin with the sweet love heat
I'm just...

(Bridge)
And when you call my name
Oh the flame burns higher and higher
And I am not the same
Oh the bird is risin out of the fire_
Em A / Dm DmD / Em A / Am D -
Deep in my dreamin I heard love call
And I shall not deny her
Come on sweet fire & lick me clean/I'm just...
-Cris Williamson

It seems to make sense to include at least one purely sensual song in this collection! On her album (c) 1975 Bird Ankle. Used by permission.
THE CHANGER AND THE CHANGED.



EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

Every night when the sun goes down_(3x)
I hang my head and lonesome cry
Am7 Gm7 (3x) Am7 C7 / Dm7 G Am Am7
Dm7 G Am (Em7 Am Em7)
True love don't weep, true love don't moan (3x)
I'm comin home on the mornin train

I wish to the God my train would come (3x)
And take me back where I come from

I wish to the God my babe was born
And sittin on her pappy's (mammy's) knee
And me poor girl (boy) was dead and gone
With green grass growin over me. -Traditional

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #2, SING TOGETHER CHILDREN, WEAVERS SONGBOOK.

EVERYBODY LOVES SATURDAY NIGHT

Everybody loves Saturday night (2x)
Everybody (4x)
Everybody loves Saturday night.
C G C - (2x) C F C G / C G C -

Bobo waro fero Satodeh (2x)
Bobo wara (4x) (repeat first line)

Tout le monde aime Samedi soir... (French)
Jeder eyne hot lieb Shabas be nacht... (Yiddish)
A todos les gusta la noche del Sabado...(Spanish
Ren ren si huan li pai lu...(Chinese)
Vsiem nravitsa sabbota vietcheram...(Russian)

This song was originally written [illegible] as a protest against curfew regulations imposed by the British colonial authorities in Nigeria. Later added the other verses in various languages. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST.

FEELIN GROOVY (59th St Bridge song)

Slow down you move too fast
You got to make the mornin last
Just kickin down the cobblestones
Lookin for fun and feelin groovy

F C G C/etc.

Hello lampost whatcha knowin
I've come to watch your flowers growin
Ain'tcha got no rhymes for me?
Doot-in-doo-doo feelin groovy

Got no deeds to do no promises to keep
I'm dappled & drowsy and ready for sleep
Let the morningtime drop all its petals on me
Life I love you all is groovy -*Paul Simon*

In his SONGS OF...& on PARSLEY, SAGE...& GREATEST HITS...(c) 1966 author. All rights reserved.

FUNICULI, FUNICULA

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic
And so do I! And so do I!
Some think it well to be all melancholic,
To pine and sigh. To pine and sigh.
But I, I love to spend my time in singing
Some joyous song, some. . .
To set the air with music bravely ringing
Is far from wrong! Is. . .
C---/GC GC :// Em---/ B7Em B7Em /
G---/DG DG
Chorus
Harken! Harken! music sounds afar! (2x)
Tra la la la (4x)
Joy is everywhere! FUNICULI, FUNICULA.
G - DG/G - DC/E Am E Am/F C G C

Ah, me! Tis strange that some should take to sighing,
And like it well (2x)
For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,
So cannot tell (2x)
With laugh and dance and song the day soon passes,
Full soon is gone (2x)
For mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses
To call their own (2x)

An Italian popular song written to commemorate the opening of a funicular RR to the top of Mt. Vesuvius. In FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLKSONGS.

HAVA NAGILA

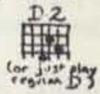
Hava nagila (3x) ve-nisma-cha (repeat)
E - Am E (2x)
Hava na-ranana (3x) ve-nisma-cha (repeat)
E Dm - E (2x)

Uru, uru achim
Uru achim be-lev same-ach (4x)
Uru achim, uru achim, be-lev same-ach.
Am -/Am --- G ---/E -- Am

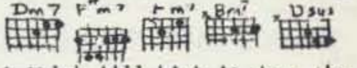
A joyful energetic dance. In 1004 FOLKSONGS. HEB TRANSL: Let us rejoice & be happy. / Awaken brothers & sisters with a happy heart.

I THINK IT'S GOING TO RAIN TODAY

Broken windows and empty hallways
Pale dead moon in a sky streadked with grey
Human kindness overflowing
And I think it's going to rain today.
A - D2 A/ - F#m D2 A/ - F#m G D/A - D2 A



Scarecrows dressed in latest styles
With frozen smiles to keep love away
Human kindness...



(bridge)
Lonely, lonely
Tin can at my feet, think I'll kick it down the street
That's the way to treat a friend
Am7 Dm7 Am Bm7/ C - Am -/F Dm7 Dsus4 D

Bright before me the signs implore me
"Help the needy and show them the way"...
-Randy Newman

On his SAIL AWAY. In Judy Collins' SONGBOOK & on her IN MY LIFE (c) 1966 January Music Corp. New York, NY. All rights reserved

LET IT BE

When I find myself in times of trouble, mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.
And in my hour of darkness she is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.
Let it be, (4x)
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be
G D Em C/G D C G ://

REFRAIN:
And when the broken hearted people living in the world agree
There will be an answer, let it be
And tho they may be parted there is still a chance that they will see
There will be an answer, let it be...

And when the night is cloudy there is still a light that shines on me
Shines until tomorrow, let it be.
I wake up to the sound of music, mother Mary sings to me
There will be no sorrow,* let it be...
-John Lennon & Paul McCartney

* or "Sings until tomorrow..."

On Beatles' LET IT BE & '67-'70. In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. On Baez' BLESSED ARE & GREATEST HITS. (c) 1970 Northern Songs Ltd. US: Maclen Music Inc. All rights reserved.

LIFE IS MINE TO LIVE

Life is mine to live, don'tcha know (2x)
Life is mine to live and love is mine to give
Life is mine to live, don'tcha know.
D---/D-A-/D-G-/DAD-

Joy is mine to feel, dont'cha know (2x)
Joy is mine to feel and you know it's really real...

The grass and the trees/are teaching me to be free...
The birds in the sky/are teaching me to fly...
We'll make our own sun/and shine on everyone...
I love you/and I love me too...
The fish and the bugs/are teaching me to hug...
This song is ours to sing/and it covers everything... - Bruce Kokopeli

Used by permission.

MANY RIVERS TO CROSS

Many rivers to cross
_But I can't seem to find_my way over_
Wandering I am lost
As I travel along the white cliffs of Dover
G Bm/C Bm C D C G ://

Many rivers to cross
And it's only my will that keeps me alive
I've been licked, washed up for years
And I merely survive because of my pride

(bridge)
And this loneliness won't leave me alone
_It's such a drag to be on your own
_My man (woman) left and he didn't say why
Well, I guess I have to try
C – G – (2x) C – G Em/C – D –

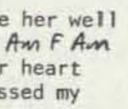
Many rivers to cross
But just where to begin to start out new
There have been times I find myself
Wondering can I go on, I feel so used.

On his THE HARDER THEY COME & Linda Ronstadt's PRISONER IN DISGUISE
(c) 1970 ISLAND MUSIC LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND

THE MOON'S A HARSH MISTRESS

See her how she flies,_golden sails across the
skies _
Close enough to touch_but careful if you try_
Tho she looks as warm as gold _
The moon's a harsh mistress,_the moon can be so
cold
F C F CF/G Em F GF/Am C/F C F C
(Capo up)
Once the sun did shine, good Lord, it felt so
fine
The moon, a phantom, rose over the mountains and
the pines
Then the darkness fell
The moon's a harsh...It's hard to love her well
(last line: /F Am F Am
I fell out of her eyes, fell out of her heart
Fell down on my face, I tripped and missed my
stars
Fell and fell alone
The moon's a... the sky is made of stone
The moon's...she's hard to call your own
-Jimmy Webb

On Judy Collins' JUDITH. (c) 1974 White Oak. All rights reserved.



MOTHERLESS CHILD

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child (3x)
A long way from home (2x)
Am Am(G#) Am7 Am /Dm – Am/Am Am(G#) Am7 D9
Dm Em – Am/Dm E Am –
Sometimes I feel like I have no friend...
Sometimes I feel like I never been born...
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost dead...

But I know the lord's gonna help me along (3x)
Help me find my way back home. (2x)

In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS (Sometimes I feel...). In PETER, PAUL & MARY SONGBOOK. On their SONG WILL RISE.

MY FAVORITE THINGS

Raindrops on roses, whiskers on kittens
White copper kettles & warm woolen mittens
Brown paper packages tied up with string
These are a few of my favorite things
Em – – – /Cmaj7 – – – /Am D G C/G C Am B7
Cream colored ponies & crisp apple strudel
Door bells & sleigh bells & schnitzel with
noodles
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
Silver white winters that melt into spring....
E – – – /A – – – /Am D G C/G C Am B7
(tag)
When the dog bites, when the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad _ _
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel_so bad! _ _ _
Em – Am B7/ Em C – – /C – A – /G C Am D G – – –
Oscar Hammerstien & Richard Rodgers

From their musical SOUND OF MUSIC (c) 1960 Williamson Music. All rights reserved.

PACK UP YOUR SORROWS

_No use crying, talking to a stranger
Naming the sorrows you've seen _
Too many sad times, too many bad times
Nobody knows what you mean.
C – F – /C – G – /C – F – /C G C –

Chorus
But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows
And give them all to me
You would lose them I know how to use them
Give them all to me.

No use rambling, walking in the shadows
Trailing a wandering star
No one beside you, no one to guide you
And nobody knows where you are.

No use gambling, running in the darkness
Looking for a spirit that's free
Too many wrong times, too many long times
Nobody knows what you see.

No use roaming, lying by the roadside
Seeking a satisfied mind
Too many highways, too many byways
And nobody's walking behind. -Richard Fariña + Pauline Marden

On CELEBRATIONS FOR A GRAY DAY & MEMORIES. In SING OUT REPRINTS #10.
(c) 1964 + 1966 Ryerson Music Publishing Inc. All rights reserved.

THERE'S A BOTTOM BELOW

Chorus
_Do you think you've hit bottom? (2x)
Oh no. There's a bottom below
F A /F A /E – A –

There's a bottom below the low you know
You can't imagine how far you can go down!
D – /A E A
Every once in awhile you'll rise & glow
But that's only so they can let you go — down.

You sit at a party & watch the fun
It don't touch you none cause you're off & gone
— down.

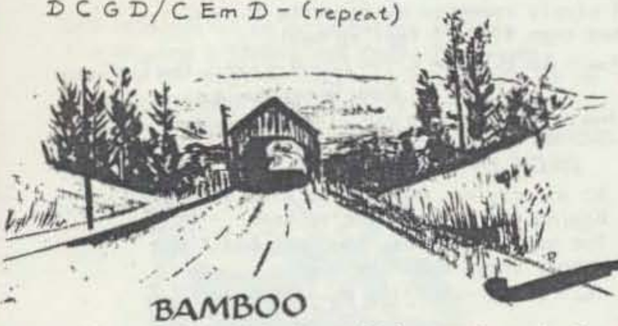
There's the nightmare kind where you fall & fall
And you wake to find you haven't been dreaming
— at all. -Malvina Reynolds

In her SONGBOOK & on MALVINA (c) 1970 Schroder Music Co.(ASCAP) Used by permission

WATERFALL

(Capo up 3)
Sometimes it takes a rainy day
Just to let you know
Everything's gonna be
Allright allright
Bm - Em FG (2x) C - G - / A - - - D G D -

I've been dreaming in the sun, won't you wake
me up someone
I need a little peace of mind
Wake me from this dream that I have dreamed so
many times
I need a little peace of mind
D C G D / C Em D - (repeat)



BAMBOO

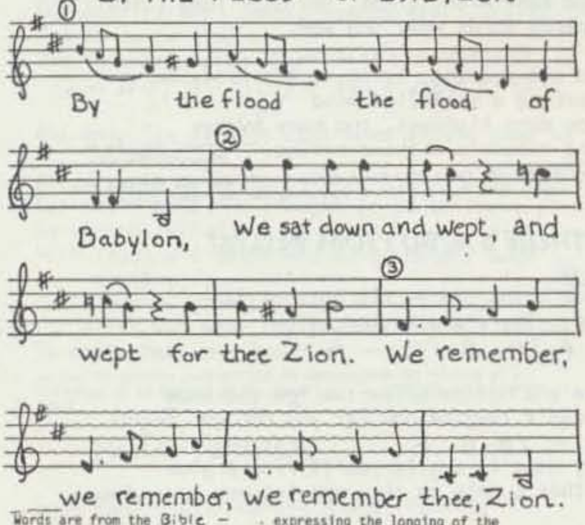
You take a stick of bamboo, (3x) you throw it in
the water
Oh oh, Hana (repeat)
D C D C (4x)

Refrain
River she comes down (2x)
D C D - (2x)

You travel on the river. . .
My home's across the river. . . -Dave Van Ronk

On PETER, PAUL & MARY SONGBOOK & on their 1st album. (c) 1962. All rights reserved.

BY THE FLOOD OF BABYLON


①
By the flood the flood of
②
Babylon, We sat down and wept, and
wept for thee Zion. We remember,
③
we remember, we remember thee, Zion.

Words are from the Bible - . expressing the longing of the exiled Jewish people for their homeland.

UN CANADIEN ERRANT

Un Canadien errant banni de ses foyers (2x)
Parcourait en pleurant des pays étrangers (2x)
D - - A (2x) A - - D / DG D EmA D

Un jour triste et pensif assis au bord des flots (2x)
Au courant fugitif, il adressa ces mots (2x)

When you open up your life to the living, all
things come
Spilling in on you
And you're flowing like a river, the Changer and
the Changed--you got to
Spill some over (3x) over all
Bb C D - / Em A D - / Em A D Bm / BbC D (3x) A -

Chorus
Filling up and spilling over, it's an endless
waterfall
Filling up & spilling over, over all (repeat)
Em A D Bm / Em A D - (repeat)

Like the rain falling on the ground
Like the rain falling all around
Em G D - / C G D -

Sometimes it takes...and CHORUS - Cris Williamson

On her album, (c) 1975 Bird Ankles. Used by permission.
CHANGER + THE CHANGED.

HOME

"Si tu vois mon pays, mon pays malheureux (2x)
Va dire à mes amis que je me souviens d'eux." (2x)
-A. Gerin LeJoie

Written by a young French Canadian student who had to go into exile for his involvement in Canada's most serious revolution, the Rebellion of 1837. In BELLS OF RHYMNEY. On Ian & Sylvia's GREATEST HITS & BEST OF...FR. TRANSL: A Canadian exile, banished from home to a foreign land. / One morning wandered by the banks of a rushing river and spoke these words to it. / "Oh if you see my homeland that is so troubled, speak to my friends and tell them I remember them."

CAROLINA ON MY MIND

Chorus
In my mind I'm gone to Carolina
Can't you see the sunshine
Can't you just feel the moon shine?
And ain't it just like a friend of mine
To hit me from behind
Yes, I'm gone to Carolina in my mind.
C F G - / F G / F G / C Am / F D / C FG C -

Karen she's a silver sun
You'd best walk her way and watch it shine
Watch her watch the morning come
A silver tear appearin now I'm cryin, ain't I
Gone to Caroline in my mind
C Dm / F G / C Am G - / F G CG FD / C FG C -

There ain't no doubt in no one's mind
That love's the finest thing around
Whisper somethin soft and kind
And hey babe the sky's on fire I'm dyin, ain't I
Gone to...

Dark and silent late last night
Think I might have heard the highway call
Geese in flight and dogs that bite
And signs that might be omens says I'm goin,
goin, gone...
(bridge)
Now with a holy host of others standin round me
Still I'm on the dark side of the moon
And it seems like it goes on like this forever
You must forgive me
F G C - / Em Am G - / F G Am - / Dm - G -

(c) 1969, to Blackwood/Country Road All rights reserved. - James Taylor
Taylor lived a goodly while in Chapel Hill, N.C. On JAMES TAYLOR.

DAY IS DONE

Tell me why you're crying, my son.
I know you're frightened like everyone
Is it the thunder in the distance you fear
Will it help if I stay very near? I am here.
G C/DG/-- C/Em - Am D G -

Chorus
And if you take my hand, my son
All will be well when the day is done. (repeat)
Day is done, day is done, (2x)
C G/D G (repeat) D - G - (2x)

You ask me why I'm sighing, my son
You shall inherit what your elders have done
In a world filled with sorrow and woe
If you ask me why this is so, I really don't know.

Tell me why you're smiling, my son.
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?
Do you know more than those who are wise
Can you see what we all must disguise, thru your loving eyes?

On Peter, Paul & Mary's 10 YEARS. (c) Pepamar Music. All rights reserved.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Touch us, children, we're not so scared of you.
Our bodies are some different from yours and very much like them, too.
We can delight in candlelight, run bare-skinned in the sun.
C - F C/- Am CG C/C Am CG C

We'll play with you children, we're not so busy anymore.
Let's cuddle, hug and rough-house—or what's a family for?
We can delight in... turn cartwheels in the sun

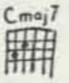
My thirsty son and daughter, how beautiful you are.
Come with me to the rooftop, scoop a dipper full of stars.
We can delight... drink in the moon and sun.

Come sleep by us, children, bring your pillows from down the hall,
Moonlight in our sleeping room will lullaby us all.
We can... float ideas to the sun/ We can delight in heaven's light, human 'neath the moon and sun.
—Larry Mackenzie

On SOUNDS GOOD & in SONGS ON OUR WAY OUT #1. (c) 1976 author. Used by permission.

HOME AGAIN

_Sometimes I wonder if I'm ever gonna make it home again
It's so far and out of sight
_I really need someone to talk to, and nobody else
Knows how to comfort me tonight
_Snow is cold, rain is wet
Chills my soul right to the marrow
_I won't be happy till I_see you alon again
Till I'm home again and feelin right.
C Cmaj7 (or Em) - FC/FAm DmF C CG (repeat)
Am - C -/F C Dm DmG/as above
...I wanna be back home again and feelin' right!
— Carole King

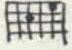


On her TAPESTRY. (c) 1971 Screen Gems-EMI Music Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

HOMEWARD BOUND

I'm sittin in a railway station
Got a ticket for my destination___
On a tour of one night stands
My suitcase and guitar in hand
And every stop is neatly planned
For a poet and a one man band
G — /Bm - Dm - E - /Am - / F - /G - /D -
(capo up 2)

Chorus
_Homeward bound, _I wish I was, homeward bound_
Home, where my thought's escaping
Home, where my music's playing
Home, where my friends are living wonderin' after me
G - C - G - C - /G Am7/G Am7/ G Am7 D G



Everyday's an endless stream
Of cigarettes and magazines
And each town looks the same to me
The movies and the factories
And every stranger's face I see
Reminds me that I long to be...

Tonight I'll sing my songs again
I'll play the game and pretend
But all my words come back to me
In shades of mediocrity
Like emptiness in harmony
I need someone to comfort me. —Paul Simon

In his SONGS OF...& on his LIVE RHYMIN. On Simon & Garf's PARSLEY, SAGE...& GREATEST HITS. (c) 1967 Author. All rights reserved.

JENNY'S GONE AWAY

Chorus
_Jenny's gone away, _Jenny's gone to Ohio*
Jenny's gone away [*later verses can use Cleveland town, Detroit town, Baltimore..]
D Em A DG/DA D

Jenny's wearing strings and rags
Jenny's gone away (repeat)
D DEm/D Em/A DG/DA D

Jenny was a pretty gal don't you know
Jenny's gone away
Worked until her hair turned gray
Jenny's gone away

Jenny's hill got stripped away/Jenny's gone...
Strip mine operators had their way/Jenny's...
Starvation was her baby's fate...
Caseworker said she was a burden to the state
The army took Jenny's brother today...
He'll come home in a pinebox and stay, but...
Jenny's man died in the Farmington mine...
Co. insurance didn't treat her so kind, &...
Jenny didn't want to go away...
The company took her place to stay, &...
— Rich Kirby & Michael Kline

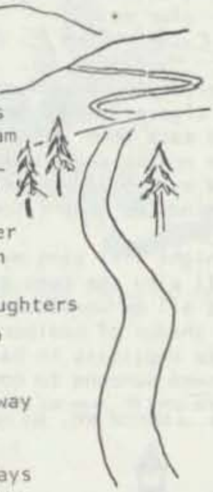
On their ALMOST DONE & in VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS. The music is traditional. Words (c) 1971 authors. Used by permission.

MOTHERLAND

I'm comin home to my own sweet country
I'm comin home to where the language is the
tongue of my birth - oh
Hear my voice I'm callin: this is a reunion
like I've never had
I'm comin home and I'm so glad to be here.
C - F G (2x) E Am C CG /C - FG C
- Margaret Grammer

Margaret has been living in Brazil for several years. (c) 1977
Used by permission.

SAILIN DOWN MY GOLDEN RIVER



Sailing down this golden river
Sun and water all my own
Yet I was never alone
Sun and water old life givers
I'll have you where'er I roam
And I was not far from home
D Bm/Em A/D EmA D - ://

Sunlight glancing on the water
Life and death are all my own
Yet I was never alone
Life to raise my sons and daughters
Golden sparkles in the foam
And I was not far from home.

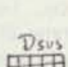
Sailing down my winding highway
Travellers from near and far
Yet I was never alone
Exploring all the little byways
Sighting all the distant stars
And I was not far from home - Pete Seeger

On his RAINBOW RACE. TRO (c) 1971 Melody Trails Inc,
New York, NY Used by permission.

SONS OF... (FILS DE...)

Sons of the sea, sons of the saint
Who is the child with no complaint
Sons of the great, sons unknown
All were children like your own
The same sweet smiles, the same sad tears
The cries at night, the nightmare fears
Sons of the great, sons unknown,All...
D---/-- EmA / Em — AEm / A — D—
D---/-- Em- / G F# Em Bb/Em A Dsus D
Sons of tycoons, sons from the farms
All of the children ran from your arms
Thru fields of gold, thru fields of ruin
All of the children vanished too soon
In towering waves, in walls of flesh
Amid dying birds trembling with death
Sons of tycoons...

Sons of your sons, sons passing by
Children were lost in lullaby
Sons of true love, sons of regret
All of your sons you can never forget
Some built roads, some wrote the poems
Some went to war, some never came home
Sons of your sons... - Jacques Brel • Girard Jouannest



On Judy Collins, WHALES AND NIGHTENGALES & her COLORS. Eng. transl.
by Mort Shoman & Eric Blau (c) Hill & Range. All rights reserved.

SWEET SUNNY SOUTH

Chorus
Take me back to the place where I first saw
the light
To my sweet sunny south take me home
Where the wild birds sing me to sleep every
night
Oh, why was I tempted to roam?
D--A-/D D7 G-/D G DA-/DAD-

The path to our cabin they say has grown green
And the stones are quite mossy around
And I know that the faces and forms that I love
Now lie in the cold mossy ground.

Take me back to the place where the orange
trees grow
To my place in the evergreen shade.
Where the flowers on the rivers' green margins
do grow
And share their sweet scent with the glade.

On Joan Baez ONE DAY AT A TIME.

TIME PASSES SLOWLY

Time passes slowly up here in the mountains
We sit beside bridges and walk beside fountains
And catch the wild fishes that swim in the stream
Time passes slowly when you're lost in a dream.
D C G - (2x) C Bm C Bm/D C G - (3x)

Once I had a lover who was fine and good lookin
We sat in the kitchen while my mama was cookin
And stared out the window to the stars high
above
Time passes slowly when you're searching for
love.

(bridge)
Ain't no reason to go in the wagon to town
Ain't no reason to go to the fair
Ain't no reason to go up--ain't no reason to
go down
Ain't no reason to go anywhere
G - D - (3x) C - G -/DCG - (2x)

Time passes slowly up here in the daylight
We stare straight ahead and try so hard to
stay right
Like a cloud passes and covers the day
Time passes slowly and fades away - Bob Dylan

On his NEW MORNING & his GREATEST HITS II. On Judy Collins' WHALES
AND NIGHTENGALES. (c) 1970 Big Sky Music, Used by permission. All rights reserved.

TOMORROW IS A LONG TIME

If today was not an endless highway _
If tonight was not a crooked trail
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time
Then lonesome would mean nothing to me at all
G C G - (2x) C D G - (2x)

Chorus
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin _
And I could hear his heart a softly poundin
Only if he was lyin by me
And I in my bed _ once again ___
C D G - (3x) C D- G---

(continued)

I can't see my reflection in the water
Can't speak the sounds that show no pain
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps
Can't remember the sound of my own name

There's beauty in the silver singin river
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky
But none of these and nothin else can touch the beauty
That I remember in my own true love's eyes.
- Bob Dylan

Based on the very old anonymous poem: "O Western Wind, when wilt thou blow. / That the small rain down can rain. / Christ that my love were in my arms. / And I in my bed again." In his SONGBOOK. On J. Collins' #5 & her RECOLLECTIONS. (c) 1963 M.Witmark+Sons. All rights reserved.

WE ALWAYS COOK WITH HONEY

Muffin warm and basket brown, smiling faces all around
Our dinner table, close together hand in hand_
D A7 D A7 /etc

Chorus
I always cook with honey to sweeten up the night_
We always cook with honey tell me how's your appetite
For some sweet love? _ _ _
extra A7

Finding favor with your neighbor, well it can be so fine
It's easier than pie to be kind_
We've been searching for so long, now our house is turned
Into a home _ _ _

Well our door is always open and there's surely room for more
Cookin where there's good love is never any chore
So come and get to know us, there'll be a place set just for you
Sweet wine before dinner that is surely bound to soothe.
- Valerie Carter (c) author

On Judy Collins' TRUE STORIES.

WHERE IS LOVE?

Where is love/Does it fall from skies above?
Is it underneath the willow tree/that I've
______been dreaming of?
Where is she/who I close my eyes to see?
Will I ever know the sweet "hello"/that's
______meant for only me?
Who can say where she may hide?/Must I travel far and wide
'Till I am beside the someone who/I can mean something to?
Where, where is love? —Lionel Bart
G Am7 G Am7/G Am7 G G7/C G♯ F — /E♭ — Am7 D://
G Am7 G G7/C D G G7/Am7 D G —/F — E—/Am7 Em Am7 D G —

From his musical OLIVER. (c) Tams Witmark. All rights reserved.

YOU AIN'T GOIN NOWHERE

Clouds so swift, rain won't lift
Gate won't close, feelin low
Get your mind off better times
You ain't goin nowhere
G Am/C G ://

Chorus
Oo-ee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day my bride's* a gonna come
Oo-oh, we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair. (*or "love" or "man")
I don't care how many letters they send
Mornin came, the mornin went
Pack up your money, pick up your tent
You ain't goin nowhere.

Buy me a flute, and a gun that shoots
Tailgates and substitutes
Strap yourself to a tree with roots...

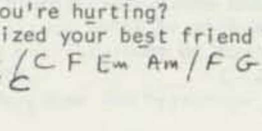
Ginghis Khan he could not keep
All his kings supplied with sleep
We'll climb that hill, no matter how steep
When we get up to it. - Bob Dylan

On his GREATEST HITS II & BOB DYLAN AND THE BAND. On Joan Baez' ANY DAY NOW. (c) 1967 Dwarf Music. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

HUMAN LIBERATION

BEAUTIFUL AS YOU FEEL

Chorus
You've got to get up every mornin with a smile on your face
And show the world all the love in your heart_
Then people gonna treat you better
You're gonna find, yes you will_
That you're beautiful as you feel_
G G(F♯ base) C Am7/G Em A7 —
C — /G — /Edim — G Am7



Waiting at the station with a
Workday wind a-blowin
I've got nothin to do but watch the passersby_
Mirrored in their faces I see frustration growin
And they don't see it showin, why do I? _
Em Em7/Em6 C /B7 A7 B7 — /Am7 — G — /Edim — B7

I have often asked myself the reason for the
The sadness in a world
Where tears are just a lullaby
If there's any answer maybe love can end the sadness
Maybe not, oh, but we can only try -Carole King

On her TAPESTRY (c) 1971 Screen Gems-EMI Music Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

BEST FRIEND

Would you take better care of yourself? _
Would you be kinder to yourself? _
Would you feel more tender toward the moments when you're hurting?
If you realized your best friend was yourself. _
C F C — /C F Em Am /F G C Am/
Dm G F C

Cont'd →

HUMAN LIBERATION

Who is always with you everywhere?
Who is on your side when others are unfair?
And tell me who will never let you down in any situation?
Who will always see you get your share?
C F C -/C F Em Am/F G C Am/
Dm G F C

Chorus
And that's why I am a best friend to myself_
And I take me out whenever I feel low
And I make my life as happy as a best friend would
I'm as nice to me as anyone I know.
Am-C-(2x) AmGF-/CGFC
-Helen Reddy

Copyrighted material.

BETTER HALF OF YOU

You give me everything you want to give me_
And you take me every place you want to go
You say you want to spend your whole life with me
And you want to teach me everything you know
You say you want me to be free and independent
But you'll always be right there to pull me through
And I know you don't believe that I can make it on my own.
But I won't be the better half of you.
CFC-/CFG-/CFC-/F-G-
CFC-/CFG-/F-C-/F-G-
You introduce me to the friends you want to meet me
And they talk about the things you want to hear
You invite me to your parents' house for Xmas
To admire all your college souvenirs
And you say that we'll go everyplace that you never been
And do all the things that you never got to do,
And you don't understand that I got plans of my own, but I won't be...

We always spend time at your apartment
And we listen to your records late at night
You make love to me the way you want to love me
But somehow it's always you that's satisfied.
You just want me there to cook your eggs and bacon
And to help you make your secret dreams come true.
And I know you'd be surprised that I've got dreams of my own
And I won't be the better half of you, no!
On NEW WOOD. (c) 1975. Used by permission. -Si Kahn

BUSY SONG

Busy busy busy, got so much to do it makes me dizzy
Rushing here and rushing there, I haven't any time to spare.
A---/DAEEA

How are you, oh do come in
And tell the news and where you've been
This visit has been lots of fun
I'm sorry but I've got to run.

I'm sorry if I'm being rude
I've got to think, I've got to brood
My mind keeps running on and on
I'm never sure where it has gone.

As I rush and as I hurry
Sometimes I begin to worry
Wondering just what I do
And where it is I'm rushing to.

But I can't stop for you can see
That everything is up to me
And if I let my working lapse
This household surely will collapse.

None can help me in my plight
For no one else can do things right
And getting help would not be wise
Cause then I'd have to supervise.

I've built a shelf, repaired a light
I've read a book and tried to write
I've paid the bills and cooked the stew
There must be something else to do!

And when at night I'm in my bed
The things I've done run through my head
And then the things I've yet to do
And in my dreams I'm running too.

And now I've got to stop this song
It's really gone on much too long
I'd love to sing some more to you
But I've just got too much to do. -Mary Dart

In her SONGS ABOUT PEOPLE. (c) 1975 as Mary Feeney. Used by permission.

CHEW YOUR FOOD

(tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat)

Chew, chew, chew your food
Gaily through the meal
The more you chew, the less you eat
The better you will feel!

DON'T YOU PUSH ME DOWN

Chorus
Don't you push me, push me, push me
Don't you push me down (repeat)
D -/- G/A -/- D

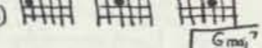
You can play with me, You can hold me hand
We can skip together Down to the pretzel man
You can wear my mommy's shoes, Wear my daddy's hat
You can even laugh at me_ _but
don't you push me down. No...
D G D G /A - - D/D G D G/A ---- D

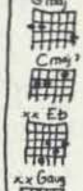
You can play with me, We can build a house
You can take my ball And bounce it up and down
You can take my skates And ride them all around
You can even get mad at me, but...

You can play with me, We can play all day
And you can use my dishes If you'll put them away,
You can feed me apples And oranges and plums
And you can even wash my face, but...-Woody Guthrie
TRO (c) 1954 Folkways Music Publishers Inc. New York
In his SONGBOOK & on his SONGS TO GROW ON. N.Y. Used by permission.

EASY DOES IT

Capo up as needed: (eq. 5 frets)





Chorus
Easy does it easy does it
E7 Am7 E7 Am7
I always knew there was more for me
Than fighting hard to set myself free
So I quit fighting and let myself be
It's in me. – Dm6 Am7 (3x) E7 –

I always figure there's something wrong
When I must struggle too hard to be strong
So then I let go and think of this song—
It's in me.

Sometimes your feelings make things look tough
But you can think even when it gets rough
Just trust yourself and it's easy enough—
It's in you.

The beauty in you just grows like a seed
With love to nurture and water and feed
The strength you have is all that you need—
It's in you.

Like a leaf that falls to the ground
Spins and whirls and dances around
You'll settle on the truth to be found—
It's in you, it's in me. - Ellen Deacon

On SOUNDS GOOD. In SONGS ON THE WAY OUT #1. (c) 1976 by author. Used by permission.

GAY SPIRIT MOVING

When we were born they tried to cover our eyes
Then they tried to tell us all what to see
We are discovering that did not work
For we were born to be free
G – F C / G – F – :||

Chorus
There's a gay spirit singing in our hearts
Leading us through these troubled times
There's a gay spirit moving round this land
Calling us to a time of open love
F – Am – / Dm – G – / F – Am – / Dm – G –
F – C –

When we were born they tried to put us in a cage
And tell our bodies what to feel
But we have chosen to feel all the truth
That our bodies do reveal.

You run and tell those old patriarchs
We're no longer blind to their ways
Run and tell them we've stolen the keys
To the prison they have made.

Sometimes it gets too hard to feel the joy
In the face of all the pain we see
But there's a healing place within our hearts
It's coming alive in you and me. – Charlie Murphy
On his CATCH THE FIRE. (c) 1980 Good Fairy Music. Used by permission.

GOODBYE, JOHN WAYNE

Ashy, winning smille, not good with words
At home with the sky or a stampeding herd
Bigger than life, no one could tame
Goodbye, John Wayne
G Gmaj7 Em G/C Cmaj7 Am D/G G7 Em Eb–/C DG–

I watched the man projected on screen
And tried to live up to the image I'd seen
A soul of warm stone, you never complained
Goodbye...

HUMAN LIBERATION

Refrain
You saved the day, you won every fight
Your record was clean, you always were right
But no one should have to live up to your name
C D C G/Em Gaug A D/G G7 Em Eb–/C D G –

We all knew you'd make it even when you looked
tired
The way you handled love, I used to admire
But it only brought me confusion & pain...

Yes, you had strength, and that I can use
But you never tried to let anyone through
I can't live behind walls with my feelings in
chains... – Geof Morgan
On his IT COMES WITH THE PLUMBING. (c) 1980 Pi-Gem Music & Nexus Records. Used by permission.

HARRIET TUBMAN

One night I dreamed I was in slavery
About 1850 was the time
Sorrow was the only sign
Nothing about to ease my mind
Out of the night appeared a lady
Leading a distant pilgrim band
"First Mate" she cried, pointing her hand,
"Make room aboard for this young woman."
Em – – – /C – CD Em/G – – B/C – CD Em :||

Chorus
Come on up, I got a life line
Come on up to this train of mine (repeat)
She said her name was Harriet Tubman
And she drove for the underground railroad
Em – – – /C – DEm Em:|| D – C – /G – D – – Em – –

Hundreds of miles we traveled onward
Gathering slaves from town to town
Seeking every lost and found
Setting those free that once were bound
Somehow my heart was growing weaker
I fell by the wayside sinking sand
Firmly did this lady stand
Lifted me up and took my hand -Walter Robinson
On Bright Morning Star's ARISING. (c) 1977 Shawnee Press, Inc. All rights reserved.

HEALING SONG

Chorus
We will sing a song to keep us warm
And celebrate the path we're on
There's healing in the singing of our songs
We'll all join hands to calm the fears
And hold on tight to cry the tears
In struggle and freedom we are one.
D G/Bm G/D A G A :||

People are your eyes open wide
Are your ears close to the ground
You can hear the rumbling neath our feet
Do you sense things turning round
We have decisions we have to face
In choosing the future we will let love erase
all hate.
Bm D A – /G D A – :|| G D G D/G D A –

People do you listen to your dreams
Do you hear what they're telling you
Did you know that together we have the power
To see our finest dreams come true
We have decisions we have to face
In choosing our future we will let love erase
all hate. – Charlie Murphy
(c) 1981 Good Fairy Music Used by permission. On his CATCH THE FIRE.

HELP!

Help—I need somebody
Help—Not just anybody
Help—You know I need someone to
Help! A - /F - /D - /G -

When I was younger, so much younger than today
I never needed anybody's help in any way
And now those days are gone, I'm not so self
assured
Now I find I've changed my mind; I've opened
up the door. G - Bm - /Em - CF G //

Chorus
Help me if you can, I'm feelin' down
And I do appreciate your bein' round
Help me get my feet back on the ground
Won't you please, please help me!
Am -- -/F---/D---/GFG -

And now my life has changed in oh so many ways
My independence seems to vanish in the haze
But every now and then I feel so insecure
I know that I will lead the life I've never
done before. - John Lennon & Paul McCartney

On Beatles' HELP. (c) 1965 Northern Songs Ltd. US: Maclen Music Inc. All rights reserved.

HOS ME (as if but not yet)

I see you traveling to places where your heart
has longed to go
I see you longing for all that you believe can
be
And I see you struggling to sing the music of
your vision
To find the words for what your soul can only
feel right now (2x)
C F - C (2x) AmG F AmG F/Dm G C F (2x)

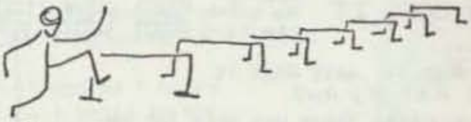
I see you worry 'bout all the work you know there
is to do
You are always in a hurry finding out what it is
you should do
You try to make connection with what you see
and what you feel
You forget you have tomorrow you got a little
time to spare (2x)

Just try to learn compassion for the struggling
of all souls
Try to learn just to listen to the rhythms of
this journey you are on
Stop and rest and see the beauty of the vision
we unfold
You see it's all there in you it's just a
question of time. (2x) - Charlie Murphy

(c) 1978. Used with permission.

I LIKE MYSELF

I like myself, I like myself C F/G GC
I'm a very special person: I like myself
Every day, I like to say
"I like myself in every way"
I'm so proud of who I am
I always say "I can, I can" - Martha Evans



IT'S A LONG ROAD TO FREEDOM

Chorus
It's a long road to freedom
A winding steep and high, but if you
Walk in love with the wind on your wing, &
Cover the earth with the songs you sing
The miles fly by.
D G/D A/D G/D Em/DG D
I walked one morning by the sea
And all the waves reached out to me
I took their tears, and let them be
D G D -/- A D DG/A AG D -

I walked one morning at the dawn
When bits of night still lingered on
I sought my star, but it was gone

I walked one morning with a friend
And prayed the day would never end
The years have flown, so why pretend!

My heart one morning took to wing*
And all my winters turned to spring
Yet ev'ry moment held its sting
- Sister Miriam Theresa Winter
[*Orig: I walked one morning with my King]

On JOY IS LIKE THE RAIN. (AVS 101). (c) 1966 Medical Mission Sisters
Used by permission. Selling agent Vanguard Music Corp.

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO CRY

It's all right to cry
Crying gets the sad out of you.
It's all right to cry
It might make you feel better.
C F/F C/C F/G C

Raindrops from your eyes
Taking all the mad out of you.
It's just fine to cry
It might make you feel better.

It's all right to feel things
Though the feelings may be strange
Feelings are such real things
And they change and change and change.
Sad and grumpy, down in the dumpy
Snuggly huggly, mean and ugly
Slippy slappy, hippy happy
Change and change and change.

It's all right to know
Feelings come and feelings go.
And it's all right to cry
It might make you feel better. - Carol Hall

On FREE TO BE YOU AND ME. (c) author? All rights reserved.

LIBERATION IS A ZIPPY THING

Liberation is a zippy thing C -/CFG/F-/GC
It sparks and unifies
So let's spread our wings, do silly things
Because we are so wise - Michael Turnbull

Michael lives in Great Missendenden, Bucks., England.

MY LITTLE GIRL

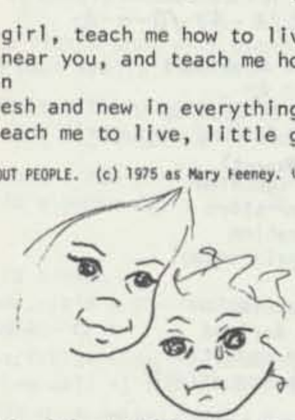
My little girl (or boy, or friend) teach me how
to laugh again,
Run in the wind and tumble in the grass again,
When you're so alive and running by my side,
Then you teach me to laugh, little girl.
D − Em −/A − D −/D − G −/DAD −

My little girl, teach me how to cry again
To feel my pain and to stop and wonder why again.
When you bow your head from something I have said
Then you teach me to cry, little girl.

My little girl, teach me how to love again
Put your arms around me and teach me how to hug
again.
When you know I'm sad and you touch me with your
hand
Then you teach me to love, little girl.

My little girl, teach me how to live again
Let me be near you, and teach me how to give
again
Life is fresh and new in everything you do
When you teach me to live, little girl - Mary Dart

In her SONGS ABOUT PEOPLE. (c) 1975 as Mary Feeney. Used by permission



NEW YEAR'S EVE

I've seen you tossin' restless
Between the night and day
Payin back the debts of many years
Or starin' out the window
Till the mist has burned away
And waiting for the sun to dry your tears
I've seen you young, I've seen you old
I've seen you lost and found
I've seen you sit and cry without a sound
(capo up) G −/C G/C GA D −/G −/C G/C GD C G
D C/G C/G GD C G
I've seen you in the lamplight
With the hairlines in your face
And the shadows of your fears upon the wall
But cryin' ain't no weakness
And to lose is no disgrace
You see we're not so different after all
But can't you tell by the ringin' bell
The old year's movin' on
I'd like to say one thing before it's gone

May whatever house you live in
Have flowers by the door
And children in the bed to keep you warm
May the people there accept you
For what you really are
And help you find some shelter in the storm
And mornin' rain to ease the pain
That comes with bein free
May the new year bring you freedom peacefully.
- Si Kahn

On his NEW WOOD. (c) 1975. Used by permission.

ONE WISH

(capo up a bit)
If I could have but one wish granted
I know just what that wish would be
To live in a universe like this one
At a time like the present
With friends like the ones I have now
And just be me (rep at last 4 lines)
C Am Dm7 G/C Am Dm7 E7//Am C D Dm
C C7 F Fm/C − F Dm7/¹C F DmE7 :||²C F B♭ F C
Wayne Kliman

The quote is from Harvey Jackins. On SOUNDS GOOD & in SONGS ON THE WAY OUT #1. (c) 1973 author.

OVERSCHEDULING BLUES

(Cape up or play in E)
I woke up this morning about a quarter past
eight
And don't you know that I was already late
I had a meeting at 8 and one at 11
Lunch, counseling, dinner, and a meeting at 7
Well, you know I got the overscheduling blues
C − 7 −/F − C −/C C7/F D/CE FG C −

Today is a day that I was leaving free
But I'm scheduled till 4 I couldn't help it
you see
I'm free from 4 til 6, so my days still a
winner
O damn, I forgot it's my turn to cook dinner
Well you know... C − G −/− − C −/C C7/F D
CE FG C −

(bridge)
I got my little date book right here in my
hand
To help me keep track of time
But if I don't get one breathing space soon
I'll start going right out of my mind
F −/C −/F −/D G −

I've decided to practice just how to say "no"
But whenever I'm invited I feel I just gr ω
go
I know its just a pattern that continu to
play
I think I'll counsel on it now 3 times a day
Well you know... Michael Zwell
Used by permission.

RE-EVALUATION TALKING-ABOUT-IT BLUES

Now if I'd never been hurt
I'd know I was smart
I'd have lots of pep
And I'd have lots of heart
C/F, G/ −

If you'd never been hurt
You'd be real sweet
You'd never get drunk
And your house would be nea

If they'd never been hurt
There wouldn't be any wars
The water'd be pure
And no one behind bars

But we've all been hurt
So what should we do?
No sense in not crying about it!!!
- Muriel Edgerton

Used by permission.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

All I can hear are the crickets
And the whistle from some lonely freight
I've been workin so hard to make everything
right
But for now It'll just have to wait
C-F-/C-G-/C-F-/--G-

Chorus
Cuz tonight I'd like you to rock me to sleep
I'd like you to sing me a song
I'm tired of trying to figure things out
And I'm tired of bein so strong
C - F/.G C/F - C - /F - C - /F F/G C -

I've never been too good at asking
I'm more apt to do it alone
And it's strange how alot of us think
something's wrong
If we can't do it all on our own/But...

It's funny how times when you're hurtin
Make what's so familiar seem strange
So when you need help it's hardest to ask
And it always takes so long to change
On his COMIN HOME album. (c) 1977 author. -Tom Hunter

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Chorus
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home (repeat)
D - G D/- - A - /D D7 G D/D A D -

I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
Comin for to carry me...
A band of angels comin after me...

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down...
But still I know I'm freedom bound...

If you get there before I do...
Tell all of my friends that I'm comin too...

If I get there before you do...
I'll cut a hole and pull you through...

In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. On Joan Baez' FROM EVERY STAGE.

TELL ME I'M LOVELY WHEN I CRY

Tell me I'm lovely when I cry
That my tears add a sparkle, a softness in my
eyes
That it's all right . It's okay
And you love me just that way
G C G - /Am D DC G/ G - Bm - /D G

Tell me I'm lovely when I'm tired,
That my work means a lot, that you know how hard
I've tried
That it's all right, it's o.k...

Tell me it's fine when I'm annoyed,
That you know that I'm low and I'm hurting down
inside, that's it's all...

Tell me when I'm fearful in the night
That you're there and you care and you'll hold
me very tight...

When I'm caught up in trouble set me free.
Won't you help me to see all the loveliness in
me?... - Mary Dart

In her SONGS FOR PEOPLE. (c) 1975. Used by permission.

THEY SAY THAT FREEDOM

They say that freedom is a constant struggle(3x)
Oh Lord we've struggled so long, we
must be free we must be free.
Am---/Dm-Am-/Am---/Dm E Am

They say that freedom is a constant seeking...
...long long journey...
In SING OUT REPRINTS #9.

TO BE ALIVE

Chorus
To be alive and feelin free
And to have everyone in our family
To be alive in every way
Oh, how great it is. To be alive.
A - D -/A - G E/A - A7 -/D - - - A -

Every day there's a newness
Something else to do
The dawn of life is upon us
So let the gladness ring through
.A - G -/D - E - /(Repeat)
Wake up to a new sunshine
Darkness no longer stays
For the new generation
Will light the world today!

Tell the whole population
The time has now arrived
We must learn the sensation
That comes with being alive!

Ring the bell of new freedom
Teach each other to live
For the real joy of living
Is something we can now give! -Ray Repp
Ray Repp is one of the most exciting of the many fine writers in the Catholic folk mass tradition. On his COME ALIVE (c) FEL Church Publications. All rights reserved.

WELCOME HOME

Welcome home, my radiant human child
You've been alone for far too long,
Been hurt so much and grown so strong,
And always struggled on to find a home.
D G/ A7/-/- D

Welcome home, you precious glowing child.
I've waited here through all your tears &
Held you tight through all your fears and
Now you see at last you're not alone.

Bridge
This is our rebirth, this is our blooming
Our bodies touching, no need for words.
I hold you close, just pressing closer,
We flow together 'til our souls touch.
G D/A7 D (repeat)

Welcome home, our laughing blooming child.
I look into your eyes and see myself
And how you care for me.
My glowing soul tells me we are at home.
- Kathy McHale

Kathy is the editor of the Re-evaluation Counseling songs magazine, "Songs on our way out." She can be written to at 630 S. Thurlow, Hinsdale, Ill. 60521. This song was written for Harvey Jackins. In SONGS ON OUR...#1. On SOUNDS GOOD. (c) 1973 author.

LULLABIES

ALL MY TRIALS

Hey little baby, don't you cry
You know we're born to live not die
(Refrain) All my trials, lord, soon be over
D – C – / D F#m G – // D Bm Em – A – D –

River Jordan is muddy and cold
You know it chills the body, but not the soul.

I've got a little book with pages three
And every page spells liberty.

When livin is a thing that money can buy
The rich they live, and the poor must die.

That sure ain't how things suppose to be
Their world's gonna fall, like an old dead tree.

(bridge)
The time is comin:
Hey friends, it's a comin soon!
D – / F#m – G –
There is a little tree in Paradise
The pilgrims call it the tree of life

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #2. In JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK & on her 1st album.
In PETER, PAUL & MARY SONGBOOK & on their IN THE WIND.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Sleep my child and peace attend thee
All through the night
Guardian angels God will send thee
All through...
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping
Hill and dale in slumber sleeping
I my longing vigil keeping...
D G Em A / G A D – :// G – – – / G Bm E A / D G Em A / G A D – ://
This great weary world in sleep lies...
While my joy in thee wets my eyes...
O'er thy spirit gently stealing
Visions of the light revealing
Breathe a pure and holy feeling... -David Owen

In JOYFUL SINGING, POCKETFUL OF SONGS, FIRESIDE BOOK OF AMERICAN SONGS. On PETER, PAUL & MOMMY.

BED IS TOO SMALL FOR MY TIREDNESS

Bed is too small for my tiredness
Give me a hilltop with trees
Tuck a cloud up under my chin
Lord blow the moon out--please.
Am – E Am / – F E – / Am – E Am / – F Am

Rock me to sleep in a cradle of dreams
Sing me a lullaby of leaves, Tuck a...

In 1004 FOLK SONGS (as "Lord, blow the moon out")

BHEIR ME O

Chorus
Bheir me o, horo van-oh,
Bheir me o, horo van-ee.
Bheir me o, o hooro ho,
Sad am I without thee.
C – / C G / – – / – C

Thou'rt the music of my heart
Harp of joy, a cruit mo chruidh,
Moon of guidance by night,
Strength and light thou'rt to me.

In the morning, when I go
To the white and shining sea,
In the calling of the seal
Thy soft calling to me.

When I'm lonely, gentle heart
Dark the night and wild the sea;
By love's light my foot finds
The old pathway to thee. -Gaelic Lullaby

On Gordon Bok's SEAL DJIRIL'S HYMN. From Nova Scotia?

FAR AWAY

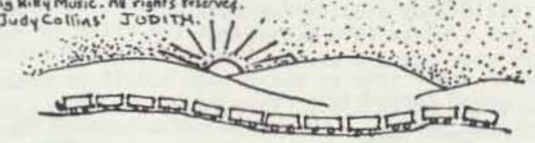
Far away, far away, child
Turn your eyes far away, child
Mama will sleep right down beside you tonight
Mama will sleep tonight.

Am Bb Am – (2x) F – C Bb Am / Am Bb Am –

Pirate ships, pirate ships, child
Merry & bold, sparkling & rich, child
Come in to dock right at your feet, tonight
Come in to dock tonight.

See the people in the stars child (2x)
They will sail right thru your window tonight
Into your window tonight. -Wendy Waldman

(c) Big Kitty Music. All rights reserved.
On Judy Collins' JUDITH.



HOBO'S LULLABY

Go to sleep you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by
Can't you hear those steel rails hummin?
That's the hobo's lullaby
D G / A D //

Don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
Let tomorrow come and go
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar
Safe from all that wind and snow

I know your clothes are torn and tattered
And your hair is turning gray
Rest your head in weary slumber
You'll find peace and rest someday.

(CON'T... NEXT PAGE →)

LULLABIES

I know the police give you trouble
They cause trouble everywhere
When you die you'll go to heaven
There'll be no policeman there - *Goebel Reeves*

On Arlo Guthrie's HOBO'S LULLABY. On Pete Seeger's WORLD OF... & RAINBOW RACE. On TRIBUTE TO WOODY GUTHRIE VOL. 2. (c) Fall River Music. All rights reserved.

KUMBAYA

Chorus
Come by here, my lord, come by here (3x)
Oh Lord, come by here
C — FC—/— Em—F G—/— C— FC—/F AmG C—
Someone's sleepin lord, come by here...
Singing, dreamin, crying, laughin, etc - *African*

"Kumbaya" is dialect for "Come by here." In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT & SINGOUT REPRINTS #3. In JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK & on her IN CONCERT. In SING TOGETHER.

LIVERPOOL LULLABY

Oh, you are a mucky kid
Dirty as a dustbin lid
When he finds out the things you did
You'll get a belt from your dad.
Oh, you have your father's nose
So crimson in the dark it glows.
If you're not asleep when the boozers close
You'll get a belt from your dad.
Dm ADm/Dm DmA/Dm ADm/DmA Dm
‖: Gm Dm/A Dm :‖
You look so scruffy lying there
Strawberry jam tufts in your hair
And in the world you haven't a care
And I have got so many.
It's quite a struggle every day
Living on your father's pay.
The bugger drinks it all away
And leaves me without any.

Altho we have no silver spoon
Better days are coming soon.
Now Nelly's working at the loom
And she gets paid on Friday.
Perhaps one day we'll have a bash
When little ones provide the cash.
We'll get a house in Knotting Ash
And buy your dad a brewery.

Oh you are a mucky kid... (1st verse)
...from your dad.
Oh, you have your father's face
You're growing up a real hard case
But there's no one else can take your place
Go fast asleep for Mammy - *Stan Kelly*

On Judy Collins' IN MY LIFE • in her SONGBOOK. (c)1964 Heathside Music Ltd, London. Public Arts controlled by TRO-Melody Trails Inc for US + Canada. All rights reserved.

MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE & JOHN

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Bless the bed that I lay on
Four corners to my bed
Four angels there be spread
One to watch and one to pray
Two to guide my soul away

G GD G —/F C GD/G GD G/FC G
C GD G/F C G D

cont'd ↗

God is the branch and I'm the flower
Pray God send that blessed hour
Now I lay me down to sleep
Pray the Lord my soul to keep
And in the morning when I awake
The Lord's path I'll surely take.

We don't know the source of this. One of us learned it from a Brethren draft refuser/banjo picker at the time of his trial.

THE MOCKINGBIRD SONG

Hush little baby don't say a word
Mama's gonna buy you a mockingbird
If that mockingbird don't sing
Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring
And if that diamond ring turns brass
Mama's gonna buy you a looking glass
If that looking glass gets broke
Moma's gonna buy you a billy goat
If that billy goat won't pull
Mama's gonna buy you a cart and bull
If that cart and bull turns over
Mama's ....a dog named Rover   D A7/— D/etc.
If... ....won't bark
Mama's ....a horse and cart
If... ....falls down
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town.

In JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK, WEAVERS SONGBOOK, 1004 FOLKSONGS, & on PETER, PAUL & MOMMY. In Alec Wilder LULLABIES AND NIGHT SONGS.

MORNINGTOWN RIDE

Train whistle blowing, makes a sleepy noise
Underneath their blankets go all the girls and boys
Heading from the station, Out along the bay,
All bound for Morningtown, many miles away.
G — CG/C G AmD/G — CG/C G D G

Sarah's at the engine, Tony rings the bell,
John swings the lantern to show that all is well.
Rocking, rolling, riding, out along the Bay,
All bound for Morningtown, many miles away.

Maybe it is raining where our train will ride,
But all the little travelers are snug and warm inside
Somewhere there is sunshine, somewhere there is day
Somewhere there is Morningtown, many miles away.
- *Malvina Reynolds*

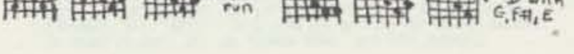
In her SONGBOOK & on her ARTICHOKES...MALVINA REYNOLDS, & MAGICAL SONGS albums. (c) 1962 Amadeo Music. All rights reserved.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh
Shadows of the evening steal across the sky.
G D G —/Em B7 Em Cm7/A7 — D (base D, C, B, Bb) —
D (with G, F#, E, F#) G —
Spirit give the weary calm and sweet repose
With the kindest blessing may our eyelids close.

Grant to those who suffer rest and balm in thee
Guard the sailors tossing on the deep blue sea.
- *Sabine Baring-Gould & Joseph Barnby*

Written in the 1860's. In HYMNAL FOR FRIENDS.



ONE GRAIN OF SAND

One grain of sand
One grain of sand in all the world
One grain of sand
One little boy, one little girl
Dm – G –/Dm – F –/Dm – G –/AmDm – –

One grain of sand, One little star up in the sky
One grain...one little you, one little I

One grain... One drop of water in the sea
...One little you, one little me

...One leaf of grass--on a windy plain
...We come and go again and again, again,etc

I love you so (4x)
More than you will ever, ever, ever, ever
Ever know

One grain of sand
One little snowflake lost in the swirling storm
...I'll hold you close and keep you warm

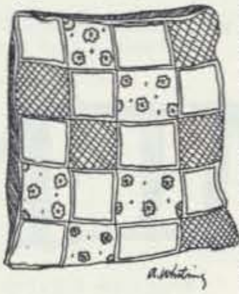
...One grain of sand on an endless shore
...One little life, who'd ask for more

One grain of sand (6x)

M-m-m-m-m-m
One little star--up in the blue
M-m-m-m-m-m
One little me, one little you -Pete Seeger

On his DANGEROUS SONGS & his ABIYOYO. In BELLS OF RHYMNEY. TRO (c) 1957 + 1965 Ludlow Music Inc, New York NY. Used by permission.

PRETTY HORSES



(Capo up 2)
Hush-a-bye don't you cry
Go to sleep my little baby
When you wake you shall find
All the pretty little horses
Am C G Dm/Em E Am – :||

Dapples and greys, pintos & bays
All the pretty little horses
C – Am – / Em E Am –

Way down yonder in the meadow
There's a lambie cryin mama
Birds and butterflues pickin' out his eyes
There's a lambie cryin mama. - Black slave lullaby

In PETER, PAUL & MARY SONGBOOK & on their IN THE WIND. In Alec Wilder LULLABIES AND NIGHT SONGS & 1004 FOLKSONGS (All the...) The "lambie" which this slave caring for the master's child sings about is her own child, who has no one to sing her to sleep.

SKYE BOAT SONG

Chorus
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
Onward, the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.
(Capo up) C – G –/CFCG/C–G–/CFC–

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar
Thunder clouds rend the air
Baffled our foes, stand on the shore
Follow they will not dare.
Am – Dm – / AmF Am – / Am – Dm – /
AmF AmG

contd ↗

Tho the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep
Oceans a royal bed
Rock'd by the deep, long shall I keep
Watch by your weary head. -Scottish (trad.)

After an unsuccessful Scottish uprising against the English in the 18th c., the Bonnie Prince Charlie, then still a child & the Stuart claimant to the Scottish throne, was sneaked across to the Isle of Skye west of Scotland to safety. There are some other bloody verses which mourn the great battlefield losses but these detract from the song as a lullaby. In FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS & 1004 FOLKSONGS.

SUMMERTIME

Summertime and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
O your mammy & pappy are both strong & good
lookin
So hush little baby, don't you cry
EmA (4x) /Am – – – B7 C7 B7 – /Em A (3x) Em Em7
G Em Am C Em A Em A
One of these mornins you're gonna rise up singin
Then you'll spread your wings & you'll take to
the sky
Until that mornin there ain't nothin can harm
you
With mammy and pappy standin by.
- Dubose Heyward, Ira & George Gershwin

From their musical PORGY AND BESS. (c) 1935 Chappell Music. All rights reserved.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, (2x)
Wind of the western sea.
Low, low breathe and blow
Wind of the western sea
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow
Blow him again to me
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.
G C G C/ G D A D/ G C G C/ D Em A D
D – G D7/ – – G D/ Em – C Cm/ G D G D
G – – –
Sleep and rest, (2x)
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on my breast
Father will come to thee soon
Father will come to his babe in the nest
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one sleep.
- Alfred Tennyson & Joseph Barnby

Also in SONGFEST.
In 1004 FOLKSONGS & LULLABIES AND NIGHT SONGS.

SWEET BABY JAMES

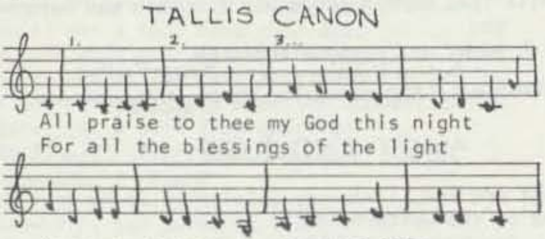
There is a young cowboy, he lives on the range
His horse and his cattle are his only companions,
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the
canyons
Waiting for summer his pastures to change
As the moon rises he sits by his fire,
Thinkin about women and glasses of beer
And closing his eyes as the dogies retire
Sings out a song which is soft but it's clear
As if maybe someone could hear.
C G F Em/Am F C Em (2x) F C Dm7 G – –
F – G C/Am F C G /F – G C/Am F C – /D – G –

Chorus
So goodnight you moonlight ladies
Rockabye sweet baby James
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose
Won't you let me go down in my dreams
And rockabye sweet baby James.
C F G C/ Am F C – (2x) Dm D G –/
F G C –

The first of December was covered with snow
And so was the turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston
Though the Berkshires seemed dreamlike on account of that frosting
Ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go
There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway
A song that they sing when they take to the sea,
A song that they sing of their home in the sky
Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep
But singing works just fine for me – *James Taylor*

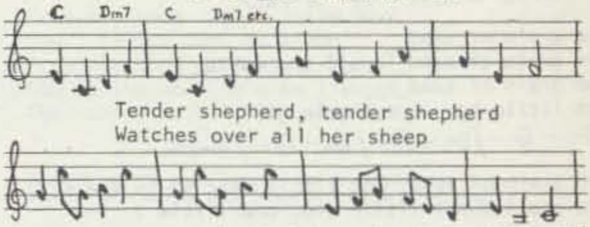
On SWEET BABY JAMES. (c) 1970 Blackwood/Country Road. All rights reserved.

TALLIS CANON

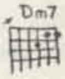

1.
2.
3...
All praise to thee my God this night
For all the blessings of the light

Keep me, o keep me, lord of life
Within thy love and free from strife.
By Thomas Kenn (1695) & THOMAS TALLIS (1585)

TENDER SHEPHERD



One say your pray'rs and two close your eyes and
Three safe and happily fall asleep.



Tender shepherd, tender shepherd
You forgot to count your sheep
One in the meadow, two in the garden
Three in the nursery fast asleep.
– *Carolyn Leigh & Mark Charlap*

From their musical PETER PAN. (c) 1954 Edwin Morris Co. All rights reserved.

YEA HO, LITTLE FISH

Come all ye bold fisherman, listen to me
I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea
Yea ho, little fish, don't cry, don't cry
Yea ho, little fish, you be whale by and by
C – F G/C – G C Cho F C G C (2x)

You go to fish school and can learn from a book
How not to get caught on the fisherman's hook...

Watch out, little fish, we're out after you
But you can escape away deep in the blue...

You just swim around the fisherman's bait
And you won't end up on the fisherman's plate...
Traditional (Australian)

On Ed Trickett's TELLIN TAKES ME HOME.

MEN

Anne Burgess

BORN A MAN IN AMERICA

Clowning around in the mirror
Goofin' off while alone in my room
Dancing around in a mindless daze
And my only partner is the old broom
Wishing that things were different
That I could be the clown that I am
But I was born a man in America
And for that I guess I'll be damned.
F G/C F (repeat 3x)/C F/G F C

Going to war just ain't my style
Tho' I've learned I must be big and brave
I'd much rather dance with my brothers, see
Than be throwing them into their grave
And I wonder what kind of war it would be
If while dancing, those men were to plan
But I was born...

The other day, while walking thru the park
I spied on two women there
They were walking together, hand in hand
Twining bodies and tangled hair
And something inside of me started to scream
"Where's my brothers? I've got so much to share!"
Oh, I was born...

Well, I live alone, I've had time to think
And be by myself for awhile
And it occurs to me – that I can be
Something else besides just what's in style
And maybe, just maybe, I'll go kiss a man
And be the clown that I really am
Well, I was born a man in America
And America can be damned. (2x) – *Doug Trout*

Many of us are learning that we're going to have to learn how to love America again if we hope to change her--but we've got to cast some of the junk out of our insides first. Doug grew up in Indiana & SW Ohio. Used by permission.

BYE BYE LOVE

I'm thru with romance, I'm thru with love
I'm thru with countin' the stars above
And here's the reason that I'm so free
My lovin' baby's stopped takin' care of me.
G7 - C - (2x) F - G7 - / - - C -

Bye, bye, love, bye, bye happiness
Hello loneliness, I think I'm gonna cry
Bye, bye love, bye, bye sweet caress
Hello emptiness, I feel like I could die
Bye bye my love goodbye.
F C F C / F C G G C // C G C

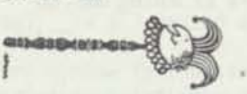
There goes my baby, she's not the same
She's changed the rules for playin' our old game
She wants her sisters now instead of me
And says she's thru with my dependency

Bye bye love, bye bye coziness
It's all past, I guess, It's time to cut the tie
Bye bye love, bye bye neediness
It's just old distress I think I'm ready to try
To kiss this stuff goodbye

I'm thru with buying that sexist lie
I'm thru with checking out women passing by
I've found my brothers can hold me tenderly
It's time to reach for men tó nurture me

Bye bye love, you were right I guess
We don't need this mess, It's time to let it die
Bye bye love, bye bye mother's breast
Hello hairy chest, Just hold me while I cry
'Cause I'm reachin for the sky
Just hold me while I cry, bye bye my love
goodbye. - new words by Michael Zwell & Demi Miller

Written at a Men's Re-evaluation Counseling workshop to the old popular song. Used by permission.



CHANGING AS I GO

There was a time when I was as uptight as could
be
I'd pretend I had no feelings wrapped up inside
of me
No love or joy or pain, only anger would I show
But I began a-changing, and I'm changing as I go
G - - - / C G A D / G - - - / C G G D G

Chorus
As I go (I laugh & cry)
As I go (I'm feelin so fine)
My life it is achanging as I go (Hallelujah)
Oh I want to shout and sing
For I've finally taken wing
And my life it is achanging as I go
D - / G - / - - D - / G - / C G / - D G -
My life began to change, and I began to lose
my fear
When I expressed emotions to those I felt were
dear
I began to see in life a sunshine and a glow
And I began a-changing and I'm changing as I go

(Cont'd)

My foggy, frozen self, began to warm and clear
When I discarded dominance and threw away the
fear
Of softness and of gentleness and letting
feelings flow
And now I am...

So let me say to you who think you're masculine
Be wary and be cautious of the traps it puts
you in
Suppression of your feelings, always putting
on a show
When you can be a-changing...

(last chorus) As we go (we laugh & cry)
As we go (we're feelin so fine)
Our lives they are achangin...
- Pete Heine, Scott Wimerack & Bruce Kokopelli

This was the theme song of their Cowardly Lion singing group in Seattle. (Sing it with gusto) All Bruce's songs in this songbook are used by his permission.

DADDY, WHAT'S A MAN?

I'm trying to overcome
Oppressive sex role training
Cuz it's making me feel bad
And besides it just ain't true
When I think I've set me right
And I'm livin like I want to
Will my child ask me these questions
Will the truth of me show through?
D - / G - / D - / A - / D - / G - / D - / A D

"Daddy what's a man
Does he fix things for mommy
Does he always earn the money
Is everything he says true?
Daddy...when he plays does he have to win
Do they all scare little children
By yelling like you do?

If I get my shit together
My wife and I have worked it out
We're both living equals
Both assertive both can cry
Will our child look at the world
And say that something doesn't fit
If she asks these questions
Will I have words to make it right?

Daddy.../why don't you fix things for mommy
Why don't you earn all the money?
It's not right that you cook too
Daddy...why don't you play rough to win?
My friends all call you funny
You don't act like their dads do.

I see a future world
How it looks I'm not sure exactly
People side by side
Doin all the things they can
Each one for what she is
Some alone, some together
And when our children ask me
I'll know they understand.

(CON'T... NEXT PAGE)

Daddy...can he fix things just like mommy
Does he sometimes earn the money
Can he cook as well as you?
Daddy...is it just for fun whoever wins
Does he love little children
Just the way you do? — Geof Morgan

Geof is a professional country music singer from Tennessee who has gotten involved in the men's movement(!) Unfortunately, none of the songs here have been recorded or published yet. Geof has recorded 2 songs of his on a men's album — issued by Folkways, entitled WALLS TO ROSES. (c) 1976 Pi-Gem. Used by permission. A bunch of other great men's songs can be found on his new album IT COMES WITH THE PLUMBING. (Nexus Records)

DEAR MEN

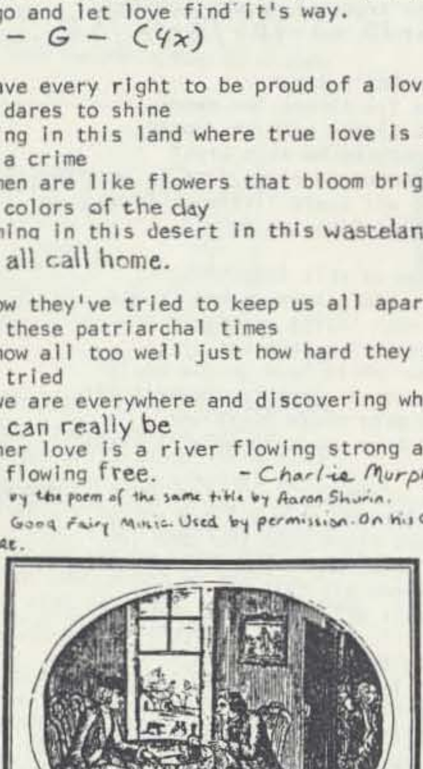
They gassed us in Germany a quarter million or
more
We died with the witches, we were faggots
for the fire
I wonder how many more have died, struggled to
survive.
In the hopes of finding the freedom alive in
you and me
Gay love is a fire that burns for true equality
The fire is raging, it's the light in your
brother's eyes.
(capo up C G EmD C/G D Em —
or play in C) (repeat 3X)

Chorus
Dear men lay your armor down
Dear men let your softness flow
Let go of these deadly power games you play
Let go and let love find it's way.
C — G — (4x)

We have every right to be proud of a love that
dares to shine
Shining in this land where true love is still
a crime
Gay men are like flowers that bloom bright
colors of the day
Blooming in this desert in this wasteland we
all call home.

Oh how they've tried to keep us all apart in
these patriarchal times
We know all too well just how hard they have
tried
But we are everywhere and discovering who we
can really be
Brother love is a river flowing strong and
flowing free. — Charlie Murphy

Inspired by the poem of the same title by Aaron Shurin.
(c) 1981 Good Fairy Music. Used by permission. On his CATCH THE FIRE.



THE FEELINGS SONG

Well, There is an emotion that we have just
discovered
When we set it in motion it looks like this
uncovered
And joy goes something like this: (Whoops,
hollers & general joyous chaos)
C — GC (2x) C G C —

Well--there is an emotion. . .
And fear goes something like this: (trembling,
whimpering, frightened looks)
And sadness goes something like this: (crying,
sobbing, melancholy, etc.)
...anger...(loud shouting, yelling, foot
stomping)
(add the emotions you have discovered until
we end up with:)
...love ... (everybody turns to the folks
nearest them and gives them a big hug)
—Bruce Kokopeli

A GENTLE SONG

Out here on this backroad
Just a few clouds in the sky
The hills seem so much drier than before
This mornin is for backroads
Walkin here and thinkin
How some things don't feel right anymore
C —/F G/ F G Am —/F G/C F/C F G—

Like the only way I know you
Is to stay so far apart
I guess I just don't know too much of you
Cuz we've never shared the times that hurt
The tenderness and tears
That's not the sort of thing men do

Chorus
So here's a gentle song for you, my brother
A gentle song for you, my friend
And as we learn to sing, you're gonna hear our
voices ring
In a gentle song for you, my brother.
C F C FC (2x) C E Am F/C F C FC

Up the road a hawk if lyin
Everything's so still
Makes me want someone to share this day
Like a sister who has taught me much
Or a brother I know well
Where hugs and tears are all there is to say
We'll sing a...

Now the sun has gone behind the clouds
I can fell the wind
Walking out here always brings me home
But now it's time to find some friends
Who feel the same as me
It makes no sense to walk this road alone
—Tom Hunter

He writes: "Somehow brotherhood has become one of those nice empty words with no guts. Paying attention to each other, to the anger, the gentleness, the visions, the real stuff, & then doing something about it puts the power back in brotherhood--maybe that's what we've learned from sisterhood." On his COMING HOME. (c) 1977. All rights reserved.

HOMOPHOBIA

Back when I was very young_I was a curious boy
One day my daddy caught me alone and said,"Son
you know that ain't no toy
You keep playin all by yourself and you won't
learn the social rules
My son's gonna be a football hero, not one of
those sissy fools."
C - G C (4x)

Chorus
And it's_homophobia in the locker room and in
the gym
Homophobia keeps me from touchin my friends
F C G C (2x)

I don't remember who told me exactly_or when I
first heard
But I could tell by the tone in the voice the
meaning of the words
The woman teachers who lived alone everybody
said were weird
And some strange man giving me a ride was
something that I always feared.

First I learned it was evil then I learned it
was sick
And now I see it differently but that early
training sure sticks
Sometimes it feels just like a wall or a river
in me that froze
But though I can't really touch it, oh, it keeps
me from getting too close. - Geof Morgan

(c) 1976 Pi-Gem. Used by permission. On his fine album IT COMES WITH THE PLUMBING.

I AM A ROCK

A winter's day___In a deep and dark December_
I am alone, _
Gazing from my window to the streets below
On a freshly fallen silent shroud of snow.
I am a rock, I am an island.
C---F-C-/Dm G F C-/Dm7Em7 Dm7Em7/
DmF G/ CFG-C---
I've built walls, a fortress deep and mighty
That none may penetrate.
I have no need of friendship
Friendship causes pain
It's laughter and it's loving I disdain, I am...

Don't talk of love I've heard the word before
It's sleeping in my memory
And I won't disturb the slumber
Of feelings that have died.
If I never loved I never would have cried...

I have my books and my poetry to protect me
I am shielded in my armour
Hiding in my room,
Safe within my womb
I touch no one and no one touches me...

And a rock can feel no pain
And an island never cries. - Paul Simon

On SOUNDS OF SILENCE. In SONGS OF PAUL SIMON. (c) 1965 author. All rights reserved.

I WANT TO BE SILLY

Chorus
I want to be silly, take it all willy nilly_
I want to be a fool throw away the rules
For just no reason at all
I want to be silly_maybe go dancin on a lilly_
I want to lose control and just let me go
And take it the way it falls.
C - G -/D -/- G :||

I'm tired of planning my whole life away
I'll never find any peace of mind
If I keep goin this way
I hurt from the splittin of my body & mind
I just want to be laughin with both hands
clappin
When it comes my time.

It's time for recess, I want to go out & play
I been workin too hard, it only got me this far
It's time to find another way
I been runnin a foot race and only beatin myself
But I've had too much, it don't mean enough
You can give it all to somebody else
- Geof Morgan

(c) 1976 Pi-Gem. Used by permission.

JOHN WAYNE IMAGE

(Tune: I dont want your millions, Mister)

I don't want_your John Wayne Image _
I don't want to dominate _
I'll just be a human being _
I'm taking back my life again. _
C---/F-C-/F-C-/G-C-

I don't want your corporations
I don't want to rape the land
Let me live without destroying
I'm taking back my life again.

I don't want your business office
I don't want your suit and tie
I don't want to be valued
By my work until I die

Time has come for a changing image
All we want's the chance to give
Men and women who want a difference
Support for alternatives

I don't want male competition
I don't want to beat you down
Let me take your hand and love you
Taking back my life again. - Bruce Kokopeli,
Pete Heine & Scott Glascock

Tune: PEOPLES SONGBOOK, SONGS OF WORK & PROTEST. By permission.

JUST LIKE JIM

Jim was a loner back in highschool _
Tall, dark, quiet with his friends _
He could have any girl he wanted _
And I wanted to be just like Jim. _
Jim made the team when just a freshman
Winning came so easily to him
He took it all in stride when the crowd was
cheerin
And I, I wanted to be just like Jim.
G – C - / G – D – / G – C – / G D G – //

Refrain
Jim was everything a boy could hope for
He was everything that I was not
Jim was a hero, the whole town spoke his name
But how easily everyone forgot _
C D G – (2x) C D Em C / G D G –

In the spring the war broke out, he joined the
army
At the bus stop his face was set and grim
Me, too young, but he'd win the war for certain
And I wanted to be just like Jim.
He came back without an arm lost somewhere in
action
He was pale with sunken eyes and oh so thin
Just a shell of a man left with only nightmares
But a hero, it said so on his pin.

His bright future became a job at the filling
station
Weekends he'd sit and watch the old team win
But this time it was me the crowd was cheerin
I still wanted to be just like Jim.
Then a gunshot split the night and they found
him
I stared at the hollow grave they left him in
Now at night I walk the streets, a loner
And remember, I wanted to be just like Jim.
(Last refrain)
...But I was the one that never forgot — Geof Morgan
(c) 1976 Pi Gem Used by permission

LOVE SONG FOR MYSELF

_Sun in my heart, _I care about the people I
love _(2x)
_And I think I'm about to fall in love again
_This time I think it's gonna be with me. _
A G D A – (2x) G D A – (2x)

Smiles in my eyes, you can tell by the crinkle
lines. (2x)
And I think I'm about to fall in love again...

Feet on the ground, I'm a hobbit and a
leprechaun. (2x)
And I think I'm about . . .
. . . Ya, this time, it's about time, it's
with me. – Eli Hochstedler

Eli, a very special friend to many of us, was killed in a canoing accident soon after taping this song for SOUNDS GOOD. In SONGS ON OUR WAY OUT #1.

MEN'S MOVEMENT HARMONY

If brothers loved brothers
With tender compassions
Feeling their love inside
We might lose those fears
And get us somewheres
When we feel like there's no need to hide.
C / G / F C / C / G / F G

Chorus
And the sun will come shining
Down on us once more
Imagine how good it will be
And we will be singing and
Dancing and weaving
A men's movement harmony
F / C / D G / C / G / F C

The clouds of oppression
Keep the sun from shining
They seem like they always remain
And the clouds in our own hearts
They won't ever depart
Till our tears wash them away like the rain.
– Bruce Kokopeli

MEN SUPPORTING MEN

We've all come together to find another way
A road that leads much straighter to a brighter
day
Where we can be just who we are to love and
laugh and cry
But there's only one way to make it cause it's
an uphill climb.
A E D A / – E D E / D E D A / D – E –

Chorus
Arm in arm, hand in hand, walkin side by side
Tearin down the walls to look in each other's
eyes
To find a place where it's okay for a different
kind of friend
A world we'll build together with men supporting
men.
D E D A / D – E – / D E A D / A E D A

We've felt the walls since we were born that
keep us all apart
We're here to share the doors that we've
discovered with our hearts
There've been times I've felt alone the road is
so unclear
But I can see the light in every face that's here

Men are taught competing & survival of the fit
But a different world is comin the torch is
being lit
Free to give & share our strength with each
women & each man
We're not there but it's not far we can see it
from where we stand. – Geof Morgan

Written specially for the second national "Men and Masculinity" conference held in State College, PA in July 1977. (c) 1976 Pi-Gem. Used by permission.

MORNING DUE

Chorus
Here's a song to all my brothers
A song of love from me to you
My heart is filled with tender compassion
Our sun is shining and morning is due ---
C Am F G/etc.

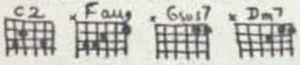
Our bodies were tense like steel, like iron
Emotions trapped in a human cage
With the only key that we were given
The key that did unlock our rage
But the bars that kept our hearts from beating
And the fear that kept us from our love
They fall like shadows, like paper tigers
Our souls take flight on the wings of the dove.

Our souls are moving in transformation
From marching to dancing they ebb and flow
The struggle is hard and the pain is piercing
But the joy does come as the tears do flow
And I rejoice each time I hear
The spirit of our revolution
The sun is shining as dawn is breaking
And the morning is our liberation.—*Bruce Kokopeli*

SONG FOR NEW MEN

O, my brothers, what's life for?
We could be free as waves
Far from shore. We could be
Hand in hand still as pines
Drinking water from the sand.
If we could be, if we could just be

(capo up)
C2 C C2 C/Faug F Faug F :// Em C Em C
Gsus7 Dm7 Gsus7 Dm7 C ---



O, my brothers, what's life for?
We could be free as light
Golden leaves washed with rain.
O, my brothers they reflect
All our loss, all our gain
If we could be, if we could just be.
- *Steve Parker & Peter Blood*

When Steve wrote these lyrics a friend jumped on him for the "sexist language" until he pointed out that the song was written specifically for men rather than using male words to refer to people in general!

TAKIN' THE TIME

Now this is the story of the way we've evolved
From fractured men to whole
A story that lives in our graceful lives
For our daughters and sons to behold.
Em C / G D :://

Chorus
And I'm taking the time to see the dance in
your life
The graceful way that you live
I'm takin' the time to be a part of your life
Graceful man, dance your dance.
G C / G D / G C / D Em

Pushin off of an image so hard
A man--a master of fates
But I only wanted to be master of me,
With plenty of friends and playmates.

So I got off my horse and I took off my spurs
And I joined the fight to be free
And found special friends in the men I met there
Shared my life and they shared with me.

I'm learning to love and I'm learning to hold
And I'm learning just what sets men free
I'll nurture your softness applaud your brave
stances
And know who you are and be free.—*Doug Trout*

MINERS & MOUNTAINS

Land Restoration Program - Peabody Coal Co.

ALMOST DONE

Strip mine ahead of Greasy Creek 'bout three
miles long (2x)
Almost done, almost done
It feels like they're almost done.
D GD D— / D GD DA D / A G D — (2x)
They been working today on Greasy Creek about 3
hours long...
Rifle layin in Homer's hand 33 inches long...
Hole in the bulldozer 'bout 3 inches long...
They been strippin my Kentucky hills--goin on
too long... -*Rich Kirby*

On THEY CAN'T PUT IT BACK. (c) author. Used by permission.

COAL TATTOO

Trav'lin' down that coal town road
Listen to my rubber tires whine
Good-bye to buckeye and white sycamore,
I'm leavin' you behind.
Oh, I've been a coal man all my life,
Layin' down tracks in the hole.
Got a back like an ironwood bent by the wind;
Blood veins blue as the coal (2x)
Em – C Em / C D Em – // G – D G / – D C D /
G – C G / – D C – / Em D Em —
Somebody said that's a strange tattoo
You have on the side of your head.
I said that's the mark of the number nine coal,
A little more and I'd be dead.
Oh, but I love the rumble and I love the dark.
I love the cool of the slate.
But it's goin' down that new road lookin'
for a job,
This trav'lin' and lookin' I hate.

(CONT... NEXT PAGE)

I've stood for the union; walked in the line.
Fought against the company;
I've stood for the U.M.W. of A.
Now who's gonna stand for me?
Well, I got no home and I got no pay,
Just got a worried soul.
And this blue tattoo on the side of my head
Left by the number nine coal.

Someday when I die and go
To heaven, the land of my dreams
I won't have to worry on losin' my job
To bad times and big machines
I won't have to pay my money away
And lose my hospital plans.
I'm gonna pick coal while the blue heavens roll
And sing in the angel band. — *Billy Edd Wheeler*

In VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS & on THEY CAN'T PUT IT BACK. In Judy Collins' SONGBOOK & on her CONCERT. (c) 1963 Quartet Music Inc + Bexhill Music Corp. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

THE COMING OF THE ROAD

Now that our mountain is growing _
_With people hungry for wealth _
How come it's you that's a-going _
And I'm left alone by myself.

We used to hunt the cool caverns
Deep in our forest of green.
Then came the road and the tavern
And you found a new love it seems.
GD Em-/CDG-/-D Em A/C-D- :||

Once I had you and the wildwoods
_Now its just dusty roads _
And I can't help from blamin' your going
On the coming, the coming of the road. _
GAD-/CDG-/-DCA/C-D-G---

Look how they've cut all to pieces
Our ancient poplar and oak
And the hillsides are stained with the greases
That burned up the heavens with smoke.

You used to curse the bold crewmen
Who stripped our land of its ore.
Now you've changed and you've gone over to them
And you've learned to love what you hated before.

Once I thanked God for my treasure
Now like rust it corrodes
And I can't help from blamin your goin'
On the coming, the coming of the roads.
-*Billy Edd Wheeler*

In VOICES FROM THE MOUUNTAIN. In Judy Collins' SONGBOOK & on her #5. (c) 1964 Quartet Music Inc. + Bexhill Music Corp. Used by permission. All rights reserved. In SURVIVAL SONGBOOK.

DARK AS A DUNGEON

Come all you young fellas so fair & so fine
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
Til the blood in your veins runs as black as
the coal.
A - DE - /A - DA - :||

Chorus
Well it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures
are few
Where the rain never falls & the sun never shines
Well it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines
E - A - /E - D A/ - - D E - /A - D A -

It's many a man I have known in my day
Who lived but to labor his whole life away
Like a fiend with his dope or a drunk with
his wine
A man must have lust for the lure of the mine.

I hope when I die and the ages shall roll
My body will blacken and turn into coal
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home
And pity the miner that's diggin' my bones.
-*Merle Travis*

Altho not a miner himself, Merle's father was & he grew up in the Coalfields of Beech Creek, Ky. On his BACK HOME. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & in 1004 FOLKSONGS. (c) 1947 American.

THE GREEN ROLLING HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA

Chorus
Oh the green rolling hills of West Virginia
Are the nearest thing to heaven that I know
Tho' the times are sad and drear'
And I cannot linger here
They will keep me and never let me go.
D A D D7/G - A - /D - /G - /D A D -

My daddy said don't ever be a miner
For a miner's grave is all you'll ever own.
Well it's hard times everywhere,
I can't find a dime to spare,
These are the worst times I've ever known.

So I'll move away into some crowded city
In some northern factory town you'll find me
there
Tho' I leave the past behind
I will never change my mind.
These troubled times are more than I can bear.

Well I traveled to a crowded northern city
So far away and lonesome from my home
There were no jobs anywhere
And I could not linger there
So I started out once more to search and roam.

While traveling all around the open country
Finding people in the same sad shape as me,
This one lonely thought came clear,
We've got nothing left to fear,
We must fight and win the battle to be free.

But someday I'll go back to West Virginia
To the green rolling hills I love so well
Yes, someday I'll go home
And I know I'll right the wrongs
And these troubled times will follow me no more.
- *Bruce Phillips (et al)*

In VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS. On HAZEL AND ALICE. (c) 1973 Bruce Phillips. Verse 3 & 4 by Sally Worcester. Verse 5 by Hazel Dickens & Alice Gerrard.

I CAN HEAR THE SWEET WINDS BLOWIN'

I can hear the sweet winds blowin through the
valleys and the hills
I can hear the sweet winds blowin as I go, as I
go
I can hear the sweet winds blowin through the
valleys and the hills
Well I'm a goin' home to Jesus bless my soul,
bless my soul.
(Capo up) C Am F C/-/C Am F G/C Am F CG
C (base run: C, B, A, G) F C (2x)
I can see the morning breakin...
I can hear (see, feel) the people stirrin...

(alternate refrain line: "Well I can feel the
new day comin, bless my soul... ")
- Traditional/version by Bill Staines

In VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS. On THEY CAN'T PUT IT BACK. (c) 1974 Sweet Wine. All rights reserved.

JOHN HENRY

When John Henry was a little baby
Sittin on his pappy's knee,
He picked up a hammer and a little piece of
steel
Said, "Hammer'll be the death of me, Lord, Lord,
Hammer'll be the death of me.
A---/---E-/A-D^7-/A-D^7-/AEA-

When John Henry's family needed money
Said they didn't have but a dime
"If you wait till when the sun goes down
I'll get it from the man in the mine, Lord, Lord...

Well, John Henry went to the captain
Said the Captain: "What can you do?"
"I can hoist a jack & I can lay a little track
I can pick & shovel too, Lord, Lord...
Pick and shovel too.

Now the captain said to John Henry.
"I'm gonna bring that steam drill round.
I'm gonna take that steam drill out on the job
I'm gonna whop that steel on down, Lord, Lord...

John Henry said to the captain
"Oh, a man ain't nothing but a man, but
Before I'll let your steam drill beat me down
I'll die with a hammer in my hand, Lord...

John Henry said to his shaker,
"Now shaker, why don't you sing?
'Cause I'm throwing 12 pounds from the hips on
down
Just listen to that cold steel ring...

The man that invented the steam drill,
He thought he was mighty fine,
But John Henry he made fourteen feet
While the steam drill only made 9...

John Henry drove into the mountain
His hammer was strikin fire.
Well, he drove so hard he broke his poor heart
Then he laid down his hammer and he died...

cont'd ↑

They took John Henry to the graveyard,
And they buried him in the sand
And every locomotive comes roraring by
Says, "There lies a steel-driving man,...
—Traditional

In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, PEOPLES SONGBOOK & FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLKSONGS.

MRS CLARA SULLIVAN'S LETTER

Dear Mister editor if you choose, _
Please send me a copy of the labor news.
I've got a son in the Infantry, _
And he'd be mighty glad to see
That someone, somewhere, now and then
Thinks about the lives of the mining men,
_In Perry County
D G-/A D/G GD D(2x) G-/-A/-D-

In Perry County and thereabout
We miners simply had to go out.
It was long hours, substandard pay,
Then they took our contract away.
Fourteen months is a mighty long time
To face the goons from the picket line, In...

We live in barns that the rain comes in
While operators live high as sin,
Ride Cadillac cars and drink like a fool
While our kids lack clothes to go to school.
Sheriff Combs he has it fine,
He runs the law and owns a mine...

What operator would go dig coal
For even fifty a day on the mine pay-roll!
Why, after work my man comes in
With his wet clothes frozen to his skin,
Been digging coal so the world can run
And operators can have their fun...

I believe the truth will out some day
That we're fighting for jobs at decent pay.
We're just tired of doing without.
And that's what the strike is all about,
And it helps to know that folks like you
Are telling the story straight and true...
- Malvina Reynolds & Pete Seeger

In her SONGBOOK & his I CAN SEE A NEW DAY (c) 1963 Abigail Music (ASCAP) Used by Permission.

MY HOME'S ACROSS THE SMOKEY MOUNTAINS

My home's across the Smokey Mountains (3x)
And I never expect to see you any more, more
more (2x)
D---/A-D-/----/A-D-/A-D-

I'm leavin on a Monday mornin. . .
Rock my baby, tell her stories. . .
Where's the weaving that I gave you? . . .

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #6 & 1004 FOLKSONGS. On Joan Baez' DAVID'S ALBUM.

PARADISE

When I was a child, my family would travel
Down to western Kentucky where my parents were born
And there's a backwoods old town that's often remembered
So many times that my memories are worn.
D - G D / D - A D - /(repeat)

Chorus
And Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay
Well I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking
Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

Well sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrien Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes, and we'd shoot with our pistols
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill.

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land
Well, they dug for their coal 'til the land was forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.
– John Prine

Paradise is--or was--an actual town in western Kentucky before the area was completly demolished by the Peabody Coal Co's stripping operations. On his 1st album & in VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS. (c) 1971 Walden Music Inc + Sour Grapes Music. Used by permission All rights reserved.

PRETTY SARO

Down in some lone valley in some lonesome place
Where the wild birds do whistle and the notes do increase
Farewell pretty Saro, I'll bid you adieu
And I'll dream of pretty Saro wherever I go
D Em D A /etc.

Your parents don't like me so I understand
They want a freeholder and I have no land
I cannot maintain you on silver and gold
Nor buy all the fine things that a big house can hold

If I were a merchant and could write a fine hand
I'd write my love a letter so that she'd understand
But I'll travel down the river where the waters o'erflow
And I'll dream of pretty Saro wherever I go.
– Traditional

In BELLS OF RHYMNEY, SONGOUT REPRINTS #5, JOYFUL SINGING, & on Judy Collins' MAID OF CONSTANT SORROW.

SIXTEEN TONS

(capo up some)
Now some people say a man's made out of mud
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood
Muscle and blood, skin and bone
They say a mind that's weak & a back that's strong

Am - F E (2x) Am - Dm - / Am - - E7

Chorus
You load sixteen tons and what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go,
I owe my soul to the company store.
(chords as in verse ending' Am - E7 Am

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine.
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine.
I loaded sixteen tons of number one coal,
And the straw boss hollered, "Well damn your soul!"

I was born one morning in the drizzling rain.
Fighting and trouble is my middle name.
I was raised in the bottoms by a momma hound.
I'm mean as a dog but I'm gentle as a lamb.

If you see me coming, you better step aside.
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died.
I got a fist of iron and a fist of steel,
If the right one doesn't get you then the left one will.
– Merle Travis

The refrain line was a favorite expression of Merle's miner father. Eight years after Merle released the song on his BACK HOME album it became a Tennessee Ernie Ford hit. (c) 1947 American. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST.

THE SPRING HILL DISASTER

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,
Down in the dark of the Cumberland Mine
There's blood on the coal and the miners lie
In the roads that never saw sun nor sky (2x)
Am G Am G / Am C D Em - / F D G Em - /
Am G Am G / Am G AmG Em - (capo up 3)

In the town of Springhill, you don't sleep easy
Often the earth will tremble and roll
When the earth gets restless, miners die
Bone and blood is the price of coal... (2X)

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
Late in the year of '58
Day still comes and the sun still shines
But it's dark as the grave in the Cumberland Mine.
Down at the coal face, miners working
Rattle of the belt and the cutter's blade
Rumble of rock and the walls close round
The living and the dead men two miles down

Twelve men lay two miles from the pitshaft
Twelve men lay in the dark and sang
Long hot days in a miner's tomb
It was three feet high and a hundred long

Three days passed and the lamps gave out
And Caleb Rushton he up and says
"There's no more water or light or bread
So we'll live on songs and hope instead"

Listen for the shouts of the bareface miners
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team
Six hundred feet of coal and slag
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam.

Eight long days and some were rescued,
Leaving the dead to lie alone.
Through all their lives they dug their graves
Two miles of earth for a marking stone.
– Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #4. On GREATEST FOLKSINGERS OF THE 60's (Vanguard)
[illegible] Stormking Music Inc. All rights reserved. By permission.

SUNSHINE SILVER MINE

91 were dead when the countin it was through
Good miners all their hard workin there to do
Sons lay next to fathers and the air was death
to breathe
For what they gave their lives, let no one
question these.
Em D / Em A / Em D / EmF CD

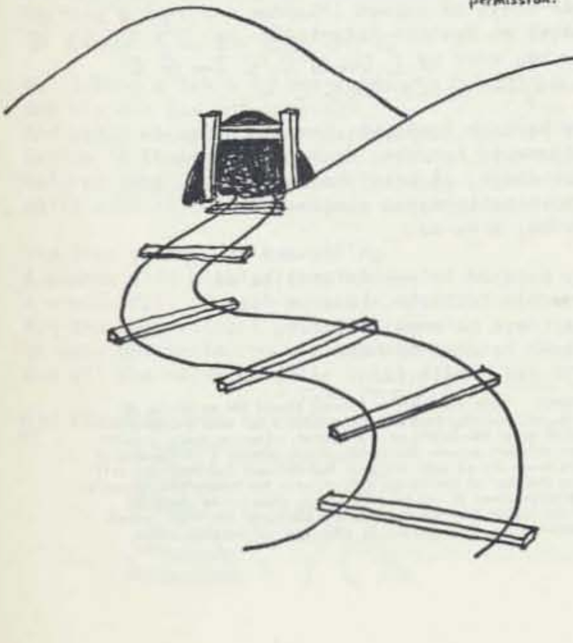
The company's profit it was safe and sound
For the want of good safety all those miners
lay in the ground
Who took the punsihment for what was gone and
done
It's the miners' wives and children who pay for
the rich folks' fun.

Chorus
Sunshine Silver Mine, been thinkin 'bout goin
back there
For a long time, this time I'll stay
Back to Kellog, Idaho where I lived up to five
years ago
In darkness, in the Sunshine Mine.
Em A / C Em (repeat)

Well, the Sunshine Mine bought and paid for a
public relations man
He called a press conference in the mine the
day before he was canned
He told the press that each man had a safe mouth
oxygen piece
That he carried around his hip so each man
could live with ease.

He said all a miner ever had to do was plug
into the good air line;
His life was no longer in danger with the
plug-in points throughout the mine.
Well the miners they are dead now, and the
owners are still alive.
And the miners face eternity, while the owners
are still bidin' their time — David Mikesell

David lives in Kellogg, Idaho Y had friends & relatives killed in the fire which killed 91 workers in 1972. If safety regulations had been followed by owners the accident wouldn't have occured. On Red Star Singers' FORCE OF LIFE. (c) 1974 Paredon Records. Used by permission.



TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growing like a
breeze.
G - Em - / D - CG :||

Chorus
Country roads, take me home
To the place, I belong
West Virginia, Moutain Mama
Take me home, country roads.
G - D - / Em - C - / G - D - / C - G -

All my memories, gather round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eyes.

(Bridge)
I hear her voice
In the morning hours she calls me
Radio reminds me of my home far away
Drivin down the road, I get a feelin
That I should have been home
Yesterday, yesterday...
Em D / G - / C G D - / Em F C / G / D - D7 -

Taffy Nivert, Bill Danoff & John Denver

In John Denver's SONGBOOK & on his POEMS, PRAYERS & PROMISES, his GREATEST HITS, & on his AN EVENING WITH... (c) 1971 Cherry Lane Music. All rights reserved Int'l Copyright Secured

VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS

You better listen to the voices from the
mountains,
Tryin to tell you what you just might need to
know.
Like the empire's days are numbered if you're
counting,
And the people just get stronger blow by blow.
D - - - / - - A - / G - D - / G - A -

You better listen when they talk about
stripmining
It's gonna turn the rolling hills to acid clay
If you're preaching all about that silver
lining
You'll be talking till the hills are stripped
away.

You'd better listen to the cries of the dyin'
miners
Better feel the pain of the children and the
wives
We've got to stand and fight together for
survival
And that's bound to mean a change in all our
lives.

In explosions or from black lung they'll be
dying
And the operator's guilty of this crime
But the killing won't be stopped by all your
crying
We got to fight for what we need, let's seize
the time. - Ruthie Gorton

MS. Gorton is a folksinger from S. California. In VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS & FRICTION IN THE SYSTEM. (c) 1975 author. All rights reserved.

MORNING NIGHT

BLACKBIRD

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.
GAm7 G - - / Am7 B7 Em - / GA7 Am Cm/G A7 AmD G

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to be free
(bridge)
Blackbird fly, Blackbird fly.
Into the light of the dark black night
F C Bb C F C Bb A7 / D7 G

-John Lennon & Paul McCartney

On their WHITE ALBUM. (c) 1968 Northern Songs Ltd. US: Maclen Music Inc. All rights reserved.

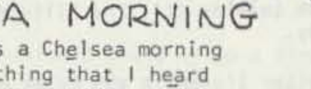
BRIGHT MORNING STARS

Bright morning stars are rising (3x)
Day is a-breaking in my soul
D - - - / A - - - / D - - - / A - D -

Oh, where are our dear mothers? (3x)
Day is...

They are sowing seeds of gladness...
Oh, where are our dear fathers?...
They are in the fields a-ploughin...
Oh, where are our dear sisters?...
They have crossed the river shoutin'...
Oh, where are our dear brothers?...
They are by the streams a-dancin...

A favorite of Eli Hockstedler's. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #12.
(This is one of many versions). On Bright Morning Star's ARISIN'
On Judy Collins' RUN FOR MY LIFE.



CHELSEA MORNING

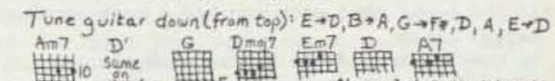
Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I heard
Was a song outside my window
And the traffic wrote the words.
It came ringing up like Christmas bells
And rapping up like pipes and drums.
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day
And we'll wear it till the night comes.
Am7 - / D' Am7 / G Dmaj7 / Em7 D
G Dmaj7 / A7 - - / D - / G D
Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I saw
Was the sun through yellow curtains
And a rainbow on my wall,
Red, green, and gold to welcome you,
Crimson crystal beads to beckon.
Oh, won't you stay and we'll put on the day
There's a sun show every second

Now the curtain opens on a portrait of today
And the streets are paved with passers by
And pigeons fly and papers lie
Waiting to blow away.
G Dmaj7 Em7 D / G Dmaj7 / G - / - A7

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning
And the first thing that I knew
There was milk and toast and honey
And a bowl of oranges too,
And the light poured in like butterscotch
And stuck to all my senses.
Oh, won't you stay? We'll put on the day.
And we'll talk in present tenses.

When the curtain closes
And the rainbow runs away,
I will bring you incense owls at night
By candlelight, by jewel-light
If only you will stay, pretty baby won't you
Wake up, it's a Chelsea morning -Joni Mitchell
(Last 2 lines: G A7 - / Am7 Am7D')

Tune guitar down (from top): E→D, B→A, G→F#, D, A, E→D



Also on Judy Collins' LIVING.

On her CLOUDS.
(c) 1967 and 1969. Siquomb Publishing Corp, New York, NY. All rights reserved.

EREV BA
(Evening Comes)

Shuv ha-eder noher, bimvu-ot hak'far
Ve-oleh ha-avak, mishviley afar
Vehar-cheyk od tzemed inbalim
Milavey et meshech hatz-lalim
Erev ba, erev ba - C Dm G C / C Dm G E
F GC / Dm G / CF DmG C -

Shuv haruach locheysh, ben gidrot ganim
Uv'tzameret habrosh, Kvar namot yoim
Vehar-cheyk, al ketef hagva-ot
Od noshkot karnayim achronot
Erev ba, erev ba.

Shuv havared holem, halomot balat
U'forchim tochavim, bamarom 'at at
Veharcheyk ba'emek ha' afel,
Melaveh hatanet bo halel
Layil rad, layil rad - Israel

HEB. TRANSL: Again the flock is flowing toward the outskirts of the city, billows rise from the dusty paths & far away a couple of bees still greet the coming of the shadows. Evening comes. / Again the wind whispers between the fences of the gardens & in the tops of the firs doves are already resting. And far away the last rays still kiss the shoulder of the hills. / Once again the rose dreams secretly. Stars blossom above in the heavens slowly, slowly. In the dusky valley the coyote goes out to greet the coming of the night. Night has descended. On Theodore Bikel's HARVEST OF ISRAELI SONGS.

MORNING & NIGHT

FRÉRE JACQUES

Frére Jacques (2x) dormez-vous? (2x)
Sonnent les matines (2x) din din don (2x)

Are you sleeping, Brother John?
Morning Bells are ringing, ding ding dong

MORNING HAS BROKEN

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for the springing fresh from the Word.
C - Dm G F C/- Em Am D G/C F - C Am D/
G C F G C(F G E Am - G)
Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven
Like the first dew fall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where her feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's re-creation of the new day - Eleanor Farjeon

Many folks are surprised to discover this is a "main line" Portestant hymn, words put to a far older Gaelic melody. In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT On Cat Stevens TEA FOR THE TILLERMAN & GREATEST HITS. (c) David Highan Assocs. Ltd. All rights reserved.

MORNING MORGANTOWN

When morning comes to Morgantown
The merchants roll their awnings down
The milk trucks make their morning rounds
In morning, Morgantown.
We'll rise up early with the sun
To ride the bus while everyone
Is yawning—and the day is young
In morning...
G A7/C G/C G /GC G :||
(Capo up some or play in C)
Chorus
_Morning Morgantown
Buy your dreams a dollar down
_Morning any town you name
Morning's just the same.
D CG/G CG/Eb CG/GC G

We'll find a table in the shade
And sip our tea and lemonade
And watch the morning on parade, in...
Ladies in their rainbow fashions
Colored stop and go lights flashing
We'll wink at total strangers passing, in...

I'd like to buy you everything
A wooden bird with painted wings
A window full of colored rings, in...
But the only things I have to give
To make you smile, to win you with
Are all the mornings still to live, in...
- Joni Mitchell

On her LADIES OF THE CANYON. (c) 1967 Siquomb Publishing Corp, New York, NY All rights reserved.

NEW MORNING

_Can't you hear that_rooster crowin'?_
_Rabbit runnin down across the road
_Underneath where the water flowed thru _
D G D G/D F#m/C Em G -

Chorus
_So happy just to see you smile
Underneath this sky of blue
On this_new morning (3x) with you.
Em F#m/G A / D G D G D G D -

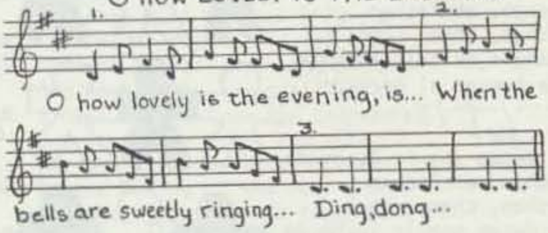
Can't you hear that motor turning?
Automobile comin into style
Comin' down the road for a country mile or two

(bridge)
The night passed away so quickly
It always does when you're with me.
C - Bm - / C - A -

Can't you feel sun a shinin'
Down home by the country stream
This must be the day that all of my dreams come
true
So happy just to be alive... - Bob Dylan

On his NEW MORNING. (c)1970 Big Sky Music. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

O HOW LOVELY IS THE EVENING


1.
2.
O how lovely is the evening, is... When the
3.
bells are sweetly ringing... Ding, dong...

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow (2x)
The corn is as high as an elephant's eye,
An' it looks like it's climbin' clear up to the
sky
C G C G/C G Am F/C G C F/C Dm Em G

Chorus
Oh, what a beautiful morning
Oh, what a beautiful day
I've got a beautiful feelin'
Everything's goin my way
C F/C G/C F /CG C

All the cattle are standin' like statues (2x)
They don't turn their heads as they see me
ride by
But a little brown mav'rick is winkin' her eye

All the sounds of the earth are like music (2x)
The breeze is so busy it don't miss a tree
And an ol' weepin' willer is laughin' at me!
- Oscar Hammerstein & Richard Rodgers

From their musical OKLAHOMA (c) Williamson. All rights reserved.

SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY

Sweetly sings the donkey at the break of day
If you do not feed her this is what she'll say:
"Hee haw, hee haw, hee haw(3x)!"

YELLOW IS THE COLOR

Yellow is the color of my true love's hair
In the morning when we rise (2x)
That's the time (2x) I love the best
D - G D/G - D - (2x) A - G - D - - -

Blue is the color of the sky/In the morning...
Green is the color of the sparkling corn/In...
Mellow is the feeling that I get/When I see you,
mm hm...

Freedom is a word I rarely use
Without thinkin—mm hm (2x)
Of the times (2x) when I've been loved - Donovan

On his LIKE IT IS, FAIRYTALE & BEST OF...In Joan Baez SONGBOOK & on her FAREWELL ANGELINA. (c) Southern Music Ltd. All rights reserved.

YOU FILL THE DAY

Chorus
You fill the day with your glory and your power
You fill the night with your quiet and your
deep love. C Em F CG (2x)

(Capo up 2)
Run with your head up in the wind (2x) the wind
Your head held high, your soul an open door
And breathe the wind that makes you free (2x).
C G/C CG/EmAm DmG/CF G/F G
Stand with your face up in the sun (2x) the sun
Your head held high, your soul an open door
And feel the warmth that makes you free (2x).

Lay with your face up in the rain...
And drink the rain that makes you free (2x)

Walk hand in hand with one you love. .
And hold the hand that... - Joe Wise

In his HAND IN HAND (available from World Library, 2145 Central Pkwy, Cincinati, OH 45214) (c) 1968, World Library Publications. All rights reserved.

NATIONAL FREEDOM

ABELACHAO

Una mañana de sol radiante _
Abelachao, abelachao,
Abelachao, chao, chao!
Una mañana de sol radiante _
Sali a buscar al opresor _
Am - - - / - - + - / Dm - Am - /
E - Am -
Es mi deseo seguir luchando
Abelachao, abelachao
Abelachao, chao, chao!
Es mi deseo sequir luchando
Por la justicia y la verdad _

Y si yo muero en el combate...
Tengo en mis manos mi fusil _

Soy cursillista toda la vida...
Y cursillista he de morir _ - Guatemala

Here is an English version of the above song - (For Sp. transl. see below)

BELLA CIAO

We are women and we are marching
Bella ciao (3x) ciao, ciao!
We are marching for liberation
We want a revolution now!

We are angry and we are fighting/ Bella ciao...
We are fighting for liberation...

We are workers/building, artists/weaving,
poets/singing,
Mothers/caring, children/growing, fathers/crying
soldiers/dying
Lovers/dreaming, sisters/we're all together,
people/marching

This song comes originally from Italy. The Spanish version of this song comes from the liberation movement in Guatemala. SPAN. TRANSL: On one fine morning the sun was shining, I set out after our oppressor. / I intend to keep on struggling for justice in my land. / And if I die in this, I'll die fighting. / I'm in this movement with all that's in me, and I'll stay in it til I die

FREE AMERIKAY

Torn from a world of tyrants beneath this
western sky
We formed a new dominion, a land of liberty
The world shall own we're masters here,then
hasten on the day
Huzza! (4x) for free Amerikay!
CGCG CGC - (2x) C - - - F - CG/C GC F CGC -

God bless this maiden climate, and through its
vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster who scorn to wear
a chain
And blast the venal sycophant that dares our
rights betray
Oppose! (4x) for free Amerikay.

Lift up your hands, ye heroes, and swear with
proud disdain
The wretch that would ensnare you shall lay his
snares in vain
Should Europe empty all her force we'll meet
her in array
And fight and shout (2x) for North Amerikay.

This song comes from the American War of Independence. For the tune see "Eight Hour Day" in SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST (actually a later song put to this tune) In 1004 FOLKSONGS.

FREIHEIT

Chorus
Die Heimat ist weit, doch wir sind Bereit
Wir kampfen und siegin fur dich, Freiheit!
D G D - / A - D - / G - D - / A - D -

Spanish heavens spread their brilliant starligh
High above our trenches in the plain
From the distance morning comes to greet us
Calling us to battle once again.
D A D - / D A D - / A - D - / E - A - (cont'd)

We'll not yield a foot to France's fascists.
Even though the bullets fall like sleet
With us stand those peerless men, our comrades
And for us there can be no defeat – *Karl Ernst*

Most of the Germans who intervened in the Spanish Civil War did so in assisting Franco's fascist forces. Some, however, were part of the international 15th Brigade supporting the progressive Spanish Republican government. This was the themesong of the Thaelmann Battalion. In PEOPLES SONGBOOK & FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLKSONGS. On SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, Vol. 1 (Folkways) & Seeger's SING OUT WITH PETE. ENG. Transl is by Anne Bromberg & Leonard Mins. GERM TRANS: The home country is far away, but we are ready. We're fighting & winning for you--freedom.

HACIA LA LIBERTAD

(Capo up 2)
Patria de los confines, semilla pan y cobre
Das de tu tierra virgen, hijos libertadores
Voz indomable de Araucanía
Lanza Lautaro un grito en cada amanecer
Am E - Am/F C F C/E Am E Dm Am/Dm Am E Am

Naciste combativa contra los opresores
Defendida bandera de todos los rincones
Desde los Andes la llamarada
Brilla la independencia viene la libertad

Chorus
Es tu historia que avanza a la nueva unidad nos
lleva
Chile por tí juramos no habrá noche que nos
detenga
¡La Patria llama! _ Vamos con ella _
Hacia la libertad
C G - C/- G - E/E Am - G Am - /B7 E -

La razón del obrero se alza en las salitreras
A transformar la vida, a organizar las fuerzas
Grito de alerta Luis Recabarren
La tierra soberana debemos conquistar

A la aurora extendida marchan los oprimidos
Fue el trabajo de todos y el fruto compartido
Allende ¡hermano! cantan los pueblos
Tu palabra levanto, tu ejemplo vivirá
– *Jose Seves y Horacio Salinas*

Inti-Illimani was one of the singing groups active in the popular folksong movement in Chile during the Allende government. Fortunately they were abroad on tour at the time of the 1974 coup, and they have essentially had to stay on tour ever since....The brutality of Pinochet government is hard to imagine. On INTI-ILLIMANI.2. SPAN. TRANSL: Country of confined, seed, bread, and copper; your virgin soil gives birth to liberators. In the invincible voice of Araucania (or Mapuche Indians of central Chile, known for their heroic struggles against the Spaniards) & each day dawn is proclaimed by Lautaro (one of their 16thc.leaders). / You were born in combat against oppressors, you defended the flag from all sides. From the Andes comes the call--independence shines, liberty comes. Chorus: It is your history that advances, bringing us to a new destiny. Chile, we swear to you, the homeland call. Let's move on with her to liberty. / The conscience of the worker frises in the salt mines--to transform life, organize forces, shout a warning: Luis Recabarren (early 20th c radical leader) we must recover our sovereign land. / The oppressed march to a drawn-out dawn. The work of all with fruits shared. Allende, brother--the people sing, your voice has risen. Your example will live on.

IMPERIA, IMPERIA

Imperia, Imperia, Imperia, Imperialismu (2x)
Imperialismu luteremus a vencir (2x)

Colonio, colonio, colonio, Coloniolismu (2x)
Coloniolismu luteremus a vencir (2x)

Salazar, Salazar, Salazar, Salazarismu (2x)
Salazarismu luteremus a vencir (2x) – *Guinea-Bissau*

This song comes from the Liberation Movement in West Africa against Portuguese colonial rule. In FRICTION IN THE SYSTEM. Portuguese: We are struggling to overcome imperialism, colonialism, etc. (Salazar was dictator of Portugal for over 30 years.)

MEADOWLANDS

Meadowlands, meadowlands
Meadows green and fields in blossom
Merrily greet the plucky heroes
Fighting in the mighty Red Army - ah!
Em Bm (2x) Am B7 (2x)

Steppe land so vast and free
Filled by flourishing kolhozes
Everywhere factories and houses
Newly built, the fruits of all our struggles ah!

Workingfolk, peasant folk
Keep on building, keep on tilling
Staunchly we hold our constant vigil
We the people of the revolution - ah! – *U.S.S.R.*

This song was widely associated in American minds during WWII with the indomitable Russian resistance to the Germans. In FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLKSONGS.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

Oh, then tell me Sean O'Farrell
Tell me why you hurry so?
Hush me, Buchall, hush and listen
And his cheeks were all aglow,
I bear orders from the captain
Get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together
By the Rising of the Moon (3x)
For the pikes must be together
By the rising of the moon.
C - /G - /F C/F C (repeat 3x)

Of then tell me Sean O'Farrell
Where the gathering is to be?
In the old spot by the river
Right well known to you and me
One more word for signal token
Whistle up the marching tune.
With your pike upon your shoulder
By the rising of the moon...

Out of many a mud wall cabin
Eyes were watching thru the night,
Many a manly heart was throbbing
For the coming morning light
Murmers ran along the valley
Like the banshees' lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing...

There beside the singing river
That dark mass of men were seen
Far above their shining weapons hung
Their own beloved green
Death to every foe and traitor
Forward strike the marching tune
And hurrah me boys for freedom
'Tis the rising of the moon. – *Ireland*

In Clancy Brothers SONGBOOK, On Peter Paul & Mary's SEE WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS & Judy Collins' MAID OF CONSTANT SORROW.

SISTERS, SPRING OF VIETNAM

Sisters, you keep me fighting
You keep me strong
The struggle we are waging
Is gonna last our whole lives long
But as I look around and see your faces
Feel the fire behind those eyes
I know it's a battle we will stand and win
For freedom voices never die.
F C/G C/F C/Dm G/F Am/Dm G/C FC/DmG C

Many miles away from us
Sisters speak a different tongue
But words passed behind Thieu's prison walls
In our hearts were always one
Heroic daughters,spring of Vietnam
Your will has persevered
Your tears have washed on the enemy's soil,
To reverse the tide of years.-Patty Huntington

This was written during the Vietnamese-American women's conference held in Montreal in Feb. 1975. Patty is a member of Lucha, a fine women's performing group focusing on music of Latin American and popular resistance. On their MEANS STRUGGLE tape. (c) 1976 Used by permission.

THEY'VE GOT THE WORLD IN THEIR POCKET

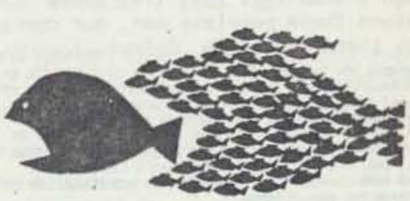
Chorus
They've got the world in their pocket
Pocket, pocket, pocket
They've got the world in their pocket
And they're up there in control
They've got the world in their pocket
They can shake it, they can rock it
They can kick it for a goal
They've got the world in their pocket
But their pocket's got a hole!
E -/A -/E -/- B7 -/
E -/A -/E B7/E -/B7 E-

There's inflation _and pollution _
Everything's been bought on credit
In this rotten institution
And they waste the gentle people
Cuz the system has no soul
They've got the world in their pocket
_But their pocket's got a ho-le. _
Am - Em - /Am - /Em -
B7 - /Em Am/G D/tacit Em B7 E -

Unemployment is their glory
If a million children starve
Why that's an old familiar story
And there's rage and there's rebellion
And there's grief from pole to pole
They've got the world...

Takes a war to keep them perking
And they have to bleed the world
To keep their bloody system working
But the system's self-destructing
While they play that gangster role
They've got... - Malvina Reynolds

In her SONGBOOK and on her HELD OVER. (c) 1974 Schroder Music Co (ASCAP) Used by permission.



VIVA LA QUINCE BRIGADA

Viva la Quince Brigada
Rhumbala, rhumbala, rhumbala } (2x)
Que se ha cubierta de gloria
Ay Manuela, Ay Manuela. } (2x)
Am -/E - ||: Am G/F E :||

Luchamos contra los Morros
Rhumbala (3x) } (2x)
Mercenarios y fascistas
Ay Manuela (2x) } (2x)

Solo es nuestro deseo...
Acabar con el fascismo...

En el frente de Jarama...
No tenemos ni aviones,
Ni tankes, ni cañones, Ay Manuela...

Ya salimos de España...
Por luchar en otras frentes... -Spanish Civil War

In 1937 the fascists in Germany and Italy helped Gen. Francisco Franco overthrow the progressive Republican government in a bloody Civil War which was a testing ground for WWII. "Neutrality laws" prevented aid from going to the republican side from this country while arms poured into Franco's side. Many progressive people went to support the Republican side personally, however, making up the international "15th Brigade." The American component was called the "Abraham Lincoln Brigade." On SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, VOL.1 (Folkways) & on Pete Seeger's I CAN SEE A NEW DAY. & THE ESSENTIAL... In PEOPLES SONGBOOK. (c) Veterans of Abraham Lincoln Brigade. SPAN. TRANSL: Long live the 15th brigade, who covered themselves with glory./ We fought against the Moors, mercenaries and fascists./ It was our only desire to defeat fascism./ But on the Jarama front we had no tanks, no artillery,no planes./ Now we're leaving Spain, but we'll keep on fighting on other fronts.

WINDS OF THE PEOPLE (Vientos del Pueblo)

De nuevo quieren manchar
Mi patria con sangre obrera
Los que hablan de libertad
Y tienen las manos negras
Los que quieren dividir
A la madre de sus hijos
Y quieren reconstruir
La cruz que arrastrara Cristo.
Em D/Am Em/Am B7/ - Em(or E)
Em G/Bm Am/ - C/C B7 (Capo up 2)
Quieren ocultar la infamia
Que legaron desde siglos
Pero el color de asesinos
No borrarán de su cara
Ya fueron miles y miles
Los que entregaron su sangre
Y, en caudales generosos
Multiplicaron los panes.

Ahora quiero vivir.
Junto a mi hijo y mi hermano.
La primavera que todos.
Vamos construyendo a diario.
No me asusta la amenaza
Patrones de la miseria (pause)
La estrella de la esperanza
Continuará siendo nuestra

Last 4 lines of this verse:
E G
G Bm (tacit)
(tacit) Am
Am Em

Vientos del pueblo me llevan,
Vientos del pueblo me arrastrán,
Me esparcen el corazón
Y me avientan la garganta
Así cantará el poeta
Cuando la muerte me lleve
Por los caminos del pueblo
Desde ahora y para siempre - - - -
-Victor Jara

As first two verses adding:
B7 Am - Em

On his album (en Monitor) & on INTI-ILLIMANI-2. SPAN. TRANSL: Once more they want to stain my country with workers' blood--those who talk of liberty yet have blackened hands, those who want to separate the mother from her children & reconstruct the cross Christ carried. / They want to hide the infamy they've bequeathed down the centuries, but the color of murderers cannot be wiped from their face. Already thousands & thousands have sacrificed their blood, & its generous streams have multiplied the loaves of bread. / I want to live now with my child and my friend, to go together toward the springtime we're building each day. You masters of misery can't scare me with your threats: the star of hope continues to be ours! / Winds of the people bear me, carry me, scatter my heart & blow thru my throat. So that the poet can go on singing even when death takes me down the roads of the people, both now and forever.

YA'ASEH SHALOM

Oseh shalom bimromov.
Hu ya-aseh shalom aleynu
V'al kol Yisrael.
V'imru, v'imru omen
Dm---/Gm-Dm-/C-Dm-/A--Dm//
(faster) DmGm-Dm/Dm A-Dm (repeat) Dm-C-/Dm-CA/
Ya-aseh shalom, ya-aseh shalom DmGm-Dm/-A-Dm
Shalom aleynu v'al kol Yisrael (repeat 4x)
-Israeli

This is the last line of the Kaddish, the Newish prayer santifying God's name & also the prayer which mourners repeat. It has become associated with Jews' longing for a secure & peaceful homeland. One of the great tragedies of this century has been the almost total inability of Jewish and Palestian people's to understand & struggle for each others asperations in this regard...HEB.TRANSL: He who makes in heaven all things, may he make peace among us, and over all Israel Amen.

PEACE

ANDORRA

Chorus
I want to go to Andorra, Andorra, Andorra
I want to go to Andorra, it's a place that I
adore
They spent four dollars and ninety cents on
armaments and their defense
Did you ever hear of such confidence?
Andorra, hip hurrah!
G-DG/--AD/CGB7Em/CG CD G

In the mountains of the Pyrenees there's an
independent state
Its population 5000 souls, and I think they're
simply great
170 square miles big and it's awf'lly dear to me
Spends less than five dollars on armaments and
this I've got to see.
G-D-/--G-/--C-/G Em AD G

YOUNG RODDY M'CORLEY

Oh see the fleet-foot hosts of men
Who speed, with faces wan
From farmstead and from thresher's cot
Along the banks of Ban
They come with vengeance in their eyes
Too late, too late are they
For young Roddy M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome today
D---/GAD-//: D-GD/G Em A-
D---/GAD-

Up the narrow street he stepped
Smiling and proud and young
About the hemp-robe on his neck
The golden ringlets clung
There's never a tear in his blue eyes
Both glad and bright are they, As young...

When he last steppéd up that street
His shining pike in hand
Behind him marched in grim array
A stalwart earnest band!
For Antrim Town! (2x)
He led them to the fray, As young...

There's never a one of all your dead
More bravely fell in fray
Than he who marches to his fate
On the Bridge of Toome today
True to the last, true to the last,
He treads the upward way... -Irish trad.

Roddy was hanged for his role in the Toomebridge County Antrim 1798 Rising. In Clancy Bros. SONGBOOK & SINGOUT REPRINTS #4.

It's governed by a council
All gentle souls and wise
They've only five dollars for armaments
And the rest for cakes and pies
They didn't invest in a tommy gun
Or a plane to sweep the sky
But they bought some blanks for their cap
pistols
To shoot on their 4th of July.

They live by the arts of farm and field
And by making shoes and hats
And they haven't got room in their tiny land
For a horde of diplomats
They haven't got room in their tiny land
For armies to march about
And if anyone comes with a war budget
They throw the rascals out.

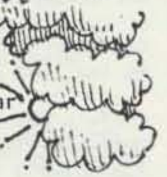
PEACE

I wandered down by the Pentagon
This newspaper clipping in hand
I hollered I want to see everyone
In MacNamara's band
I said "Look what they did in Andorra
They put us all to shame
The least is first, the biggest is last
Let's get there just the same"

The general said "My dear boy (girl)
You just don't understand
We need those things to feel secure
In our great and wealthy land."
I said "if security's what you need
I'll get a couch for you
A head-shrinker is cheaper and quicker
And a damn sight safer too!" - Malvina Reynolds & Pete Seeger

This is one of those great songs which grew from a newspaper clipping: this one noting that the legislature of Andorra (a tiny independent nation in the mountains between Spain and France) had just approved their annual defense budget of $4.90! In her LITTLE BOXES (out of print) & on Pete Seeger's BITTER AND THE SWEET. (c) 1962 Bria Music All rights reserved.

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

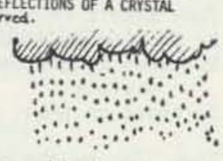


Now is the time for your loving, dear
And the time for your company
Now when the light of reason fails
And fires burn on the sea
Now in this age of confusion
I have need for your company.
D-GD/-CD-/----/C-A-/D-GD/-CD-
(capo up 2 or play in E)
It's once I was free to go roaming in
The wind of a springtime mind
It's once the clouds I sailed upon
Were sweet as lilac wine
So why are the breezes of summer, dear
Enlaced with a grim design?

And where was the will of my father when
We raised our swords on high?
And where was my mother's wailing when
Our flags were justified?
And where will we take our pleasures when
Our bodies have been denied?

For I am a wild and a lonely child
And the child of an angry man
Now with the high wars raging
I would offer you my hand
For we are the children of darkness
And the prey of a proud, proud land.
—Richard Fariña

Farina was married to Joan Baez sister,Mimi,until he died in a motorcycle accident after a party celebrating publication of his book BEEN DOWN SO LONG LOOKS LIKE UP TO ME. On their REFLECTIONS OF A CRYSTAL WIND. (c) M. Witmark & Sons. All rights reserved.



FURUSATO

Furusato no machi yakare
Miyo ri no hone umesi yaketsuchi ni
Ima wa si ro-i ha na sa ku
Ah yurusu maji gen baku-o
Mitabi yurusu maji gen baku-o
Warera no machini
Am Dm Am E/Am E AmDm Am/Am Dm—Am/
Am—E—/Am — E AmDm/Am E AmDm Am

Deadly rain gathers poison from the sky
And the fish carry death in the depths of the
sea
Fishing boats are idle, their owners are blind
Deadly harvest of two atom bombs
Then landsmen and seamen you must watch and
take care
That the third atom bomb never comes. - Ishigu Astu

In BELLS OF RHYMNEY. English verse by Ewan MacColl. JAP. TRANSL: In the place where our old home city was destroyed, we buried the charred bones of our relatives. Now the whiteflowers are blooming there. We must never allow, must absolutely forbid another atom bomb to fall.

I AIN'T MARCHIN ANYMORE

I marched to the battle of New Orleans
At the end of the early British war
A young land was a growin the young blood
started flowin
But I ain't marchin anymore.
D-A-(2x) D Em C Bm/ G- A-

I killed my share of Indians in a thousand
different fights
I was there at the Little Big Horn
I saw many men a lyin I saw many more a dyin
But I ain't marchin anymore.

Chorus
Why are the men who lead us off to war
Never the ones who fall
Take a look at what we've won with a sabre
and a gun
Tell me, was it worth it all?
G-D-/GD Em-/G-D-/G-A-

And I stole California from the Mexican land
I fought in the bloody Civil War
I even killed my brothers & so many others
But I ain't marchin anymore.

And I marched to the battle of the German Trench
In the war that was bound to end all war
I must have killed a million men & now they
want me back again
But I ain't marchin anymore! (chorus)

And I flew the final mission over Japanese skies
Set off that mighty mushroom roar
Now they want a war on foreign soil to satisfy
our greed for oil, but...

Now the "peacetime" draft and lottery are
comin' round again
Registration is the first foot in the door
Call it peace or call it treason, call it love
or call it reason, but... - Phil Ochs (updated by Bright Morning Star)

(some new "war tax resistance" verses:)
I paid my share of taxes for the years that I
have worked
I've given them the money for their guns
Tho I'm all paid up for wars to come they tell
me now they want my son. I ain't payin...

Cuz the generals in the Pentagon have called
another war
They say we're one step closer now to peace
Do you see what they have done with our money &
our sons
How can we pay them anymore?

Well I ain't payin any more!!!

On I AIN'T MARCHIN ANYMORE. (c) Appleseed? All rights reserved.

IF I WERE FREE

If I were free to speak my mind
I'd tell a tale to humankind
Of how the flowers do bloom and fade
Of how we've fought and how we've paid.
A D / G A / D G/DA D

This weary world has had its fill
Of words of war on every hill
The time has come for peaceful days
And peaceful folk of peaceful ways

When humankind has ceased to fight
I'll raise my head in thanks each night
For this rich earth and all it means
For golden days and peaceful dreams
-Travis Edmonson

On Peter, Paul & Mary SEE WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS (c)author. All rights reserved.

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YOU

With your guns and drums and drums and guns }2x
Huroo, huroo (repeat)
With your guns and drums and drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew you
Oh, my darling dear you looked so queer
And Johnny I hardly knew you.
Em-D-/Em-G B7/Em D C B7/EmA CD
EmC Em -
Where are your legs that used to run... (3x)
When first you went to carry a gun
I fear your dancing days are done...

You haven't an arm you haven't a leg...
You're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg
You'll have to be put with a bowl to beg...

They're rolling out the guns again...
But they'll never take our sons again
No they'll never take our sons again
Yes, Johnny I'm swearing to you-Irish trad.

In 1004 FOLKSONGS & FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLKSONGS. (Tune is same as "When Johnny comes marchin home")

NO MORE GENOCIDE

Why do we call them the enemy?
This struggling nation that's won independence
across the sea
Why did we bomb them mercilessly?
Did we think they'd all be killed before they
were set free?
C - Dm-/Em - Dm-/ C-Dm-/Em-Dm7 C

Chorus
That's just a lie
It's one of the many, and we've had plenty
I don't want more of the same
No more genocide in my name!
Am-/F G/Am-FG/F G Am -

Why are our history books so full of lies?
No word is spoken of why the Indian dies
Or that the Chicano love the California land
The books all say it was discovered by white
man.

Why are the weapons of the war so young
Why are there only older men around when it's
done
Why are so many of the soldiers black or brown
They say it's because they're good at cutting
yellow people down.

Why do we keep them a colony
While Puerto Rican people are cryin out to
be free?
Sterilize the women, rob the copper mines
Do we think that people will always accept
such crimes? - Holly Near

On HANG IN THERE. (c) Hereford Music 1972. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

THE POWER GAME

Isn't power such a funny thing that moves our
little earth?
Some power's given from the gods to each of us
at birth:
But a few seize up the lion's share, to some
strange law they bend;
Then they see things in a different way the
gods did not intend (2x)
Em C D Em/G - D-/G - DB7/
Chorus Em G Em D/G D EmD Em
And once again I see you're marching, once
again your colors fly,
Once again its in the name of all the people
who will die;
Once again your mortars fail to make them free
for once and all,
Once again we see the writing on the wall.
Em EmD Em D/ G - D B7 /Em EmD Em D/
G D Em D
And I see you've got the children's aid in
marching with your band.
Their faces smiling as they help you deal
your deadly hand;
Well I don't think they yet fathom this new
game you've put them in
And the strength is not within me to forgive
you such a sin (2x)

And it doesn't seem to matter then what banners
they march by,
The people of the little towns will cheer as
they march by;
But I wonder if they have a choice, for life is
not a dream
And well meant men will often find that there
just is no in-between (2x) -Leo Kretzer

(c) 1975 author. Used by permission.

STRANGEST DREAM

Last night I had the strangest dream
I'd ever dreamed before
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.
C---/F-C-/G-Em Am/Dm G C-

I dreamed I saw a mighty room
All filled with women and men
And the papers they were signing said
They'd never fight again.
F - C -/G - C - (repeat)
And when the papers were all signed
And a million copies were made
They all joined hands and bowed their heads
And grateful prayers were prayed.

And the people in the streets below
Were dancing round and round
While guns and swords and uniforms
Were scattered on the ground. -Ed McCurdy

In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK, WEAVERS SONGBOOK.
On Seeger's WORLD OF... & Sim. and Garf's WEDNESDAY MORNING 3 AM.
TRO (c) 1950 (renewed 1978), '51, '55 Almanac Music Inc, New York, NY

Used by permission.

STUDY WAR NO MORE

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside (3x)
Gonna lay down my sword...and study war no more
G - / - - / D - / G - :||

Chorus
I ain't a gonna study war no more (6x)
C - / G - / D - / G - :||

Gonna lay down those atom bombs...
Shake hands around the world...
Put on that starry crown, etc...

Gonna lay down my income tax, down...
Ain't a-gonna pay for way no more...

Lay down by GE stock/live off war no more...
Lay down my Honeywell job/work for war...
Lay down those Congressional hawks/vote for war.
In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, SONGS OF THE SPIRIT, JOYFUL SINGING.

UNIVERSAL SOLDIER

He's five feet two, He's six feet four
He fights with missles and with spears
He's all of 31 & he's only 17
He's been a soldier for a thousand years
F G C Am/F G C - / F G Em Am/F - Dm G

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an atheist, a Jain
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew
And he knows he shouldn't kill and he knows he always will
Kill you for me, my friend, & me for you.

And he's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France
He's fighting for the U.S.A.
And he's fighting for the Russians, he's fighting for Japan
And he thinks we'll put an end to war that way

And he's fighting for democracy, he's fighting for the Reds
He says its for the peace of all
He's the one who must decide who's to live & who who's to die
And he never sees the writing on the wall

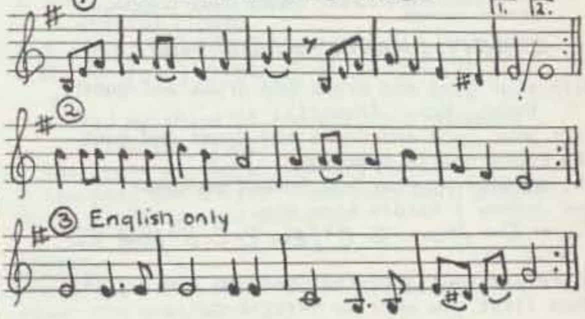
But without him how would Hitler have condemned him at Dachau
Without him Caesar would have stood alone
He's the one who gives his body as the weapon of the war
And without him all this killing can't go on

He's the universal soldier and he really is to blame
His orders come from far away no more
They come from him & you & me & people can't you see
This is not the way we put an end to war
- Buffy Sainte-Marie

(some new verses "UNIVERSAL CITIZEN")
They are business women, union workers, teachers even priests
They say "A strong defense will save men's lives"
They have to give their money because it is the law
Yet without this money killing can't go on.

They are universal citizens they really are to blame
Their money goes to carry on the war
It comes from them & you & me it isn't hard to see
This is not the way we put an end to war
On her IT IS MY WAY & BEST OF...In SINGOUT REPRINTS #9. On Donovan's FAIRYTALE, LIKE IT IS & BEST OF...(c) 1963 Caleb Music. used by permission of author + publisher.

VINE AND FIGTREE



1. And everyone 'neath their vine & fig tree
Shall live in peace and unafraid (2x)
2. And into plowshares turn their swords
Nations shall learn war no more (2x)
3. Love to your neighbor and
Love to the Spirit of all life!

1. Lo yisa goi el goi cherev
Lo yilmedu od milchama (2x)
2. Lo yisa goi el goi cherev
Lo yilmedu od milchama (2x)

Em - Am - / B7 - Em - -Traditional
On Bright Morning Star's ARISIN'. Words are from Hebrew Bible.

WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY

It was back in 1942, I was a member of a good platoon
We were on maneuvers in a-Looziana, one night by the light of the moon
The captain told us to ford a river, that's how it all begun
We were knee deep in the big muddy, but the big fool said to push on.
Am - AmE Am / AmEm Am - E
Am D - E / Am F AmE Am
The Sergeant said, "Sir are you sure, this is the best way back to base?"
"Sergeant go on: I forded this river, bout a mile above this place
It'll be a little soggy but just keep slogging, We'll soon be on dry ground"
We were waist deep in the big muddy...

The Sergeant said, "Sir with all this equipment no man'll be able to swim!"
"Sergeant don't be a nervous Nellie", the Captain said to him
"All we need is a little determination, men, follow me, I'll lead on"
We were neck deep...

All at once the moon clouded over, we heard a gurgling cry
A few seconds later, the Captain's helmet was all that floated by
The Sergeant said"Turn around men, I'm in charge from now on"
And we just make it out of the big muddy with the Captain dead and gone

We stripped and dived and found his body, stuck in the old quicksand
I guess he didn't know that the water was deeper than the place he'd once before been
Another stream had joined the big muddy 'bout a half mile from where we'd gone
We were lucky to escape from the big muddy when the big fool said to push on.

Well, I'm not gonna point any moral: I'll leave that for yourself
Maybe you're still walking and you're still talking and you'd like to keep you health
But every time I read the papers, that old feeling comes on, that
We're waist deep in the big muddy and the big fool says to push on.

Waist deep in the big muddy and the big fool says to push on (2x)
Waist deep Neck deep, soon even a tall man'll be over his head
Waist deep in the big muddy and the big fool says to push on! -Pete Seeger

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #11 & in GREAT SONGS OF THE 60's & on Seeger's WAIST DEEP album. 7160 (c) 1967 Melody Trails Inc. New York NY. Used by permission.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Where have all the flowers gone
Long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone
Long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone?
— Girls have picked them everyone
When will they ever learn? (2x)
G Em/C D/repeat 3x/ C G/C D G -

Where have all the young girls gone...
...gone to husbands everyone...

Where have all the young men gone...
They're in uniform everyone...
-Pete Seeger

Seeger put these words to a traditional Irish folk melody. They're inspired by a passage in Mikhail Sholokhov's All Quiet Flows the Don. This is Seeger's original version, which has a lovely simplicity to it. Someone (Kingston Trio?) made the song go full circle thru soldiers, graveyards & back to flowers. On his WORLD OF...& on Peter, Paul, & Mary's first album. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #4 & Joan BAEZ SONGBOOK. (c) 1961 Fall River Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

THE WILD WEST IS WHERE I WANT TO BE

(The "A.E.C. Song")
Along the trail you'll find me lopin'
Where the spaces are wide open
In the land of the old AEC
Where the scenery's attractive
And the air is radioactive
Oh the wild west is where I want to be.
D -/G D/D - A -/D -/G D/D A D -

Mid the sagebrush and the cactus
I'll watch the fellows practice
Droppin' bombs thru the clean desert breeze
I'll have on my sombrero
And of course I'll wear a pair of
Levis, over my lead BVD's.

I will leave the city's rush.
Leave the fancy and the plush
Leave the snow and leave the slush
And the crowd
I will seek the desert's hush
Where the scenery is lush
How I long to see that mushrooming cloud.

Mid the sagebrush and the thistles
I will watch the guided missiles
While the old FBI watches me
I'll soon make my appearance
Just as soon as I get my clearance
For the wild west is where I want to be.
-Tom Lehrer

On one of his lovely albums. Lehrer is a Harvard math professor masquerading as a mad musician(c)author. Publication rights: Crown Inc. All rights reserved.

THE WILLING CONSCRIPT

Oh, Seargeant, I'm a draftee and I've just arrived in camp
I've come to wear the uniform and join the martial tramp
I want to do my duy but one thing I do implore
You must give me lessons, Seargeant, for I've never killed before.
C CF CG C (2x) F C FC G/C CF CG C

To do my job obediently is my only desire
To learn my weapon thoroughly and how to aim and fire
To learn to kill the enemy & then to slaughter more
I'll need instructions, Sgt, for I've never...

Oh there are rumors in the camp about our enemy
They say that when you see him he looks just like you and me
But you deny it, Sgt, and you are a man of war
So you must give me lessons for I've never...

Now there are several lessons that I haven't mastered yet
I haven't got the hang of how to use the bayonet
If he doesn't die at once am I to stick him with it more?
Oh I hope you will be patient for...

The hand grenade is something that I just don't understand
You've got to throw it quickly or you're apt to lose a hand
Does it blow a man to pieces with its wicked mufled roar?
I've got so much to learn because...

Oh I want to thank you Seargeant for the help you've been to me
For you've taught me how to slaughter and to hate the enemy
And I know that I'll be ready when they march me off to war
And I know that it won't matter that... -Tom Paxton

In his RAMBLING BOY (c) 1963 Cherry Lane Music. All rights reserved. On his AIN'T THAT NEWS.

18 WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE

Oh, my name it means nothin' my age it means less
The country I come from it's called the midwest.
I's taught and brought up there the laws to abide
And that the land I live in has God on its side.
G C Bm – D G – – / D G – – C G – – (2x)
G C Bm – D G – –
Oh the history books tell it, they tell it so well
The cavalries charged, the Indians fell
The cavalries charged, the Indians died
Oh the country was young with God on its side.

The Spanish American War had its day
And the Civil War too was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes I's made to memorize
With guns in their hands and God on their side.

Oh the 1st World War, well, it came & it went
The reason for fighting I never did get
But I learned to accept it, accept it with pride
For you don't count the dead with God...

When the 2nd World War came to an end
We forgave the Germans and then we were friends
Though they murdered 6 million, in the ovens they fried
The Germans now too have God...

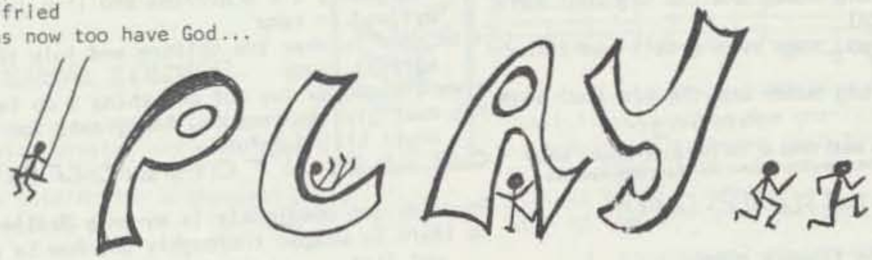
I've learned to hate Russians all thru my whole life
If another war comes it's them we must fight
To hate them & fear them to run & to hide
And accept it all bravely with God...

But now we got weapons of the chemical dust
If fire them we're forced to, then fire them we must
One push of the button and a shot the world wide
And you never ask questions with...

In many a dark hour I been thinkin bout this
That Jesus Christ was betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for you, you have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot had God on his side

So now as I'm leavin I'm weary as hell
The confusion I'm feelin ain't no tongue can tell
The words fill my head and fall to the floor
If God's on our side, He'll stop the next war.
—Bob Dylan

In his SONGBOOK & on TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN. On Baez' IN CONCERT #2
(c) 1963 M. Witmark & Sons. All rights reserved.



ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette
Alouette, je te caress'rai (or je te plumerai)
Je te caress'rai la tete (2x)
Et la tete (2x) Alouette (2x) Oh!
D – A D (2x) D – A AD / A – – – A7 –

Other verses: le bec, le nez, le dos,
les pattes, le cou. -Québec

In JOYFUL SINGING, SING TOGETHER CHILDREN, 1004 FOLKSONGS & FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS. FR. TRANSL: Gentle Alouette, I am going to pet you--on the head, the beak, the nose, the back, the feet, the tail...
(The orig. version "Je te plumerai" means "I will pluck off your head, your beak, your back, etc...")

AUNT RHODY

Chorus
Go tell Aunt Rhody (3x)
The old grey goose is dead
D – A D (2x)

The one that she was savin (3x)
To make a feather bed

The gander's a mournin/cuz his wife is dead
The goslins are weepin/cuz their mammy's dead
She died in the millpond/from standin on her head
She died of the smallpox/least that's what the doctor said

In SING TOGETHER CHILDREN, 1004 FOLKSONGS & WEAVERS SONGBOOK.

AUTUMN TO MAY

Oh, once I had a little dog, his color it was brown
I taught him how to whistle, to sing and dance and run.
His legs they were fourteen yards long, his ears so very wide,
Around the world in half a day, upon him I could ride.
C G C D (2x) G EmD G Em/G EmBm C D

Refrain
Sing tarry-o-day/ Sing Autumn to May.
GC D/Em EmC D –

Oh, Once I had a little frog, he wore a vest of red
He'd lean upon a silver cane, top hat on his head
He'd speak of far off places, of things to see and do
And all the kings and queens he'd met while sailing in a shoe.

Oh, once I had a flock of sheep, they grazed upon a feather
I'd keep them in a music box from wind and rainy weather.
And every day the sun would shine they'd fly all through the town
To bring me back some golden rings, and candy by the pound.

Oh, once I had a downy swan, she was so very
frail.
She sat upon an oyster shell and hatched me out
a snail.
The snail it changed into a bird, bird to
butterfly
And he who tells a bigger tale would have to
tell a lie. -Peter Yarrow & Paul Stookey

In PETER,PAUL & MARY SONGBOOK & on their first album. This version (c) 1962 Pepamar. For other versions of "Little Brown Dog" see SINGOUT REPRINTS #5 & Judy Collins' GOLDEN APPLES.

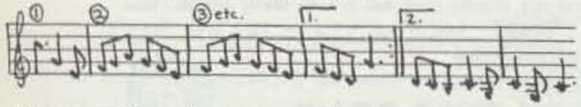
BEANS IN MY EARS

My Mommy said not to put beans in my ears,
beans in my ears, beans in my ears.
My Mommy said not to put beans in my ears, beans
in my ears. D A - D (2x)

Now why would I want to put beans in my ears?...
You can't hear your teacher with beans in your
ears. . .
Oh, maybe it's fun to have beans. . .
Hey, Charlie, let's go and put . . .
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? Let's put beans in . . .
YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK UP! I've got beans. . .
Hey, Mommy, I've gone and put . . .
THAT'S NICE SON, Just don't put those . . .
I think that all grownups have beans. . .
-Len Chandler

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #10 & on Seeger's DANGEROUS SONGS. (c) 1964 Fall River Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

BLACK SOCKS



Black socks, they never get dirty
The longer you wear them the stronger they get
Sometimes I think I should launder them
Something keeps telling me don't wash them yet
Not yet, not yet.

CRIPPLE CREEK

I got a friend at the head of the creek
Go up and see him [her] 'bout the middle of the
week
His [her] eyes just sparkle like bright sunshine
Throws his arms around me like a sweet potata
vine D - GD/D - AD :||

Chorus
Goin' up to Cripple Creek, goin' at a run
Goin' up to Cripple Creek to have a little fun
Goin'. . . going to the end
Goin'. . .to see my friend
D---/--AD :||

Kids up on Cripple Creek they so free
Jump on your lap like a squirrel up a tree
We hold on tight when things feel bad
Laugh when you're happy and cry when you're sad

One time it rained 'bout a week or more
I never saw such mud before
We ran round naked like little greased pigs
Stood on our heads and danced the jig

When grandma died at a hundred and two
We danced and we sang like she asked us to
Folks drove in from miles around, to
Help lay grandma in the ground

Loving ________ (friend's name) is so easy
Cuz I love her (him) and she [he] loves me
If I had all the gold on earth
It still wouldn't touch what a good friend's
worth. -Traditional/new words by Peter Blood

New words (c) 1978. In 1004 FOLKSONGS, On BEST OF BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE, THE ESSENTIAL OF PETE SEEGER.& Don MacLean's SOLO.

FARMER IN THE DELL

Oh the farmer in the dell (2x)
Hi-ho the dairy-o, the farmer in the dell
D-/--/--AD

The farmer finds a friend, cow, hen, dog, etc.

THE FOX

The fox went out on a chilly night
Prayed for the moon to give her light
For she'd many a mile to go that night
Before she reached the town-o (3x) She'd...
D-/-A/DG/DA D A D/GDAD

She ran til she came to a great big pen
Where the ducks & geese were kept within
Sayin "A couple of you gonna grease my chin
Before I leave this town-o, town-o..."

Well Father Flipper Flopper jumped out of bed
Out of the window he cocked his head
Cryin Mom, mom, the gray goose is gone
And the fox is on the town-o...

So Mom she ran to the top of the hill
Blowed her horn both loud and shrill
The fox said "I better flee with my kill
For they'll soon be on my tail-o...

So she grabbed the gray goose by the neck
Throwed the duck across her back
Never a-mind the quack-quack-quck
And the legs all danglin down-o...

She ran til she came to her own pen
There were the little ones, 8, 9, 10
Sayin Mommy, mommy better go back again
For it must be a mighty fine town-o...

Mr. fox and his wife without any strife
Cut up the goose with a carving knife
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o...

In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS & 1004 FOLK SONGS. On Odetta's AT THE HORN & KINGSTON TRIO AT THE HORN.& Harry Belafonte's MARK TWAIN.

THE FROZEN LOGGER (or "Being Tough Doesn't Pay")

As I stepped out one evening into a small cafe
A 40 year old waitress these words to me did say
DA - D/DGAD

I see you are a logger & not just a common bum
For no one but a logger sitrs his coffee with
his thumb

My lover was a logger there's none like him today
If you'd pour whiskey on it he'd eat a bale of hay

He never shaved his whiskers from off his horny
hide
He'd just drive em thru with a hammer & bite em
off inside

My lover came to see me twas on one freezing day
He hugged me in a fond embrace that broke 3
vertebrae

He kissed me when we parted so hard it broke my
jaw
I could not speak to tell him he'd forgot his
mackinaw

The weather it tried to freeze him it tried its
level best
At 100° below zero he buttoned up his vest

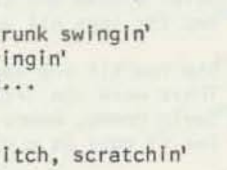
It froze clean thru to China it froze to the
stars above
At 1000° below zero it froze my logger love

And so I lost my lover & to this cafe I come
And here I wait til someone stirs his coffee
with his thumb - James Stevens

In 1004 FOLKSONGS & on the WEAVER'S ON TOUR. TRO (c) 1954 & 1969 Folkways Music Publishers Inc, New York NY. Used by permission.

GOING TO THE ZOO

Daddy's taking us to the zoo tomorrow
Zoo tomorrow, zoo tomorrow
Daddy's taking us to the zoo tomorrow
We can stay all day
D -/AD/D -/AD



Chorus
We're going to the zoo, zoo, zoo
How about you, you, you?
You can come too, too, too
We're going to the zoo, zoo, zoo
G -/D -/A -/D-

See the elephant with the long trunk swingin'
Great big ears and long trunk swingin'
Sniffin up peanuts with the long...
We can stay all day.

See all the monkeys scritch, scritch, scratchin'
Jumpin all around and scritch...
Hangin by their long tails and...

Big black bear all huff huff a-puffin'
Coat's too heavy, he's huff...
Don't get too near the huff...
Or you won't stay all day

Seals in the pool all honk honk honkin'
Catchin' fish and honk...
Little seals honk...

We stayed all day and I'm gettin' sleepy
Sittin in the car gettin' sleep sleep sleepy
Home already and I'm ...
We have stayed all day
(This chorus) We've been to...,So have you...,etc.

Mamma's taking us to the zoo tomorrow...
- Tom Paxton

In his RAMBLIN BOY. (c) 1961 Cherry Lane. On PETER, PAUL & MOMMY.

GRANOLA

(Tune: "Lola" by the Kinks)
Well it's made out of oats, it's made out of seeds
It's made out of nuts to meet your protein needs
E -/AD

Chorus
It's Granola, oh oh oh Granola
That's right now, Granola. It's granola
E - A -/D - E DA

You can eat it plain you can eat it with a pickle
But no matter how you eat it it'll make yer
innards tickle

If you really want to you can buy it in a store
But if you make it yourself, you'll like it much
much more - Alan Tuttle

Alan works as a shipping clerk when he's not baking granola. Used by permission.

GUM SONG

Chorus
Chomp Chomp Nibble Nibble Yum Yum Yum
I love to chew on my chewing gum.
My chewing gum's so good and sweet
It makes me happy from my head to my feet.
DA/AD/DG/DAD

I love to pull my gum out far
And pluck on it like a big guitar.
I wind it around my thumb with care
'Cuz nobody likes it is it gets in my hair

Blowing a bubble's mighty tough
You've got to stick your tongue out enough.
Now I'm ready, just look at me
And I'll blow you a bubble as big as a tree.

Sometimes when I'm chewing gum
I make it flat with the top of my tongue.
I make it flat, then I take it out
And it makes a map of the top of my mouth.

My gum makes pops and cracks and clicks
Against my teeth and against my lips
When I'm all alone, no one else around,
I love to hear that chewing gum sound.
- Mary Dart

In SONGS FOR PEOPLE (c) 1975 as Mary Feeney, used by permission.

HOPPITY

Christopher Robbin goes Hoppity, hoppity
Hoppity, hoppity hop.
Whenever I tell him Politely to stop it
He says he can't possibly stop.
If he stopped hopping he couldn't go anywhere
Poor little Christopher couldn't go anywhere
That's why he always goes Hoppity Hoppity...
-A.A.Milne & Harold Fraser-Smith

CGCF/CGC- (repeat) CGC -/Dm Am G-
CGCF/CGC - (repeat fast)

In: 14 Songs From "When We Were Very Young" © 1925 E.P. Dutton
All rights reserved.

I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT

I'm a little teapot short and stout
Here is my handle, here is my spout
When I get all steamed up hear me shout
Just tip me over and pour me out.
C - F C/F C G C/C - F C/C F G C

THE ITSY BITSY SPIDER

The itsy bitsy spider climbed up the water spout
Down came the rain and washed the spider out
Out came the sun and dried the rain away
And the itsy bitsy spider climbed up the spout again. C - GC/etc.

I'VE BEEN TO LONDON

I've been to London, I've been to Dover
I've travelled this wide world all over
Over, over three times over
Drink all the brandywine and turn the glasses over D- --/- - --/--GD/--AD
D---/--A-/D---/--AD
Sailing east, sailing west
Sailing over the ocean
You better watch out when the waves begin to shout
Or you'll lose your friend in the ocean

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE R.R.

I've been workin' on the railroad
All the live-long day
I've been workin' on the railroad
Just to pass the time away
Can't you hear the whistle blowin?
Rise up so early in the morn!
Can't you hear the captain shoutin':
Dinah blow your horn
G-/CG/--/A D/- G/C B^7/CG/GDG

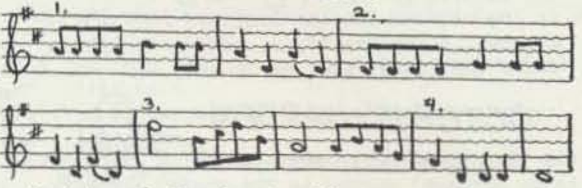
Dinah won't you blow (3x) your horn
Dinah won't you blow (3x) your horn
G C D G (2x)

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strummin' on the old banjo
G-/- D/G C/GDG

A playin' fee-fi-fiddly-i-o
Fee-fi-fiddly-i-o (2x)
Strummin' on the old banjo.

In POCKETFUL OF SONGS, FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLKSONGS.

KOOKABURRA



Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Merry merry king of the bush is he
Laugh kookaburra (2x)
Gay your life must be C F C - /etc.

Kookaburra...eating all the gumdrops he can see
Stop Kookaburra...save some there for me

Kookaburra...counting all the monkeys he can see
Stop...that's not a monkey that's me -M.Sinclair

From Australia. In the DITTY BAG (c) Janet E. Tobitt
In POCKETFUL OF SONGS & SING TOGETHER CHILDREN.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

Theirs is a little house, theirs is,
In a peartree full of pearses
Well they're birds you see, they live in a tree
Where they don't need ladders or stairses.
D-A-(2x)GDGD/G-AD

They're happy and free from careses
They never have to run from bearses
And pears are free, they're birds you see
From the world or any other careses.

Theirs is a little house, theirs is
With little bird beds and chairses
Did you ever hear of any house near
As nice a little house as theirs is?
-Nick Klonaris & Josef Berger

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #4. On Lavender Jane's LOVES WOMEN. (c) 1959 Sanga Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

MAIL MYSELF TO YOU

I'm gonna wrap myself in paper
I'm gonna daub myself with glue
Stick some stamps on top of my head
I'm gonna mail myself to you
D A/D A/D G/D AD

I'm agonna tie me up in a red string
I'm gonna tie blue ribbons too
I'm agonna climb up in my mailbox
I'm gonna mail myself to you

When you see me in your mailbox
Cut the string and let me out
Wash the glue off my fingers
Stick some bubblegum in my mouth

Take me out of my wrapping paper
Wash the stamps off my head
Pour me full of icecream sodies
Tuck me into a nice warm bed.
-Woody Guthrie

In his SONGBOOK & in SINGOUT REPRINTS #'s 6 & 7. On TRIBUTE TO GUTHRIE VOL. 2 & Seeger's WE SHALL OVERCOME. TRO (c) 1962 + 1963 Ludlow Music Inc. New York N.Y. Used by permission.

MULBERRY BUSH

Here we go round the mulberry bush, mulberry...
Here we go round the mulberry bush, so early in
the morning D – A – / D – A D
This is the way we wash our clothes, iron our
clothes, scrub the floor, mend our clothes,
sweep the house, bake our bread, etc.

OCTOPUS' GARDEN

I'd like to be under the sea
In an octopus' garden in the shade
He'd let us in, knows where we've been
In his octopus' garden in the shade
I'd ask my friends to come and see
An octopus' garden with me
C – Am – / F C G – / C – Am – / F G C –
Refrain F – – – / C – G –
I'd like to be under the sea
In an octopus' garden in the shade
C – Am – / F G C –

We would be warm below the storm
In our little hideaway beneath the wave
Resting our head on the sea bed
In an octopus' garden near a cave
We would sing and dance around
Because we know we can't be found...

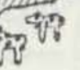
We would shout and swim about
The coral that lies beneath the waves
Oh what joy for every girl and boy
Knowing they're happy and they're safe
We would be happy you and me
No one there to tell us what to do

...in an octopus' garden with you (3x)
- Richard Starkey

On the Beatles' ABBEY ROAD (c) 1969 Startling Music Ltd. US: Startling Music Inc, New York, NY. All rights reserved.

OLEANNA

Chorus
Ole-oleanna, Ole-oleanna
Ole-ole-ole-ole-ole-oleanna
D – G D / A D A D



The cows and calves do all the work
They milk and churn til the dairy's full
While the bull keeps herd production high
And sends reports to Ole Bull

Little roasted piggies
Run about the village streets
Inquiring so politely
If a slice of ham you'd like to eat.

They pay you here for getting drunk
The more you drink the more they pay
So the rich man is the lazy man
Who drinks all night and sleeps all day.

The sun keeps shining day and night
Til the moon politely asks a turn
As harvest here is once a month
We've time to waste and money to burn.

A large number of utopian experiments sprung up in the US during the mid 19thc. One not especially long-lived was started by the famous Norwegian violist Ole Bull. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #2.

OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

There's an old hollow tree just a little way fro
from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
If you hush up your mug then they'll give you a
jug
Of that good old mountain dew
G – – – / C – G – / G – – – / G D G –
Chorus
They call it that good old mountain dew (mtn...)
And them that refuse it are few (quite a few!)
You go round the bend & you come back again
With that good old mountain dew.

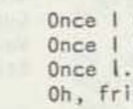
My uncle Bill has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallow or two
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't
fly
From sniffing that good old...

My Aunty June had a brand new perfume
It had such a sweet smelling phew (P. U. !)
To her surprise when she had it analyzed
It was nothing but...

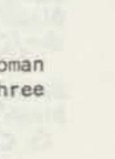
The preacher come by with a tear in his eye
He said that his wife had the flu
We told him he ought to give her a quart
Of that...

My brother Nort, he is sawed off and short
He measures about four foot two (4 – 2!)
But he feels like a giant when you give him a
pint...

Mr. Roosevelt told me just how he felt
The day that the dry law went through:
If your likker's too red, it will swell up your
head
Better stick to that ... -Trad. USA
In SONGFEST.



ONCE I SAW A BAKERMAN



Once I saw a bakerman, bakerman, bakerman
Once I saw a bakerman with his pie pans three
Once I saw a bakerman baking all his pies by
hand
Oh, friendly bakerman: please show me
C – – – / C – Dm G / C – – C G / C – G C

Once I saw a farmwoman, farmwoman, farmwoman
Once I saw a farmwoman with her horses three
Once I... plowing all her fields by hand
Oh, friendly farmwoman, please show me

Once I saw a washerman(3x)
Once...with his washtubs three
Once...washing people's clothes by hand
Oh, friendly...

Fishwoman/fishnets 3/catching all her fish...
Spinnerman/spindles 3/spinning all his wool...
Seamsterman/needles 3/sewing people shirts...
Shoewoman/hammers 3/cobbling all her shoes...
- Peter Blood

Used by permission.

PEANUT BUTTER

Chorus
Peanut, peanut butter! (and jelly, and jelly)
(repeat)

First you take the grapes and you squish 'em,
you squish'em (2x)
Then you take the peanuts and you mash'em...
Then you take the bread and you spread it...
Then you take the sandwich and you eat it...

THE PREACHER WENT DOWN

Oh the preacher went down (echo)
To the cellar to pray (...)
He fell asleep (....)
And he stayed all day (...)
(repeat 4 lines without echo)
I ain't agonna grieve my Lord no more.
D---/GDGD/-A--/-D--/-G/--/-D/--
Chorus DA---D--
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more (3x)
DG--/-D--/A---D--
Oh you can't get to heaven in an old Ford car
Cuz the gosh darn thing won't go that far...

Oh you can't get to heaven on roller skates
Cuz you'll roll right by them pearly gates...

If you get there before I do
Just bore a hole and pull me through...

PUFF, THE MAGIC DRAGON

Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land
called Honalee.
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff
And brought him strings and sealing wax and
And other fancy stuff, o...
G Bm (or D) C G/C G A D/G Bm C G/C G A D G

Chorus - same as 1st and 2nd lines, sung twice

Together they would travel on a boat with
billowed sail
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic
tail
Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er they
came
Pirate ships would lower their flags when Puff
roared out his name, o...

A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys
Painted wings and giants' rings make way for
other toys.
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came
no more
And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his
fearless roar.
His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell
like rain
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry
lane.
Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be
brave
So, Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into
his cave, o... - Peter Yarrow & Leonard Lipton

On Peter, Paul, & Mary's MOVING, IN CONCERT, & 10 YRS. (c) 1963 Pepamar Music. All rights reserved.

RIDIN' IN THE CAR

Take me riding in the car, car (3x)
I'll take you riding in my car
DA/-D/-G/DAD
Click, clack, open up the door (3x)
Take you riding...

Climb, climb, rattle on the front seat
Spree I spraddle on the back seat
Turn my key, step on my starter
Take you riding in my car.

Engine it goes brrrm, brrrm (2x)
Front seat, back seat, boys and girls...

Trees and the houses walk along (2x)
Truck and a car and a garbage can...

Boom buh buh buh buh buh buh boom buh boom
Boom boom buh buh buh buh boom buh boom
Boom ....

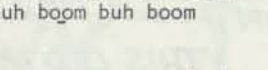
Ships and the little boats chug along (2x)
Brrmm buh-buh boom boom boom buh boom...

I'm a-gonna send you home again (2x)
Boom, boom,... rolling home...

I'm a-gonna let you blow the horn (2x)
A-oorah, a-oorah, a-oogah, oogah...
-Woody Guthrie

Used by permission.

In his SONGBOOK, on his SONGS TO GROW ON, & on Peter, Paul and Mary's IN CONCERT. TRO (c) 1954 + 69 Folkways Music Publishers Inc. New York NY.



RISE AND SHINE

The Lord said Noah there's gonna be a floody
floody (2x)
The whole world is gonna be muddy muddy
Children of the Lord.
C-F- (3x) CGC -

Chorus
So rise and shine and give God the glory glory
(3x)
Children of the Lord!

The Lord said to Noah you better build an arky
arky (2x)
Build it out of birchy barky barky, Children...

(CONT... NEXT PAGE)

The animals came on board twosies by...
Elephants and Kangaroosies, oosies...

It rained and rained for 40 nights and daisies...
(3x)
Almost drove those animals crazy crazy...

Noah, he looked up and saw a dove-y...
Saw it up in heaven abovey...

The sun came out and dried up the landy...
Everything was fine and dandy...

The animals came off, came off by threesies...
They'd heard about those birds and beesies...

This is the end of, end of my story...
Everything is hunky-dory...
In 1004 FOLKSONGS.

THEY ALL HAVE TAILS LIKE ME

A lion has a tail and a very fine tail
And so has an elephant and so has a whale
And so has a crocodile and so has a quail
They've all got tails but me.
D A D A (2x) G D G D / G A D –

If I had a sixpence I would buy one
I'd say to the shopman "Let me try one."
I'd say to the elephant "This is my one."
They'd all come round to see.

Then I'd say to the lion "Why you've got a tail
And so has the elephant and so has the whale
And look! There's a crocodile. He's got a tail
You've all got tails like me.."
A.A. Milne & Harold Fraser-Smith
In 14 Songs from "When We Were Very Young"
(c) 1925 E.P. Dutton. All rights reserved

THIS OLD MAN

This old man, he played one
He played knick-knack on my thumb, with a
Knick-knack paddy-wack give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home
C---/F-G-/C---/G--C

Other verses: 2-on my shoe/3-on my knee
4-door/5-hive/6-sticks/7-up in heaven
8-on my pate/9-on my spine/10-once again
In SING TOGETHER CHILDREN

WHAT'LL I DO WITH THIS BABY-O

Chorus
What'll I do with this baby-o? (3x)
If she don't go to sleepy-o?
D-AD (4x)
Wrap her up in a tablecloth (3x)
Throw her up in the fodder-loft.
D-GD/∸-AD :||
Tell your mammy when she comes home (3x)
And I'll give Old Blue your chicken bone.

Pull her toes, tickle her chin (3x)
Roll her up in the countypin.

Dance her north, dance her south (3x)
Pour a little moonshine in her mouth.

Everytime the baby cries
Kiss this baby on her eyes
That's what I'll do with the baby-o (2x)
-Jean Ritchie
in ALL OUR LIVES. (c) Geordie Music. All rights reserved.

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

When I first came to this land, I was not
a wealthy man
So I got myself a farm and I did what I could
And I called my farm "muscle in my arm"
But the land was sweet and good
And I did what I could (repeat as needed)
C-FC FCGC/--FC G-C-‖[FCGC]‖
C-FC/G-C-
When I first came to this land...
So I built myself a shack and I...
And I called my shack "break my back"
And I called my farm "muscle... "
But the land...

So I got myself a horse, "dead of course"
Cow/ "no milk now"
Dog/ "What a hog!"
"Pig/ "Dance a jig"
Wife/ "Joy of my life"
Child/"free & wild" -Oscar Brand
This English translation is by Oscar Brand. In his SINGING HOLIDAYS.
In AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS & SINGOUT REPRINTS #2. TRO (c) 1957, 1965
Ludlow Music, New York, NY. Used by Permission. Also on BEST OF OSCAR BRAND.

WHY OH WHY

Why oh why oh why oh why?
Why of why oh why
Because, because, because, because
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!
C-/FC/FC/GC

Why can't a bird eat an elephant?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Because an elephant's got a pretty hard skin,
Goodbye (3x)

Why can't a mouse eat a street car?/Why...
Because a mouse's stomach ain't big enough to
hold no street car/Goodbye...

Why does a horn make music?...
Because the horn-blower blows it...

Why does a cow drink water?...
Because a (spoken fast) cow gets thirsty just
like you or me or anybody else...

Why don't you fly up toward the moon?...
(very fast) Because then I'll never be able to
get back down, back home again, and see
everybody again. Might not get back home
then, never again! (aaaaaaaah...!)

Why don't you answer my questions?...
Because I don't have the answers... -Woody Guthrie

In his SONGBOOK. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #12. On Odetta's SINGS FOLK SONGS & on TRIBUTE TO WOODY GUTHRIE, VOL. 2. TRO (c) 1960, 1963, + 1972 Ludlow Music Inc, New York NY. Used by permission.

WHY SHOULDN'T MY GOOSE

Why shouldn't my goose lay as much as thy goose?
When I payed for my goose twice as much as thine!

YELLOW SUBMARINE

In the town where I was born
Lived a man who sailed to sea
And he told us of his life
In the land of submarines
A D/Em A :||

So we sailed up to the sun
Till we found the sea of green
And we lived beneath the waves
In our yellow submarine.

Chorus
We all live in a yellow submarine
A yellow submarine, a yellow submarine
(repeat) A-/-D/-A/-D

And our friends are all aboard
Many more of them live next door
And the band begins to play... (make band noises together)

As we live the life of ease
Everyone of us has all we need
Sky of blue and sea of green
In our yellow submarine. -John Lennon & Paul McCartney

(c) 1966 Northern Songs Ltd. US: Maclen Music Inc All rights reserved.
On Beatles' REVOLVER & their YELLOW SUBMARINE.

YOU CAN'T MAKE A TURTLE COME OUT

You can't make a turtle come out (2x)
You can call him or coax him or shake him or
shout,
But you can't make a turtle come out, come out
You can't make a turtle come out.
C G C G/C G C C7/F D7 Em A/Dm G CGC/
FGC—

If he wants to stay in his shell (2x)
You can knock on the door but you can't ring
the bell, and you...

Be kind to your four-footed friends (2x)
A poke makes a turtle retreat at both ends, and...

So you'll have to patiently wait (2x)
And when he gets ready he'll open the gate, but...

And when you forget that he's there (2x)
He'll be walking around with his head in the air...
air, but . . . -Malvina Reynolds

On her ARTICHOKES...& her FUNNY BUGS...On Ginni Clemmens' LONG TIME FRIENDS. (c) 1963 Schroder Music (ASCAP). Used by permission.
Also in SING OUT magazine, Vol 27, no. 6 (Dec. 1979)

PRISON

ANOTHER MAN

Another man done gone (another man done gone)
Another man done gone
Refrain: A from the county farm
Another man done gone.
Am — —/Em/D/Am

He had a long chain on (3x) A from the county
farm
Another man done gone.

I didn't know his name (3x) A from...

He killed another man... -Vera Hall

Adapted by Lomaxes and Ruby Pickens Tarft. In Pete Seeger BELLS OF RHYMNEY & on Odetta's BALLADS AND BLUES. TRO (c) 1959 Ludlow Music, In., New York, NY. USED BY PERMISSION. & 1966
New arrangement By Vera Hall.

CARRY IT ON

There's a friend by my side walking.
There's a voice within me talking
There's a word that needs a saying
Carry it on (4x)
D — /A D /D — /A D A D

They will tell their lyin stories
Send their dogs to bite our bodies
They will lock us in their prisons...

All their dogs will lie there rottin
All their lies will be forgotten
All their prison walls will crumble...

When you can't go on any longer
Take the hands of one another
Every victory's gonna bring another... -Gil Turner

On Joan Baez ONE DAY AT A TIME. In Judy Collins' SONGBOOK & on her #5. TRO (c) 1964 Melody Trails, Inc. New York NY. Used by Permission & 1965

DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI

Die Gedanken sind frei wer kann sie erraten
Sie fliehen vorbei wie nächtliche Schatten
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen kein Jäger
erschiessen
Es bleibet dabei Die Gedanken sind frei (2x)
G–DG(2x)DGDG/C GDG(2x)
(capo up 2)
Ich denke was ich will und was mich beglücket
Doch alles in der Still und wie es sich schicket
Mein Wunsch und Begehren kann niemand verwehren
Es bleibet dabei...

Und sperrt man mich ein im finsteren Kerker
Das alles sind rein vergebliche Werke
Denn meine Gedanken zerreissen die Schranken
Und Mauern entzwei...

Die Gedanken sind frei my thoughts freely flower
Die Gedanken sind frei my thoughts give me power
No scholar can map them no hunter can trap them
No one can deny Die Gedanken sind frei (2x)

I think as I please and this gives me pleasure
My conscience decrees, this right I must treasure
My thought will not cater to duke or dictator, No...

And should tyrants take me & throw me in prison
My thoughts will burst free like blossoms in
season
Foundations will crumble & structures will tumble
And free folk will cry "Die Gedanken sind frei"

This song goes all the way back to the Peasant Wars of 500 yrs ago in Germany. Resistance to tyranny goes back a long ways! In SINGOUT REPRINTS #8, BELLS OF RHYMNEY, SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, & in SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. (as "A Free Spirit") These English words are by Arthur Kevess & appeared first in SINGOUT MAGAZINE (c) 1950 Sing Out!—The Folk Song Magazine, 270 Lafayette St, New York NY 10012. Used by permission. (The German means: "Thoughts are free!")

THE HOSTAGE

I'm a guard at the big state prison
Or at least I was til now
It was never a picnic social, never a day
They never come in laughing
And you know we never taught how, it was
Damn hard work and you wouldn't believe the pay
Em – / Am Em / C D Em – (repeat)

It was early in the morning
I wasn't but half awake
When the cons rose up and took us by surprise
I never was one for shaking
But I found it hard to stand, with a
Six inch blade held right before my eyes

We could hear the siren blowing
And somebody yelled in pain, and
It got so quiet you could hear a bird walk by
They all wore masks on their faces
They spoke with the voice of pain, "If they
Come in shootin you know you're bound to die"

I turned to a buddy named Willy
I said "Willy it'll be allright. If they
Meant to kill us we'd be halfway down the hill
See they hijack a plane in the desert
And the government screams and cries, but
To save our lives they open up a prison cell"

So the days kept acomin and agoin
Tension was agettin high, but I
Wasn't too worried, I figured I knew the score
I knew they was talkin to someone
I knew they was willin to try, so I
Figured my freedom was a matter of a day or 2
more

Then, Jesus! early this morning
The whirlybird dropped the gas
It made me sick and it dropped me to my knees
The bullets fell like hailstones
I heard the first one pass, then they
Cut down Willy and they got Jim Kelly and me

They come in yellin and cursin
Like they was crossing the River Rhine
Shot down every goddam thing they saw
And as I lay there wounded
I took another one in the spine
And old Jim Kelly got another one in the jaw

They say we had our throats cut
By a band of reckless men
They say they saved just as many of us as they
could
Well the Governor he should know it
And I think I'll say it again, that the
Governor cut my throat and he cut it good

Yeah, let them take the Governor
Hold him for a couple of days
See who goes in shootin to set him free
Hell, they'd open every jail in the country
Send them on their way! They'd
Never do to him what the governor did to me.
–Tom Paxton

In the late 60's an uprising took place in Attica State Prison in upstate New York around living conditions. The inmates repeatedly requested to meet directly with Gov. Rockefeller, who refused. After several days of negotiations state troopers went in firing, killing 30 prisoners & 10 guard hostages. At first the State attempted to cover up the fact that the hostages were killed by the state troopers' bullets rather than the inmates knives. (Several inmates even flung themselves on top of their hostages to try and shield them from the bullets.) On Judy Collins' TRUE STORIES. On We PEACE WILL COME.
(c) 1972 United Artists Music All rights reserved.

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING

My life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentation
I hear the real though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation
Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear that music ringing
It sounds an echo in my soul
How can I keep from singing?
D G/D A/D G/DA AD/D –/––/– GD*/
DA AD

What though the tempest loudly roars
I hear the truth, it liveth
What though the darkness round me close
Songs in the night it giveth
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging
Since Love is Lord of heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing

*Alt. melody for 7th line:
/D G/

When tyrants tremble, as they hear
The bells of freedom ringing
When friends rejoice both far and near
How can I keep from singing?
In prison cell and dungeon vile
Our thoughts to them are winging
When friends by shame are undefiled
How can I keep from singing

↗

I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin
I see the blue above it
And day by day, this pathway clears
Since first I learned to love it
The peace of God restores my soul
A fountain ever springing
All things are mine since I am loved
How can I keep from singing!

This is an old Quaker hymn that dates back to pre-Civil War North Carolina, when the Friends there suffered persecution for their opposition to slavery. The last verse is new. On Pete Seeger, I CAN SEE A NEW DAY & in BELLS OF RHYMNEY. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #8.

I SHALL BE RELEASED

(capo up 4 or play in E "barring")
They say everything can be replaced
They say every distance is not near
Yet I remember every face
Of everyone who put me here
C - Dm - / Em F G C - (repeat)

Chorus
I see my life come shining
From the west unto the east
Any day now, any day now
I shall be released.
(Same as verse with last line: Em F C -

They say everyone needs protection
They say that everyone must fall
And yet I swear I see my reflection
Somewhere so high above this wall

Yonder stands someone in the lonesome crowd
Someone who swears she's not to blame
Yet all day long I hear her shouting so loud
She's calling out that she was framed
- Bob Dylan

On his GREATEST HITS II. On the BAND, MUSIC FROM BIG PINK. On Joan Baez ANY DAY NOW & her FROM EVERY STAGE. On Peter, Paul & Mary LATE AGAIN. (c)1967 Dwarf Music. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

KEVIN BARRY

Early on a Sunday morning
High up on a gallows tree
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty
Only a lad of 18 summers
Yet there's no one can deny
That he went to death that morning
Nobly held his head up high
A - / - D / E A / E A (repeat)

Chorus
"Shoot me like an Irish soldier
Do not hang me like a dog
For I fought for Ireland's freedom
On that dark September morn
All around that little bakery
Where we fought them hand to hand
Shoot me like an Irish soldier
For I fought to free Ireland

Just before he faced the hangman
In his lonely prison cell
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
All the names of his companions
Other things they wished to know
"Turn informer & we'll free you"
Proudly Barry answered, "No!"

Barry was an 18year old student who enlisted in the IRA and was captured in an ambush in which a British soldier was killed. He was hung on Nov. 1, 1920 less than a year before the Irish Free State was recognized by England. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & CLANCY BROS. SONGBOOK. On their RISING OF THE MOON.

LIKE FLOWERS ON THE VINE

Chorus #1
It doesn't matter who you kill
The sun will always shine
You can put us in your prisons, you can put us in your jails
But we'll rise, we'll rise like flowers on the vine.
D - A D / - G D A - / D - G D / D G A D -

Oh your jails may hold my body & keep me locked inside
But you can't lock up my thinkin or my song
You can hate me & harass me, you can take me from my friends
But it's I, it's I who'll be bringing you along
D - A D / G G D A - / D - G D / D G A D

Chorus #2
And it doesn't matter who you kill
The birds will always sing, you can...
...we'll rise like flowers in the spring

There's a world that must be peaceful, a world that must be free
Here's a warning that the powerful must heed
If there are people who are hungry there are people who're enslaved
And you'll never, you'll never be at peace until they're freed (1st chorus)

Oh I hope you will remember, I hope you'll keep in mind
We're not speakin of the future when we say
That all people must have freedom & the world must be at peace, when we
Speak to you we are speakin bout today (2nd ch)

Written by a draft-age Quaker from New York Yearly Meeting -- sorry we forgot your name!--during the Vietnam War.

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Well, you wake up in the morning
Hear the ding-dong ring
You go a-marching to the table
See the same damn thing
Well, it's on a one table
Knife, a fork and a pan
And if you say anything about it
You're in trouble with the man
C - / G - / D - / G / (repeat)

Chorus
Let the midnight special shine her light on me
Let the midnight special shine her everloving light on me C - G - / D - - G

Now if you ever go to Houston
Man, you better walk right
And you had better not stagger
And you had better not fight
A-'cause the sheriff will arrest you
He's gonna take you down
And when the jury finds you guilty
You're penitentiary bound. -TRADITIONAL
(a favorite of Leadbelly's)

The song refers to an old saying that if the headlight of a night train fell on a prisoner in his cell he would be set free. Leadbelly spent a good portion of his life in Southern jails for murder raps. His guilt or innocence has been the subject of much controversy. His status as one of the greatest blues men of the century has not. In AMERICAN FAV. BALLADS, PEOPLES SONGBOOK & WEAVERS SONGBOOK & FIRESIDE BOOK OF AMER. SONGS. On Seeger SINGS LEADBELLY & Odetta's AT THE HORN.

OLD HANNAH

Won't you go down old Hannah (Well, well, well)
Don't you rise no more (Don't you rise no more)
Won't you go down old Hannah__ Don't you rise no
more!-- Dm---/-----/DmG-A-Dm--

Well, if you rise in the morning (Well...)
Bring Judgement Day (Bring...)
Well, if you rise in the morning - Bring...

(other verses)
Well I looked at old Hannah/she was turning red...
Well, I looked at my partner/he was almost dead...
I said, wake up, old dead man/help me carry my row
Well my partner looked round/this is what he said...
Said, you oughta been in this prison/19 and 10...
They was driving the women/like they do the men
You oughta been in this prison/19 and 4...
You could find a deadman/on every row...

Well if you get lucky/& make it back home...
Go down by Julie's/tell her I won't be along...
Well I was a good man/but they drove me down...
(last verse)
Well it seems like everything (Well, well...)
Everything I do (Everything...)
Well it seems like most everything_I do is
wrong!---

-Andrew Craine

When Seeger and John Lomax got permission to do taping in a prison farm in Texas, a prisoner said "Well, gentlemen, this is Anderw B. Craine serving a lifetime sentence on Retrieve State Farm. This is a song I sing with the boys when I get worried" And Seeger adds "and what he sang I will never forget as long as I live." In BELLS OF RHYMNEY, SINGOUT REPRINTS #4, 1004 FOLKSONGS. On Seeger I CAN SEE A NEW DAY (c) 1963 author.

THE PEATBOG SOLDIERS

(Die Moorsoldaten)

Wohin auch das Auge blicket
Moor und Heide nur ringsheram
Vogelsang uns nicht erquicket
Eichen stehen kahl und krumm _
Wir sin die Moorsoldaten
Und ziehen mit dem Spaten Ins Moor _
Em C Em C/Am Em B7 Em/G - - C/
Am Em B7 Em EmD Cho: G - D B7/Em - Am B7 Em -
Auf und nieder geh'n die Posten
Keiner, keiner kann hindurch
Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten!
Vierfach ist umzäunt die Burg
Wir sin...

Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen
Ewig kann's night Winter sein
Einmal werden froh wir sagen:
"Heimat, du bist wieder mein."
Dann zieh'n die Moorsoldaten
Nicht mehr mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

Far and wide as the eye can wander
Heath and bog are everywhere
Not a bird sings out to cheer us
Oaks are standing, gaunt and bare
We are the peatbog soldiers
We're marching with our spades to the bog.

Up and down the guards are pacing
No one, no one can go through
Flight would mean a sure death facing
Guns and barbed wire greet our view.
We are...

But for us there is no complaining
Winter will in time be past
One day we shall cry rejoicing:
"Homeland dear, you're mine at last!"
Then will the peatbog soldiers
March no more with_____ spades to the bog!

A favorite marching song of the International Bridgade in Spain. Written by some of the first prisons in Hitler's concentration camps--in Dachau or Borgermoor,--in 1934. On SONGS OF THE SP. CIVIL WAR, VOL. ONE, In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & BELLS OF RHYMNEY. (c) Veterans of Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

SISTER WOMAN SISTER

Sister woman sister, can you still feel any pain
Or have they robbed you of your anger
While putting thorazine in your vein? Oh-
D C D C/D C/G -

Sister... have the walls grown up so high?
That you can't even dream of leaving
And you've forgotten how to fly, Oh

Sister... did they take away your child?
And lock her up on some juvenile hall
To grow up weary and wild, Oh

Sister... have you found any love inside?
Or do they hold that love against you
As they take away your pride, Oh

Sister... they won't let me come see you no
more
But I still got the poem that you wrote me
Hanging on my apartment door

It said: "I knock but the door won't open
I seek but I can't find you
I ask but you can't hear me when I'm screaming!"
Sister... I can't hear you when I scream (2x)
(to 1st verse)

-Holly Near

In her SONGBOOK & on her YOU CAN KNOW ALL I AM. On Lucha MEANS STRUGGLE. (c) Hereford Music 1974 All rights reserved. Used by permission.

TAKE THIS HAMMER

Take this hammer, (huh!) and carry it to the
captain (huh!) (3x)
You tell him I'm gone, (huh!) tell him I'm gone
(huh!)
D - A -/- - D -/D D7 G -/D A D -
If he asks you, (...)was I running, (3x)
You tell him I was flying, tell...

If he asks you, was I laughing...
You tell him I was crying, tell him...

I don't want no cornbread and m'lasses...
They hurt my pride! , they hurt...

-TRADITIONAL

ON LEADBELLY'S THIS HAMMER (Folkways) Seeger SINGS LEADBELLY, & Odetta AT THE HORN. In PEOPLES SONGBOOK & FIRESIDE BOOK OF AMER. SONGS.

THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE

Show me a prison, show me a jail
Show me a prisoner whose face is growin' pale
And I'll show you a young man with many
  reasons why
And there but for fortune go you or I you or I___
C Fm C Fm/C Am Dm G/C Am F Dm/Em C Dm
G C Fm C -

Show me an alley, show me a train
Show me a hobo who sleeps out in the rain
And I'll show you a young man...

Show me the whiskey stains on the floor
Show me a drunken man as he stumbles
  out the door
And I'll show you a young man...

Show me a country where the bombs had to fall
Show me the ruins of the buildings once
  so tall,
And I'll show you a young land... -Phil Ocha

On his IN CONCERT. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #9. On Baez' GREATEST & on GREATEST FOLKSINGERS OF THE 60's. (c) 1963 Appleseed Music Inc. All rights reserved.

WORRIED MAN

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song (3x)
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long._
G ---/C --G/G---/D--G-

I went across the river and I lay down to sleep
  (3x)
When I woke up, had shackles on my feet.

Twenty nine links of chain around my neck (3x)
And on each link, an initial of my name.

I asked that judge, tell me, what's gonna be
  my fine? (3x)
Twenty one years on the Rocky Mountain line.

The train arrive, sixteen coaches long (3x)
The one I love is on that train and gone.

I looked down the track, as far as I could see...
A little bitty hand, was waving after me.

If anyone should ask you, who made up this song.
Tell 'em 'twas I, and I sing it all day long.

In BELLS OF RHYMNEY. PEOPLES SONGBOOK, & TRAVELLING ON WITH THE WEAVERS. On Kingston Trio SING A SONG.

RICH & POOR

BANKS OF MARBLE

I've traveled round this country_
From shore_to shining shore_
It really makes me wonder
The things I heard and saw.
C GC-/F-C-/G-C-/G-C

I saw the weary farmer
Plowing sod and loam
I heard the auction hammer
Just a knocking down her home.

Chorus
But the banks are made of marble_
With a guard at every door, _
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer (seaman, miner) sweated for.
C ---/G-C-/C-FC-/G-C-
I saw the seamen standing
Idly by the shore
I heard the bosses saying,
"Got no work for you no more."

I've seen the weary miners
Scrubbing coal dust from their backs
And I heard their children crying
"Got no coal to heat the shack."

I've seen the women workers
On the job they're underpaid
While at home they work for nothing
Half the night and all the day.

My brothers and my sisters
Are at work throughout this land
I pray we'll get together
And together make a stand.

Last Chorus
Then we'll own those banks of marble
With no guard at any door
And we'll share those vaults of silver
That the workers sweated for! -Les Rice

(verse 5 is by John Braxton)

By Les Rice, a farmer and neighbor of Pete Seeger's. Written in 1949 when he was being squeezed by the big companies between the rising costs of equipment and fertilizer & the prices he could get. In BELLS OF RHYMNEY, SING OUT REPRINTS #8 & TRAVELLING ON WITH THE WEAVERS. On Seeger's BANKS OF MARBLE. (c) 1950 Stormking Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

BELLS OF RHYMNEY

Oh what will you give me
Say the sad bells of Rhymney
Is there hope for the future
Say the brown bells of Methyr
Who made the mine owner
Say the black bells of Rhondha
And who robbed the miner
Say the grim bells of Blaina
G---/CGAG-//G----/FAm D-//G CG G-/
Am--DG—

They will plunder willy-nilly
Say the bells of Caerphilly
They have fangs they have teeth
Say the loud bells of Neath
Even God is uneasy
Say the moist bells of Swansea
And what will you give me?
Say the sad bells of Rhymney.

(cont'd →

Throw the vandals in court!
Say the bells of Newport
All will be well if, if, if, if G Em –
Say the green bells of Cardiff FAm D –
Why so worried, sister, why? G Em F –
Sang the silver bells of Wye Em F G –
And what will you give me?
Sav the sad bells of Rhymney -Chris Davies & Pete Seeger
TRO (c) 1959 • '64 Ludlow Music Inc, New York NY, Used by permission.

Words are by a Welsh coal miner & friend of Dylan Thomas. These are the names of different towns throughout Wales. Cardiff is a governmental center & Wye is a considerably more prosperous than other coal town, hard hit by the depression. After the failure of the General Strike in 1926 Davies left mining and struggled through night school and University to finally become a teacher & publish his 3 slim volumes of poetry. In BELLS OF RHYMNEY & SINGOUT REPRINTS #3. On Seeger I CAN SEE A NEW DAY & WORLD OF...On Judy Collins RECOLLECTIONS.

BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

Once I built a railroad, I made it run,
I made it run against time.
Once I built a railroad, now it's done—
Brother, can you spare a dime?
Am – E G/Dm – Am – /Dm – Am – /E – Am E
Once I built a tower, up to the sun,
Bricks and mortar and lime.
Once I built a tower, now it's done,
Brother, can you spare a dime?
Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell,
Full of that Yankee-Doodly-Dum,
Half a million boots went slogging through Hell,
And I was the kid with the drum. Am---/--E–://
Say don't you remember, you called me Al,
It was "Al" all the time,
Say don't you remember, I was your pal,
Buddy, can you spare a dime? -E.Y. Harburg
+ Joe Gorney

On Judy Collins' JUDITH. On Peter, Paul & Mary SEE WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS (c) 1932 Harms.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

In the gloom of mighty cities
Mid the roar of whirling wheels
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old
And our masters hope to keep us
Ever thus beneath their heels
And to coin our very life blood into gold
C C7/F – /C – G – /C C7/F – /C G7 C –

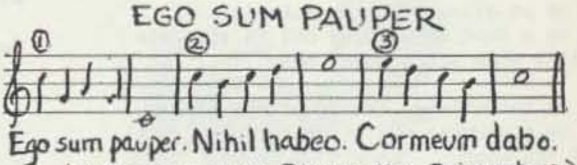
Chorus
But we have a glowing dream
Of how fair the world will seem
When each man can live his life secure and free
When the earth is owned by labor
And there's joy and peace for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be
G – /C – /– – G – /C C7/F – /C G7 C –
They would keep us cowed and beaten
Cringing meekly at their feet
They would stand between each worker and his
bread.
Shall we yield our lives up to them
For the bitter crust we eat?
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?
Shall we let them live forever
In their gilded halls of crime
With our children doomed to toil beneath their
goad?

When our cause is all triumphant
And we claim our Mother Earth
And the nightmare of the present fades away
We shall live with love and laughter
We who now are little worth
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay
- Ralph Chaplin

One of the great IWW songwriters. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & THE IWW SONGBOOK.

EGO SUM PAUPER



(LATIN: I'm a pauper. I have nothing. I give my heart.)

FOR ALL THAT

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head an a' that? [all – pron. "ah"]
The coward slave—we pass him by
We dare be poor for a' that
For a' that, an' a' that
Our toils obscure an' a' that
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's as good for a' that.
D – G A (3x) D – A – /D – A – /D – G –
D – Em – /D – A –
What though on homely fare we dine
Wear woolens coarse an' a' that?
Give fools their silk and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that
For a' that, an a' that
Their tinsel show an' a' that
The honest man, though e'er so poor
Is king of men for a' that.

You see yon boaster called a laird [lord]
Who stares and struts and a' that?
Though hundreds worship at his word
He's but a coof for a' that
For a' that, an a' that
This riband, star, an a' that
The man of independent mind.
He looks an' laughs at a' that

A prince can make a belted knight
A marquis, duke, an' a' that
But an honest man's above his might
Good faith: he cannot have that
For a' that, an' a' that
Their dignities an' a' that
The pith of sense an pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That sense and worth o'er all the earth
Shall win o'er greed for a' that
For a' that, an a' that
It's comin yet for a' that
Then man and woman the world o'er
Shall equals be for a' that. -Robert Burns

Burns (1759 - 1796), the Scottish national, poet wrote a huge number of songs, including some fine protest songs against war & economic injustice. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST as "A Man's A Man for A' That"

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM!

Oh, why don't you work, like other men do?
How the hell can I work when there's no work
to do?
Hallelujah, I'm a bum, Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a handout to revive us again!
G - - - / - - - D / G - - D / G C D G

I went to a house, I knocked on the door
The lady said, "Scram, bum, you've been here
before!" Hallelujah. . .

Whenever I get all the money I earn
The boss will go broke and to work he must turn

Oh, I love my boss, he's a good friend of mine
That's why I am starving out on the bread line.

Oh, why don't you save all the money you earn?
If I didn't eat, I'd have money to burn.
- Harry McClintock

In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLKSONGS. McClintock, a Wobbly, battled for years to establish his authorship of this song.

HARD TIMES OF AMERICA

Come all fellow tradesmen that travel along
And pray come and tell me where the trade is
all gone
Long time have I travelled and I cannot find
none
And sing oh the hard times of America
In America very hard times.
D - - - / G A G D / D - G D Cho A - D - / G A D -

You can go to the shops and you ask for a job
They will answer you there with a shake and a
nod
Any wonder that so many choose to turn out and
rob? And sing oh the hard times...

Your groceries you buy at the store it is true
But if you've no money there's none there for
you
So what's a poor person and their family to do...

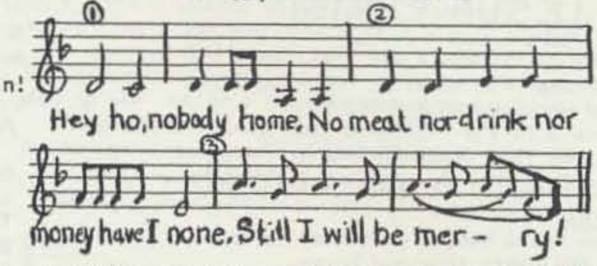
Poor children of all colors and walking the
streets
Now you look at their front yard it's made of
concrete
And scarce have they got any shoes on their feet

Our soldiers and sailors came back to our shores
From fighting a war no one knew what was for
Lord knows they came home to so many locked
doors...

And now to conclude and to finish my song
Let us work that these hard times they will not
last long
We must all change ourselves before we can
change the song
And sing oh the good times of America
In America very good times. - Leo Kretzer

The traditional version is on BAB & RON COPPER (Folk Legacy) & steel-eye span's ALL AROUND MY HAT. New version (c) 1975 author. Used by permission.

HEY HO, NOBODY HOME


①
②
Hey ho, nobody home. No meat nor drink nor
③
money have I none. Still I will be mer - ry!

I AIN'T GONNA BE TREATED THIS WAY

I'm blowin down this old dusty road
Yes, I'm blowin down this old dusty road
I'm blowin down this old dusty road, Lord God
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this-a-way.
D - - - / G - D - / G - D - / A - D -

I'm a-goin where the water tastes like wine (3x)
And I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way.

I'm a goin where them dust storms never blow...
They say I'm a dust-bowl refugee...
I'm looking for a job at honest pay...
My children need three square meals a day...
Your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet...
Takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet...
I'm goin down this old dusty road...
- Woody Guthrie

In his SONGBOOK & on his THIS LAND & his SINGS FOLK SONGS VOL 2. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & the PEOPLES SONGBOOK. On Elizabeth Cotton FOLKSONGS & INSTRUMENTALS. (c) 1960 & 1976 Hollis Music. All rights reserved. Also in SURVIVAL SONGBOOK.

I DON'T WANT YOUR MILLIONS, MISTER

(Tune: East Virginia)

I don't want your millions mister
I don't want your diamond ring
All I want is the right to live mister
Give to me a job again.
D - - - / G - D - / G - D - / A - D -

I don't want your Rolls Royce, mister
I don't want your pleasure yacht
All I want is food for my babies
Give to me my old job back

We worked to build this country mister
While you enjoyed a life of ease
You've stolen all that we built mister
Now our children starve and freeze.

Call me dumb if you wish mister
Call me green, or blue, or red
Just one thing I sure know mister
My hungry babies must be fed.

Take the two old parties mister
No difference in them I can see
But with a Farmer-Labor Party
We could set the people free

[and on second thought...]
You never earned those millions mister
They were produced by working hands
We're taking back our own wealth mister
Winning back our lives and lands.
-Jim Garland

Jim was a miner & the brother of Aunt Molly Jackson, an important songwriter/organizer for the miners union. Unfortunately, Minnesota's Farmers-Labor Party is now also "no different" from the other 2! The last verse is new. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, PEOPLES SONGBOOK & THE WEAVERS SONGBOOK. On Pete Seeger's SONGS OF STRUGGLE AND PROTEST.

RICH & POOR #1

JESUS CHRIST

(Tune: Jesse James)
Jesus Christ was a man that travelled
  through the land,
Hard working man and brave.
He said to the rich "Give your goods to the poor"
So they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.
D-GD/D-A-/D-GD/DAD-

Chorus
Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand,
His followers true and brave.
But the cops and legislators called
  them dangerous agitators,
So they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.
G-D-/--A-/D-GD/DAD-

He went to the sick, he went to the poor
And he went to the hungry and the lame
Said that the poor would one day win this world
And so they laid Jesus Christ in his grave

He went to the preacher, he went to the sheriff
Told them all the same:
"Sell all your jewelry and give it to the poor"
So they laid Jesus Christ in his grave

When Jesus came to town the working folks
  around
Believed what he did say
The bankers and the preachers they nailed him
  on the cross
And they laid Jesus Christ in his grave

When the love of the poor shall one day turn
  to hate
When the patience of the workers gives way
"Would be better for you rich if you never had
  been born,"
So they lay Jesus Christ in his grave

This song was written in New York City
Of rich men, preachers, and slaves
Yes, if Jesus preached today like he preached
  in Galillee
They would lay Jesus Christ in his grave
- Woody Guthrie

The Ballad of the Carpenter by Ewan MacColl (Work) is another song in this genre. In his SONGBOOK & on TRIBUTE TO WOODY GUTHRIE VOL 2. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #9, & on his ORIGINAL RECORDINGS. Tune in AMER. FAV. BALLADS, SINGOUT REPRINTS #4. TRO (c) 1961 + 1963 Ludlow Music New York, NY. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

KING OF THE ROAD

Trailer for sale or rent
Rooms to let: 50¢
No phone, no pool, no pets
I ain't got no cigarettes
Ah but, two hours of pushing broom
Buys a eight by twelve four-bit room
I'm a man of means by no means
King of the road.
A D/E A /- D/E - /A D/E A/- D/E A
Third boxcar, midnight train
Destination: Bangor, Maine
Old worn out suit and shoes
I don't pay no union dues
I smoke old stogies I have found
Short but not too big around / I'm a...

(interlude - chords as 1st half of verse)
I know every engineer on every train
All of the children and all of their names
And every handout in every town
And ev'ry lock that ain't locked when no
  one's round.
- Roger Miller
(c) 1964 Tree Publishing Co., Inc. In GREAT SONGS OF THE 60's.

NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

Once I lived the life of a millionare
Spent all my money and I didn't care
Taking my friends out for a mighty good time
Buying high priced liquor, champagne and wine
But then I began to fall so low
I didn't have a dollar, I had no place to go
Well if I ever get my hands on a dollar again
I'll hold on to it til the eagle grins.
C E A -/Dm A DmA Dm/F D7 CE A/D - Ab G
(Repeat, ending' D - GC
Nobody knows you when you're down and out
In my pocket not one penny
And when it comes to friends, I haven't any
But when I get back on my feet again
Everybody wants to be my long lost friend
It's mighty strange without a doubt
Nobody knows you when you're down and out.
- Jimmy Cox

In WEAVERS SONGBOOK & on Bessie Smith's ANY WOMAN'S BLUES (c) 1923 Pickwick.

PLEASE TIP YOUR WAITRESS

Sixteen tables, four chairs at each one
Two shows every night she's on the run
3 coffees here, 5 desserts there, let's go
And some jerk over there says she's too slow.
D-A-/--D-://

Chorus
Please tip your waitress, she's workin hard
  for you
She'll walk a few miles before she's thru
She's got bills to pay & food to buy like you
Please tip your waitress cuz she's...
G-D-/A-D-://

It's "honey" this & "dear" that all the time
But that's not half as bad as all those lines
She's a strong woman & her temper's gonna perk
If one more guy asks when she gets off work.

When she gets home from work she still can't rest
Cuz tomorrow at the college there's a test
She's up early in the morning as a rule
Makin sure the kids get off to school.

Her paycheck's low, she does the work of two
When something's wrong folks blame you know who
And then they say, "Come on now, where's your
  smile?"
While the owner's gettin richer all the while.
- Willie Sordill
(c) 1978 author. Willie is recorded on Folkways album of antisexist men's songs WALLS TO ROSES. In SING OUT Vol 28, no. 1 (Jan 1980)

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

Long-haired preachers come out ev'ry night
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right
But when asked about something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:
DGD-/D-A-/DGD-/DAD-

Chorus
You will eat (you will eat), bye and bye (bye..)
In that glorious land in the sky (way up high)
Work and pray (work...), live on hay (live...)
You'll get pie in the sky when you die (that's
a lie!) D-A-/--D-/D-G-/DAD-

And the starvation army they play
And they sing and they clap and they pray
Till they get all your coin on the drum
Then they tell you when you're on the bum:

If you fight hard for family and friends
Try to get something good 'fore life ends
You're a sinner and evil they tell
When you die you will sure go to Hell

Workingfolk of all countries, unite!
Side by side we for freedom will fight
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

Last Chorus
You will eat (...), bye and bye, (...)
When you've learned how to cook and to fry(...)
Chop some wood — 'twill do you good
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye (that's
no lie!) -Joe Hill

(3rd verse adapted by SING OUT magazine.)
By the great IWW songwriter & organizer. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & on Joe Glazer's SONGS OF JOE HILL. In TRAVELLING ON WITH THE WEAVERS.
In SING OUT Vol 28, No 4 (summer 1980.)

THE RICH MAN & THE POOR MAN
(Hi Ro Jerum)

There was a rich man and he lived in Jerusalem
Glory hallelujah hi ro jerum
He wore a silk hat and his coat was very
sprucium
Glory hallelujah hi ro jerum.
D---/D-AD:‖

Chorus
Hi ro jerum, hi ro jerum
Skinamalinka doolium, SKINAMALINKADOOLIUM!
Glory hallelujah hi ro jerum.
D-G-/D---/--AD

At his gate there stood a human wreckium
Glory...
He wore a bowler hat with the rim around his
neckium...

The poor man asked for a piece of bread and
cheesium...
The rich man replied, "I'll send for the
policium...

Well, the poor man died and his soul went to
heavium.
He danced with the angels till a quarter past
elevium.

The rich man died but he didn't fare so wellium.
He couldn't get to heaven so he had to go to
hellium.

The moral of this story is riches are no jokium.
So we'll all go to heaven cause we all are
stony-brokium! - Brookside Labor College

From a songbook published by the Brookwood Labor College, one of the first schools for workers in this country,(1921, Katonah, NY)
Taken from the parable of Lazarus and the rich man. In PEOPLES SONGBOOK & 1004 FOLKSONGS.

ROCKEFELLER (Orig. version: "Pig Nixon")

We're singin for you people -- it's a very simple
song --
Makin words is easy -- we know you'll sing along --
And to our nation's leaders -- the chorus will be
aimed --
We're gonna sing their praises -- you're all
familiar with their names --
(G)G---Em--/-G---Em--/- etc.

Chorus
Rockefeller -- you're never gonna kill us all --
Rockefeller -- your genocide is bound to fall --
Em C---D--/-C---G--

In school they taught us nonsense like loving
flags is neat
That the US fights for freedom & has never faced
defeat
We thank the 3rd world peoples, for proving that's
just jive
They're gonna keep on fighting, & their freedom
will survive. ITT — you're never...

The only thing my sisters we done was wrong --
Was stayin home & keeping someone else's house
too long
But now you know I feel it all my sisters gettin
strong
And when we do their power cannot last too long
General Foods...

From NY to California, jobs are pretty scarce
Welfare payments gettin lower, the cost of livin's
risin fast
Now they say it's gettin better, but the people
know the score
With inflation war & Watergate, they can't fool
us anymore. Henry Ford...

Well now this song is over, we hope you like the
tune
We hope you like the message, cuz we don't sing
of doom
Now there is still tomorrow, we got lots of work
to do
So the hell with Rockefeller, and all his buddies
too. Chase Manhattan... - adapted from song by Red Star Singers

Nixon was never anything more than a tool for the real big daddies, who didn't hesitate to cast him aside when his schemings began to threaten their interests. On their FORCE OF LIFE (c) 1974 Paredon. Adapted by Barb Anspach & Peter Blood. Used by permission.

SALT OF THE EARTH

Let's drink to the hard working people
Let's drink to the lowly of birth
Raise your glass to the good & the evil
Let's drink to the salt of the earth
Say a prayer for the common foot soldier
Spare a thought for his back breaking work
Say a prayer for his wife and his children
Who burn the fires & still till the earth
C G F C (3x) C G F --:‖

(Bridge)
And when I see this crowd of faces
A swirling mass of brown and black and white
They look so real to me -- but they look
So much in pain -- /Am-G-(2x) Am-F- --G-

(CONT... NEXT PAGE)

RICH & POOR #1

Raise your glass to the hard working people
Let's drink to the uncounted heads
Let's think of the wavering millions
Who need leaders but get gamblers instead
Spare a thought for the stay-at-home voter
His empty eyes gaze at strange beauty shows
And at parades of gray-suited grafters
A choice of cancer or polio

Let's drink to the hard working people
Let's think of the lowly of birth
Spare a thought for the ragtaggy people
Let's drink to the salt of the earth
Let's drink to the hard working people
Let's drink to the salt of the earth
Let's think of the two thousand million
Let's think of the humble of birth

—MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARD

On Rolling Stones' BEGGAR'S BANQUET. On Joan Baez BLESSED ARE... New chorus by Judy Collins (on JUDITH).
(c) 1968. Abkco. All rights reserved.

SATISFIED MIND

How many times did you hear someone say
If I had his money I'd do things my way
But little they know that it's so hard to find
A rich man or woman with a satisfied mind.
A G D – (2x) GA A D – / A G D –

Once I was lucky in fortune and fame
Had all that I needed to make a start in life's
game
Then suddenly it happened I lost every dime
But I'm richer by far with a satisfied mind.

For money won't buy back your youth when
you're old
Or a friend when you're lonely, or a heart
that's grown cold
The wealthiest person is a pauper at times
Compared to the one with a satisfied mind.

When my life is ended and my time has run out
My friends and relations I'll leave them no
doubt
But one thing's for certain when it comes my
time
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind.
- Rhodes & Mays

On Joan Baez FAREWELL ANGELINA & Ian & Sylvia PLAY ONE MORE (c) Starday. All rights reserved. On Bright Morning Star's ARISIN.

SOUP SONG

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

I'm spending my nights at the flophouse
I'm spending my days on the street
I'm looking for work, and I find none
I wish I had something to eat.
Soup, soup, they gave me a bowl of soup (2x)
GCG-/G-D-/GCG-/CDG-//G C D G (2x)

I spent twenty years in the factory
I did everything I was told
They said I was faithful and loyal
Now even before I get old:...

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker
To buy me a car and a yacht
I went down to draw out my fortune
And this is the answer I got:...
Soup, soup, they'll give you a bowl of soup (2x)
- Maurice Sugar

Maurice writes: "I wrote this song during the avalanche of sit-down strikes in 1937. During mealtimes in the plant kitchens of the factories long lines of workers would stand with bowls in hand singing the soup song with great gusto!" In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST.

TRAMP ON THE STREET

Jesus who died on Calvary's tree
Shed his life blood for you and for me
Mary she rocked him little baby to sleep
But he was only a tramp found dead on the
street

C – F – / G – C G / C – F / C G C F C

Only a poor man was Lazarus that day
When he lay down at the rich man's gate
Begged for the crumbs from his table to eat
He was only a tramp found dead on the street

He was somebody's darlin, he was somebody's son
Once he was small, once he was young
Somebody rocked him little baby to sleep...

When the battle is over and victory's won
Everyone mourns for the poor man's son
Red white and blue and victory's sweet...
- Hazel & Grady Cole

(c) 1940, 1947, 1964 Dixie Music Publishing Co. 57 3rd Ave. New York NY 10003.
On Joan Baez DAVID'S ALBUM. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #9 & on Peter, Paul & Mary LATE AGAIN. There are several different versions of this song, so if these chords don't fit yours, don't use them!

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy
boiled
You'll come a-walzing Matilda with me.
chorus
Waltzing Matilda (2x)
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited till his
billy boiled
You'll come a-walzing Matilda with me.
C G Am F / C – G – / C G Am F / C – G C
Cho C – F – / as verse

Down came a jumbuck to drink by the billabong
Up jumped the Swagman, grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his
tuckerbag...

Down came the squatter mounted on his
thoroughbred
Up came the troopers, one, two, three
"Whose' that jolly jumbuck you've got in your
tuckerbag?"...

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the
billabong
"You'll never catch me alive!" said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that
billabong... -A.B. Paterson (Australian)

In JOYFUL SINGING, POCKETFUL OF SONGS, 1004 FOLKSONGS, & FIRESIDE BOOK OF SONGS. (c) 1936 Allen & Co., Prop, Ltd Melbourne, Australia. (c) 1941 Carl Fischer, Inc, NY.

swagman = hobo
billabong = waterhole
jumbuck = sheep
tuckerbag = knapsack
squatters = rancher

Rural

ACRES OF CLAMS

I've wandered all over this country
Prospecting and digging for gold
I've tunneled, hydraulicked, & cradled,
And I have been frequently sold. (3x)(then
 repeat last two lines)
C -/- Am/C CF/CG C//C F/C Am/
C CF/CG C

For one who got rich by mining
I saw there were hundreds grew poor
I made up my mind to try farming
The only pursuit that is sure...

I rolled up my grub in my blanket
I left all my tools on the ground
I started one morning to shank it
For the country they call Puget Sound...

No longer the slave of ambition
I laugh at the world and its sham
And think of my happy condition
Surrounded by acres of clams...-Judge Francis B. Henry

Also known as "The Old Settler's Song" written at the time Wash. State was first being settled--in large part by people who hoped to strike it rich in the gold rushes, but ended up staying to take up more ordinary work like farming & fishing. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, PEOPLES SONGBOOK, & 1004 FOLKSONGS. Tune is in Clancy Bros. SONGBOOK.

APPLE MAID

(Tune: Union Made)

There once was an apple maid who never was afraid
Of unpruned trees and muddy knees
And the briars that grow beneath the trees
She'd climb up on her tree, to a height of
 thirty feet
And if her ladder came crashing down
She'd hardly even frown.
C-FC/GCDG/C-FC/GCGC

Chorus
Oh, you can't scare me I'm an applepicker
And I pick quicker when there's no stickers
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm an applepicker.
And I keep on picking till the season's done.
F-C-/G-C- (repeat)

This apple maid was wise, to the tricks of
 Northern Spies
When the Delicious got malicious
She would only sigh
When the Jonathons and Grimes, were giving her
 hard times
She'd set her ladder in the next tree
And sing another song.

Written by a woman on the Young Friends' apple crew in Barnesville, Ohio Fall 1974. Tune: WOODY GUTHRIE SONGBOOK, SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, PEOPLES SONGBOOK.

APPLEPICKERS REEL

Chorus
Hey ho you feel so fine
Lookin' out across the orchard in the
 bright sunshine
Hey ho you feel so free
Standin' in the top of an appletree!
D G/A D (repeat)

Up in the morning before the sun
Don't get back til the day's all done
Pickin' bag's heavy and my shoulder's sore
But I'll be back tomorrow to pick some more.

You start at the bottom and you pick your
 way round
You pick that tree clean to the ground
Then you take your ladder and you stand it up
 high
And your lookin thru the branches at the clear
 blue sky.

Three-legged ladder's wobbly as hell
Reachin for an apple (Whoops!) almost fell
Twenty pound bag hangin around my neck
And there's two more apples that I can't quite
 get!

Hey ho you feel so down
Pickin up the windfalls fallen on the ground
Hey ho you feel so free...

Hey ho you lose your mind
If we sing this song about a thousand times
Hey ho you feel so free... -Larry Hanks

©19[illegible]. All rgts, rsvd. On Michael Cooney THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE.

DEPORTEE (Plane wreck at Los Gatos)

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps
You're flying 'em back to the Mexican border
To pay all their money to wade back again
D - G D (2x) G - D -/D - GD

Chorus
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesús y Maria;
You won't have a name when you ride the big
 airplane;
All they will call you will be deportees.
G-D-/A-D-/G-D-/--GD

My father's own father, he waded the river
They took all the money he made in his life
My brothers and sisters come working the
 fruit trees,
And they rode the truck till they took down
 and died

(CONT... NEXT PAGE)

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted
Our work contract's out and we have to move on
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves

We died in your hills, we died in you deserts
We died in your valleys and died on your plains
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes,
Both sides of the river, we died just the same

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
A fireball of lightning, and shook all over hills
Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deportees

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
To fall like dry leaves to rot on the topsoil
And be called by no name except deportees?
- Woody Guthrie + Martin Hoffman

IN his SONGBOOK & SINGOUT REPRINTS #4. In Judy Collins' SONGBOOK & on her #3 album. TRO (c) 1961 + 1963 Ludlow Music Inc, New York NY. Used by permission.

DJANKOYE

Az men fort kain Sevastopol
Iz nit vait fun Simferopol
Dortn iz a stantziye faran -
Ver darf zuchn naye glikn
S'iz a stantziye an antikl
In Djankoye, Djan, djan, djan -
Em - /AAm Em/- AAm Em -/ AmB7 Em -

Chorus
Hey Djan, hey Djankoye
Hey Djanvili, hey Djankoye
Hey Djankoye, Djan, djan, djan _(repeat)
Am - /G - /Em AmB7 Em - //

When you go from Sevastopol
On the way to Simferopol,
Just you go a little farther down
There's a little railroad dopot
Known quite well by all the people
Called Djankoye, Djan, djan, djan

Aunt Natasha drives the tractor
Grandma runs the cream extractor
While we work we all can sing our songs
Who says that Jews cannot be farmers?
Spit in his eye, who would so harm us
Tell him of Djankoye, djan. - U.S.S.R. (Yiddish)

Collected by Ruth Rubin. Eng. by Pete Seeger. Written by young people on a Jewish collective farm in the 1920's in Crimea, Russia. In BELLS OF RHYMNEY. PEOPLES SONGBOOK (as Hey Zhankoye). (c) 1947 Stormking Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

ELEVEN-CENT COTTON

'Leven-cent cotton, forty-cent meat
How in the world can a poor man eat?
Pray for the sunshine, 'cause it will rain
Things gettin' worse, drivin' us insane
Built a nice house, painted it brown
Lighnin' came along and burnt it down
No use talkin', any man's beat
With 'leven-cent cotton and forty-cent meat.
A - DA/DA B7 E/A - DA/- - E A
D - A - /B7 - E - /

'Leven-cent cotton, forty-cent meat
Keep gettin' thinner 'cause we don't eat
Tried to raise peas, tried to raise beans
All we can raise is turnip greens
No corn in the crib, no chicks in the yard
No meat in the smoke house, no tubs full of lard
No use talkin', any man's beat...

'Leven cent...
How in the world can a poor man eat?
Our clothes worn out, shoes run down
Old slouch hat with a hole in the crown
Poor gettin' poorer all around here
Kids comin' regular ev'ry year, No use...

'Leven-cent... How in the world...
Mule's in the barn, no crops laid by
Corn crib empty and the cow's gone dry
Well water's low, nearly out of sight
Can't take a bath on a Saturday night...
- Bob Miller & Emma Dermer

In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & FIRESIDE BOOK OF AMER. SONGS. On Pete Seeger INDUSTRIAL BALLADS. Orig (c) 1928. 1958 by Leeds.

THE FARMER IS THE ONE

Oh the farmer comes to town
With her wagon broken down
But the farmer is the one who feeds them all
If you'll only look and see
I think you will agree
That the farmer is the one who feeds them all.
D - / - - / D A D - //

Chorus
The farmer is the one, the farmer is the one
Lives on credit till the fall
Then they take him by the hand
And they lead her from the land
And the merchant is the one who gets it all.
D - - - / - - A - / D - / - - / D A D -

When the lawyer hangs around
While the butcher cuts a pound
Oh the farmer is the one...
When the preacher and the cook
Go a strolling by the brook, then...

When the banker says he's broke
And the merchant's up in smoke
They forget that it's the farmer feeds them all
It would put them to the test
If the farmer took a rest
Then they'd know that it's the farmer feeds...

(Last chorus:)
...lives on credit til the fall
With the interest so high
It's a wonder he don't die
For the mortgage man's the one who gets it all!

In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, AMER. FAV. BALLADS, JOYFUL SINGING & THE PEOPLES SONGBOOK. On Seeger INDUSTRIAL BALLADS & his SONGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer & the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day
D - G - /D - A - /D - G - /DAD -

Chorus
Home, home on the range
Where the deer & the antelope (as 1st verse)
DAD - /BmEA - /D - G - /DAD -

Where the air is so pure & the zephyrs so free
And the breezes so balmy and light
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars
I stand there amazed & I ask as I gaze
Does their glory exceed that of ours?

In JOYFUL SINGING, POCKETFUL OF SONGS, 1004 FOLKSONGS.

JOHNNY APPLESEED SONG

The Lord is good to me, and so I thank the Lord
For giving me the things I need
The sun and the rain and the appleseed
The Lord is good to me.
D - - - / GD GD / G D / - A D -
And every seed I sow will grow into a tree,
And some day there'll be apples there
For everyone in the world to share
The Lord is good to me. - Kim Gannon & Walter Kent (c) 1948 Joy Music Inc.

In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. Original from the Walt Disney movie. (c) assigned to Walt Disney Music Co 1975 Also in MICKEY MOUSE SONGBOOK.

MEN OF THE FIELDS

Men of the fields, men of the valleys
Women of the seasons and the soil
Strong hearts & hands molding the land
All over earth they toil.
C - F C G C / F G C - / F - C - / F Dm G -

Out in the field nine in the morning
Day's work 3 hours done
Care for the cows, care for the corn
Care for the land we need.

God moves the sun, moon brings the weary ones
Home to their tables & their grace
Fall on our knees thankful that these
Days are our very own.

Life means our work, home means our families
Love each other everyday.
Strong hearts and hands molding the land
All over the earth we toil.
- Buffy Sainte-Marie

On LITTLE WHEEL SPIN AND SPIN. (c) 1966 Gypsy Boy Music. All rights reserved.

NOW THAT THE BUFFALO'S GONE

Can you remember the times
That you have held your head high
And told all your friends of your Indian blood
Proud good lady and proud good man
Your great-great-grandfather from Indian
blood sprang
And you feel in your heart for these ones.
C Dm / Bb Em / F C / G C / F C / D G

Oh, it's written in books and in song
That we've been mistreated and wronged
Well over and over I hear the same words
From you, good lady, and you, good man
Well listen to me if you care where we stand
And you feel in your heart for these ones.

Now when a war between nations is lost
The loser we know pays the cost
But even when Germany felt your hand
Consider, good lady, consider, good man
You left them their pride and you left them
their land
And what have you done for these ones.

Has a change come about Uncle Sam
Or are you still taking our land?
A treaty forever George Washington signed
He did dear lady, he did dear man
And the treaty's being broken by some kind
of dam
And what will you do for these ones?

Oh it's all in the past you can say
But it's still going on here today
The Government now wants the Iriquois land
That of the Seneca and the Cheyenne
It's here and it's now you must help us dear
man
Now that the Buffalo's gone. - Buffy Sainte-Marie

Buffy is a full-blooded Native American and has given strong support to Indian causes. On her ITS MY WAY, BEST OF... & on GREATEST FOLK SONGS OF THE 60's (c) 1964 Gypsy Boy Music, Inc. Used by permission of author and publisher.

OATS, PEAS, BEANS, AND BARLEY

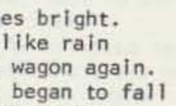
Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow (2x)
Do you or I or anyone know
How oats, peas, beans and barley grow?
D - / G A / D - / A D

First the farmer sows the seed
Then he stands and takes his ease
He stamps his foot and claps his hands
And turns around to view the land!

If only it were this easy! (See the Farmer is the One, and Eleven Cent Cotton)

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Come along boys, and listen to my tale
And I'll tell you of my troubles on the old
Chisholm Trail
Refrain Come a ti yi yippy yippy yi yippi yea
Come a ti yi yippy yippy yea.
D - / - - / A D / A D



With a $10 horse and a $40 saddle
I'm going down to Texas for to punch them cattle.
I woke up one mornin on the old Chis. Trail
A rope in my hand and a cow by the tail.
I started up the trail October 23rd
I started up the trail with the "2-U" herd.
I'm in my saddle before daylight
And before I sleep the moon shines bright.
It's cloudy in the west, a-lookin like rain
And my damned old slicker's in the wagon again.
The wind began to blow, the rain began to fall
It looked, by grab, like we was goin to lose
them all.
I jumped in the saddle and grabbed hold the horn
Best damned cow-puncher ever was born.
Oh, it's bacon and beans most every day
I'd as soon be eating prairie hay.
I went to the boss to draw my roll
He figgered me out $9 in the hole.
A-ropin and a-tyin and a-brandin all day
I'm workin mighty hard for mighty little pay.

(CONT... NEXT PG)

So I went to the boss and we had a little chat,
And I hit him in the face with my big slouch hat.
So the boss says to me, "Why, I'll fire you,
Not only you, but the whole damn crew."
So I rounded up the cowboys and we had a little meeting
We all took a vote and the boss took a beating.
So we organized a union and it's going mighty strong
The boss minds his business and we all get along.
With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky
I'll quit punching cows in the sweet by-and-by.

In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & FIRESIDE BOOK OF AMER. SONGS.

OL' TEXAS

I'm goin to leave (I'm goin...)old Texas now _
They've got no use For the long-horn cow _

They've plowed and fenced my cattle range
And the people there are all so strange

I'll take my horse I'll take my rope
And hit the trail upon a lope

Say "adios" to the Alamo.
And turn your head toward Mexico.
D — — — / A G D —

IN POCKETFUL OF SONGS, 1004 FOLKSONGS, AND FIRESIDE SONGBOOK OF AMER. SONGS.

PASTURES OF PLENTY

It's a mighty hard road that my poor hands have hoed _
My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road
Out of your dust bowl and westward we rolled
Lord, your deserts was hot and your mountains was cold.
C Am C Am – / C Am C Am – / C Am Em F / C F C – F – Am –

I work in your orchards of peaches and prunes
And I sleep on the ground neath the light of your moon
On the edge of your city you'll see us and then
We come with the dust and we go with the wind.

California, Arizona, I make all your crops
Then it's north up to Oregon to gather your hops
Dig beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine
To set on your table your light sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down
Every state in the union us migrants has been
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win.

It's always we ramble that river and I
All along your green valley I'll work til I die
These lands I will fight for with all that I can
Til these pastures of plenty are in our own hands. - Woody Guthrie (last 2 lines are new)

About migrant workers. In his SONGBOOK & on his BOUND FOR GLORY & his ORIGINAL RECORDINGS. In SINGOUT REPRINTS #2 & TRAVELLING ON WITH THE WEAVERS. TRO (c) 1960 + 1955 Ludlow Music Inc. New York NY. Used by permission.

PICK A BALE OF COTTON

Gonna jump down turn around
Pick a bale of cotton
Gonna jump down turn around
Pick a bale a day (repeat above)
Oh Lordy, pick a bale of cotton
Oh Lordy, pick a bale a day (repeat)
E – / A B7 / E – / B7 E :// Cho E – A B7 / E – B7 E ://

Gonna get on my knees, gonna pick a bale, (etc.)
Gonna jump, jump, jump down, pick .
Me and my buddy gonna pick...
Gonna pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick-a,
pick a bale of cotton... —TRADITIONAL

On SEEGER SINGS LEADBELLY. In AMER. FAV. BALLADS, SINGOUT REPRINTS #2, 1004 SONGS, AND FIRESIDE BOOK OF AMER. SONGS.

PINEY WOOD HILLS

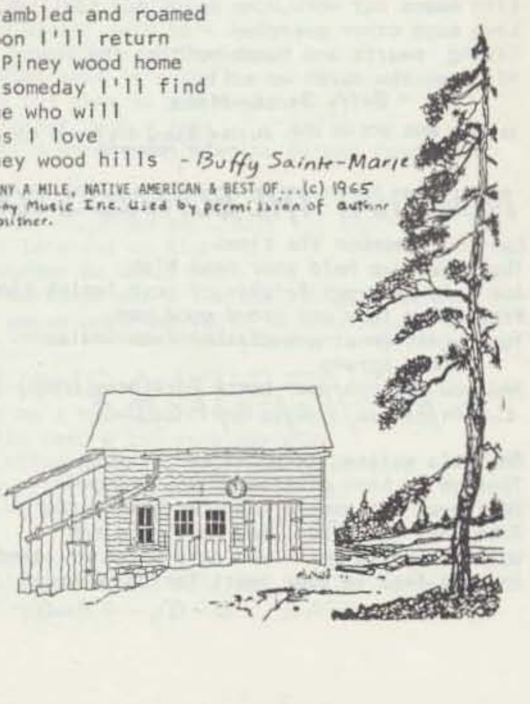
I'm a rambler and a rover _
And I wander it seems _
I've travelled all over
Chasin' after my dreams
But a dream should come true
And a heart should be filled
And a love should be lived
In the piney wood hills.
C – / Am – :// F – / Dm G / C G / C F C

I'll return to the woodlands
I'll return to the snow
I'll return to the hills
And the valley below
I'll return as a poor man
Or a king if God wills
But I'm on my way home
To the piney wood hills

(bridge)
I was raised on a song there _
And I might have done wrong there _
And it's true I belong there
And it's true it's my home.
F – / C – / D – / G –

From ocean to ocean
I've rambled and roamed
And soon I'll return
To my Piney wood home
Maybe someday I'll find
Someone who will
Love as I love
My piney wood hills - Buffy Sainte-Marie

On her MANY A MILE, NATIVE AMERICAN & BEST OF...(c) 1965 Gypsy Boy Music Inc. Used by permission of author and publisher.



PLEGARIA A UN LABRADOR

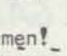
(Prayer to a Farmworker)

Levantate y mira la montaña
De donde viene el viento, el sol y el agua
Tu que manejas el curso de los rios
Tu que sembraste el vuelo de tu alma.
Am Dm - Am (2x) Am G E Am (2x)

Levantate y mirate las manos
Para crecer estrechala a tu hermano
Juntos iremos, unidos en la sangre
Hoy es el tiempo que puede ser mañana

Libranos de aquel que nos domina en la miseria
Traenos tu reino de justicia e igualdad
Sopla como el viento la flor de la quebrada
Limpia como el feugo el canon de mi fusil.
Dmaj7 - A - (2x) CG DA (2x)

Hagase por fin tu voluntad aqui en la tierra
Danos tu fuerza y tu valor al combatir
Sopla como el viento. . .



Levantate y mirate las manos
Para crecer estrechala a tu hermana
Juntos iremos, unidos en la sangre
Ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte ¡amen!
End: Am G E - A - (G D A -) —Victor Jara

Written as a plea to Chile's farm laborers to join with urban workers in taking their implements and lives in to their own hands. Even as Jara was being tortured and murdered during the coup a TV technician risked his life to dub this song over a movie as a message of hope to all Chileans. On VICTOR JARA, QUILAPAYUN (Monitor) on Judy Collins' BREAD AND ROSES, & on LUCHA MEANS STRUGGLE (c) Editorial Lagos, Argentina. SPAN. TRANSL: Stand up, look at the mountain, the source of the sun, the wind, the water. You who change the course of rivers have sown the seeds of your own soul's flight. / Stand up, look at your hands: to grow you must extend them to your sisters and brothers. We'll go together united by blood, the future can begin today. Free us from those who keep us hungry, bring in your kingdom of justice. Blow like the wind blows the flower in a ravine. Cleanse us like fire cleans the barrel of a gun. / Let your will be done once and for all here on earth. Give us your strength and courage to fight.../ ...united by blood, now and in the hour of our death. Amen.

REEDY RIVER

Ten miles down Reedy River a pool of water lies
And all the year it mirrors the changes in the skies
Within that pool's broad bosom is room for all the stars
Its bed of sands has drifted o'er countless rocky bars
Around the lower edges there waves a bed of reeds
Where water rats lie hidden and where the wild duck breeds
And grassy slopes rise gently to ridges long and low
And groves of wattle flourish and native bluebells grow.
D - GA D/G D E A/D - GA Bm/G D - EmA D/

Beneath the granite ridges the eye may just discern
Where Rocky Creek emerges from deep green banks of fern
And standing tall between them the drooping she-oaks cool
The hardened tinted waters before they reach the pool.
G D G D/D Bm GA D/D A D —/D Bm EmA D

Ten miles down Reedy River one Sunday afternoon
I rode with Johnny Campbell* to that broad bright lagoon.
We left our horses grazing til shadows climbed the peaks
And strolled beneath the she-oaks on the banks of Rocky Creek
Then home along the river that night we rode a race
And moonlight lent a glory to Johnny Campbell's face
I pleaded for my future all on that moonlight ride
Until our weary horses drew closer side by side.

Ten miles from Ryan's Crossing and five below the peak
We built a little homestead on the banks of Rocky Creek
We cleared the land and fenced it and plowed the rich red loam, til
fields were seas of golden around our earth-walled home.

Now still down Reedy River the grassy she-oaks sigh
The water hole still mirrors the pictures in the sky
The golden sand is drifting across the rocky bars
And over all forever go sun and moon and stars.

But of the hut we builded there are no traces now
And many rains have levelled the furroughs of our plow.
The glad bright days have vanished for somber branches wave.
The wattle blossoms golden above my Johnny's grave
(2nd chords...)

Ten miles down Reddy River a pool of water lies
And all the year it mirrors the pictures in the skies.
- Henry Lawson & arr. by Kempster

* or Mary Campbell

Lawson wrote this poem in 1896 describing the joys and tragedies of settlers in the Australian backlands. The music is traditional. On Priscilla Herdman WATER LILY. Also on Bok, Muir & Trickett's WAYS OF MAN.

SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YA

I've sung this song but I'll sing it again
Of the place that I lived on the wild windy plain,
In the month called April, the county called Gray,
Here is what all of the people there say:
C - G - (2x) C - F - / C - G C

Chorus
"So long, it's been good to know you, (3x)
This dusty old dust is a-getting my home
And I've got to be drifting along."
C — — / G — — C / C — F — / C — G — — / — — C —

A dust storm hit and it hit like thunder.
It dusted us over and it covered us under,
It blocked out the traffic, it blocked out the sun
And straight for home all the people did run, singing:

(CONT... NEXT PAGE)

The sweethearts sat in the dark and sparked
They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark
They sighed and cried, and hugged and kissed
Instead of marriage they talked like this:

The telephone rang and it jumped off the wall
And that was the preacher a-making his call
He said, "Kind friend, this might be the end
You've got your last chance at salvation from
sin."
The church it was jammed, the church it was
packed
That dusty old dust storm blowed so black
That the preacher could not read a word of his
text
So he folded his specs and took the collection,
sayin: - Woody Guthrie

The great duststorms from overcultivation of marginal prarie land & bad weather drove thousands of poor families from Okl., Texas, Kansas, etc. during the depression. In his SONGBOOK & on his ORIG. RECORDINGS. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, PEOPLES SONGBOOK, AMER.FAV.BALLADS. In the WEAVERS SONGBOOK & on their ON TOUR. TRO (c) 1940 (renewed 1968), 1950 (renewed 1978), + 1951 Folkways Music Publishing Co. New York NY Used by permission.

THE TELLING TAKES ME HOME

Let me sing to you all those songs I know
Of the wild, windy places locked in timeless
snow,
And the wide, crimson deserts where the muddy
rivers flow.
It's sad, but the telling takes me home.
G Am/A7 D7 / G Bm/C D7

Come along with me to some places that I've been
Where people all look back and they still
remember when,
And the quicksilver legends, like sunlight,
turn and bend.
It's sad...

(cont'd ↗)

Walk along some wagon road, down the iron rails,
Past the rusty Cadillacs that mark the boom
town trail,
Where dreamers never win and doers never fail...

I'll sing of my amigos, come from down below,
Whisper in their loving tongue the songs of
Mexico.
They work their stolen Eden, lost so long ago...

I'll tell you all some lies, just made up for
fun,
And the loudest, meanest brag, it can beat the
fastest gun.
I'll show you all some graves that tell where
the West was won...

And I'll sing about an emptiness the East has
never known,
Where coyotes don't pay taxes and a man can
live alone,
And you've got to walk forever just to find a
telephone... - Utah Phillips

On his UTAH PHILLIPS & in his STARLIGHT ON THE RAILS. On Ed Trickett's TELLIN TAKES ME HOME. (c) 1973 Bruce Phillips

ZUM GALI GALI

Unison Chant
Zum gali gali gali
Zum gali gali (2x)

He-cha-lutz le'man a-vo-dah;
A-vo-dah le'man he-cha-lutz.

A-vo-dah le'man he-cha-lutz;
He-cha-lutz le'man a-vo-dah.

He-cha-lutz le'man ha-b'tulah;
Ha-b'tulah le'man he-cha-lutz. - Israel

In Europe restrictive laws prevented Jews from farming. Jewish settlers in Palestine have taken up farming with spirit & determination. HEBREW TRANSL: The pioneer is for his work, work is for the pioneer. The pioneer is for his friend... In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, PEOPLES SONGBOOK, JOYFUL SINGING, & SING TOGETHER CHILDREN.

SEAS
SAILORS

AN DIRAN THAN SOULDER

Chorus
An diran than soulder,
An diran than soulder:
The tide at thy head and feet,
The wind about thy shoulder.
D Em/— — /D Em/D Bm

Though the song should know thy fame,
Though the wind bring back thy name,
They'll not bring thee home again
That walked the seas in sorrow.
D DC (2x) D DEm/D Bm

Far from me is singing gone,
Far from me is laughter gone:
They can never bring thee home
That walked the seas in sorrow.

Now the deep a home for thee,
Now the seal thy keeper be,
Now the sea-bird hear thy cry
That walked the seas in sorrow.

Call the wild and stepping sea,
Call the wave to comfort thee:
May she bear thee peacefully
The windy world over. - Gordon Bok

On his SEAL DJIRIL'S HYMN. Copyrighted by author. All rights reserved. (c) 1972 Folk-Legacy Records.

BLOW YE WINDS IN THE MORNING

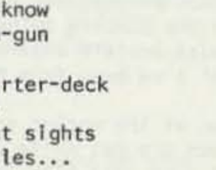
'Tis advertised in Boston,
New York, and Buffalo,
Five hundred brave Americans
A-whaling for to go,
G-/--/C G/A D

Chorus
Singing blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds, high-o!
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow!
G-/--/C G/D G

They send you to New Bedford
That famous whaling port
And give you to some land-sharks
To board and fit you out, singing...
They tell you of the clipper-ships
A-going in and out
And say you'll take five hundred sperm
Before you're six months out, singing...
It's now we're out to sea, my boys
The wind comes on to blow
One half the watch is sick on deck
The other half below, singing...
But as for the provisions
We don't get half enough
A little piece of stinking beef
And a blamed small bag of duff, singing...
Next comes the running rigging
Which you're all supposed to know
'Tis "Lay aloft, you son-of-a-gun
Or overboard you go!"
The skipper's on the quarter-deck
A-squinting at the sails
When up aloft the lookout sights
A school of spouting whales...
"Now clear away the boats, my boys,
And after him we'll travel
But if you get too near his fluke
He'll kick you to the devil!"
Now we have got him turned up
We tow him alongside
We over with our blubber-hooks
And rob him of his hide...
Next comes the stowing down, my boys
'Twill take both night and day
And you'll all have fifty cents apiece
On the hundred and nintieth day...
When we get home, our ship made fast
And we get through our salling
A winding glass around we'll pass
And damn this blubber whaling!...

In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, SING OUT REPRINTS #3, & 1004 FOLKSONGS. On SONGS OF TOMMY MAKEM.

DEEP RIVER BLUES



Let it rain let it pour
Let it rain a whole lot more
Cuz I've got them deep river blues
Let the rain drive right on
Let the wind sweep along, cuz...
E Edim/E A^7/E - /B^7- /E Edim /E A^7/
E B^7/E -

My dog Fred's a good ol' pal
Walks just like a water fowl...
Ain't no one to cry for me
And the fish all go out on a spree...

Give me back my old boat
I'm gonna sail her if she'll float...
Goin back to Mussel Shoals
Times are better back there I'm told...

DEEP BLUE SEA

Deep blue sea baby, deep blue sea (3x)
It was Willy what got drownded in the deep
blue sea
DGD G D/DGD G A/DGD G D/
(tacit) G DA D
Wrap him up in a silken shroud (3x)
It was Willy what got drownded...

Dig his grave with a silver spade...
Lower him down with a golden chain...

In AMER. FAVORITE BALLADS & in SING OUT REPRINTS #4. On Seeger's SING OUT WITH PETE & on ODETTA & on her BALLADS AND BLUES.

DILLIAN BAY

Dillan Bay, laddie-o. Dillan-dau, laddie-ay
Dillan Bay, laddie-o, all the boats are gone
A D A DE /A D AE A

Gone away laddie-o. Gone awa', laddie-ay
Gone away laddie-o, with their tops'ls high
Tops'ls high, laddie-o, Tops'ls low, laddie-ay
Tops'ls high, laddie-o when the wind's away

Wind's away laddie-o. Wind's awa' ladie-ay
Wind's away, laddie-o, down in Dillan Bay

-Trad. Scottish

On his SEAL DJIRIL'S HYMN.

FAREWELL TO TARWAITHE

Farewell to Tarwaithe, adieu Mormon Head
And the dear land of Kremmon I bid ye farewell
I'm bound out for Greenland, and ready to sail
In hopes to find riches in hunting the whale.
E - A E/etc.

Adieu to my comrades for a while we must part
And likewise the dear lass that ha' sair won
my heart
The cold ice on Greenland my love will not chill
And the longer our absence more loving we'll
feel.

Our ship is well rigged and she's ready to sail
Our crew they are anxious to follow the whale
Where the icebergs do flow and the stormy winds
blow
And the land and the ocean are covered with snow

Oh the cold coast of Greenland is barren & bare
No seed-time or harvest is ever known there
The birds here sing sweetly in mountain & dale
But there is nay a birdie to sing to the whale

There is no habitation for a man to live there
And the king of that country is the fierce
Greenland bear
And there'll be no temptation to tarry long there
Wi' our ship bunker full we will homeward repair.

On Judy Collins' WHALES AND NIGHTENGALES, her COLORS, & her RECOLLECTIONS. In the COFFEEHOUSE SONGBOOK (Oak). Traditional Scottish.

GREENLAND FISHERIES

'Twas in 18-hundred 53
And of June the 13th day
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed
And for Greenland bore away brave boys
And for Greenland bore away.
D---/--A-/D-GA/D GA-/DAD-

The lookout in the crosstress stood
Spyglass in his hand.
There's a whale (3x) fish he cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys...

The captain stood on the quarter-deck
And a fine little man was he
"Overhaul! Overhaul! Let your davit-tackles
fall
And launch your boats for sea...

Now the boats were launched and the men aboard
And the whale was in full view
Resolved was each seaman bold
To steer where the whalefish blew.

We stuck that whale, the line paid out
But she gave a flourish with her tail
The boat capsized and four men were drowned
And we never caught that whale.

"To lose the whale," our captain said
"It grieves my heart full sore
But oh! to lose four gallant men
It grieves me ten times more... "

"The winter star doth now appear
So, boys, we'll anchor weigh
It's time to leave this cold country
And homeward bear away.

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place
A land that's never green
Where there's ice and snow, and the whalefish
blow,
And the daylight's seldom seen.

In SING OUT REPRINTS #1, the WEAVERS SONGBOOK & 1004 FOLKSONGS.
On GREATEST FOLKSINGERS OF THE SIXTIES (Vanguard). On Michael Cooney's SINGER OF NEW SONGS (Front Hall).

HOME, DEARIE, HOME

Oh, Amble is a fine town with ships about the
bay
It's fain and very fain to be there myself
today
I'm wishing in my heart I was far away from here
Sitting in my parlor and talking with my dear
And it's home, dearie home
D---/-----/G D G Bm/Em-D EmA/
D GD-

Chorus
Oh, it's home I want to be
My topsails are hoisted and I am out to sea
The oak and the ash and the bonny birchen tree
Are all a-growin' green in the north country
And it's home dearie, home
D-/rest as verse

A letter came today, but somehow I cannot speak
And the proud and happy tears are a-rollin
down my cheek
There's someone here, she says, you've been
waitin for to see
With your merry hazel eyes lookin up from off my
knee...

But the letter never said if we have a boy or
girl
Got me so confused that my heart is all awhirl
So, I'm going back to port where I'll quickly
turn around
And take the fastest ship which to Ambletown
is bound...

On Ed Trickett's TELLIN TAKES ME HOME.

JAMAICA FAREWELL

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines brightly on the mountain top
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamica I made a stop
C F/CG C %

Chorus
But I'm sad to say that I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down my head is turning around
Had to leave a little ~~friend~~ girl in Kingstontown.
C F/G C/C F/CG C

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancers swinging to and fro
I must declare that my heart is there
Tho' I've been from Maine to Mexico.

Down at the market you can hear
Women cry out while on their heads they bear
Ake rice salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine anytime of year.

OLD FISHERMAN

The fishermen are pitchin pennies
In the sand beside the sea
The sunrise hits their oilskin boots
And their painted boats and me
They seem to know the ocean like a
Lover knows a lover
They wait together for half the morning
For the tide to turn.
C-/G-/FC/G-/Am G/FEm F/C G/
FC C

Chorus
Pull on the ropes, sane old fisherman.
Never catches more than he knows he can sell in
a day
Pull in the nets, sane old fisherman
Days for working, nights the time to go dancin.
F C G C/FC FC G-/repeat ending:
G C

They're drinkin beer and laughin
And squinting at the sun
Waiting for the gulls to tell them
When the fish will come
Their faces brown and weathered
From all the nets they've run
They've learned to wait, they always know
That the tide will turn.

Way out on the ocean
The big ships hunt for whales
The Japanese have caught so many
That now they hunt for snails
But fisherman's not greedy
They seem content to live
With the sea & sand & a net full of fishes
When the tide turns. -Judy Collins
On her TRUE STORIES... (c) Rocky Mountain. All rights reserved.

SHENANDOAH

O Shenandoah I long to see you
Away, you rollin river
O Shenandoah I long to see you
Away, we're bound away
Cross the wide Missouri
C – FC/FGC –/F – C Am/C – – –/
Am GC –

O Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away. . .

For seven years, I've been a rover. . .
Why is a sailing song about mountains & an Indian girl? Seeger says it's too beautiful the way it is for anyone to think about fixing it. In AMER FAV BALLADS, POCKETFUL OF SONGS, SING TOG. CHILDREN, 1004 FOLKSONGS, & the FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS. On Odetta SINGS FOLKSONGS

SLOOP JOHN B.

We sailed on the sloop John B.
My grandfather and me
Round Nassau town we did roam
Drinkin' at night, got into a fight
Well I feel so break up, I wanna go home.
D–|––/––A–/D–G–/DAD–

Chorus
So hoist up the John B. sails
See how the mainsail sets
Send for the captain ashore, I wanna go home
O let me go home, please let me go home
I feel so break up, I wanna go home.

Well the first mate he got drunk
Broke up the people's trunk
Constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone, please leave me alone
I feel so break up...

The cook he got the fits
Ate up all of my grits
Then he went and ate up all of my corn
Oh, let me go home, please let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.
On a Kingston Trio album & in 1004 FOLKSONGS. In SONGFEST as "John B. Sails"

SHIP TITANTIC

Oh they built the ship Titantic for to sail the ocean blue
And they thought they had a ship that the water could ne'er go thru
It was on her maiden trip that the iceberg hit the ship
It was sad when that great ship went down.
D–GD/––A–/D–GD/DAD–

Chorus
Oh it was sad - it was sad
It was sad when that great ship went down to the bottom of the
Husbands & wives little children lost their lives
It was... G–D–/––A–/DD7G–/DAD–

Oh they sailed out from England & were almost to the shore
When the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put them down below where they were the first to go / It was...

The boat was full of sin & the sides about to burst
When the captain shouted, "A-women & children first
Oh, the captain tried to wire but the lines were all on fire...

Oh, they swung the lifeboats out o'er the deep and raging sea
When the band struck up with "Nearer My God to Thee
Little children wept & cried as the waves swept o'er the sides...
In SONGFEST and THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF FUN AND GAME SONGS

* * *

SONG OF THE SEALS

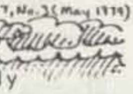
A sea maid sings on yonder reef
The spell-bound seals draw near
A lilt that lures beyond belief
Mortals enchanted hear
D–––/AG D–/D–G/D GD D

Chorus
Coir an oir an oir an oir O
Coir an oir an oir an eer O
Coir... ee lalyuran / Coir... eer O.
D–––/Bm–––/D–GD/D–AD

The wandering ploughman halts his plough
The maid her milding stays
And sheep on hillside, bird on bough
Pause and listen in amaze.

Was it a dream? Were all asleep?
Or did she cease her lav?
For the seals with a splash dive into the deep
And the world goes on again
Yet lingers the refrain. - Harold Boulton and Granville Bantock
D–––/AG D–/–G–––/D Em D–/–GD–
On Jean Redpath's SONG OF THE SEALS & in SING OUT Vol 27, No. 3 (May 1979)

TURN YE TO ME



The stars are shining cheerily, cheerily
Horo, Mhairi-dhu: turn ye to me
The seabird is crying wearily, wearily
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu: turn ye to me.
F – C Am/C Am G C :||
(capo up 2)
Cold are the stormwinds that ruffle his breast
But warm are the downy plumes lining his nest
Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow there
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu...
F–GC/F–CG–/F–C Dm/C Am G C

The waves are driving wearily, wearily
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu...
The seabird is crying drearily, drearily
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu, turn ye to me.

Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea
Thy home on the rock is a shelter to thee
Thy home is the angry wave, mine but the lonely grave... -Christopher North (1785-1854)
On Gordon Bok's SEAL DJIRIL'S HYMN.

SPIRITUAL

ALL EARTH'S WATERS

As I walk out midst summer's rain
Ah the rains are falling
I feel the creation of earth again
For all earth's waters flow to sea.
A - DA/ - - DE/A - DA/A D E A

As I struggle to love and yet be free, ah. . .
I'm feeling the touch of eternity, for . . .

Chorus
The waters flowing, flowing free, The waters
flowing free. A E D - - - A - DEA - - -

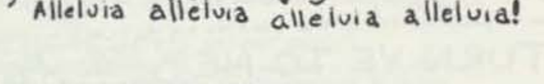
And the waters that fall on yonder rose, ah...
May soon come down in the Alpine snows, for...
And the rains that drip from a palace grand...
Shall fill the cup in the beggar's hand...

And the sap drying up in yon dead tree...
Shall run in the blood of a child born free...
And the blood of a child slain in the war...
Shall bloom in the rose of a land so far...

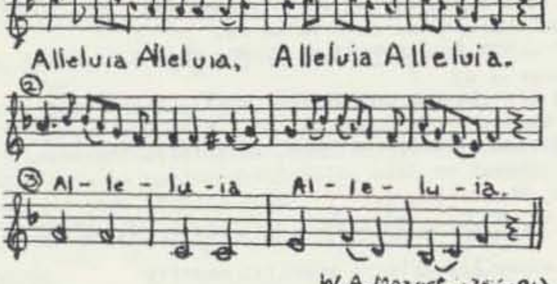
Whether it be God or humanity...
The spirit for you is the same as for me.
And the feelings I have for a friend like you...
Are bigger than me and are bigger than you.
-Carolyn McDade

In SING A WOMANSONG (c) 1975 Surtsy Music. All rights reserved.

ALLELUIA I



ALLELUIA II


①
Alleluia Alleluia, Alleluia Alleluia.
②
③ Al - le - lu - ia Al - le - lu - ia.

W.A. Mozart (1756-91)

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace how sweet the sound
That saved a soul like me
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Twas blind but now I see,
C - F C/ - - G - /C C' F C/AmG F C

Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers toils and snares
I have already come
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been here ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun
We'll no less days to sing God's praise
Then when we first begun.

Allelujah (3x) Praise God! (repeat)

(a new verse)
Amazing grace has set me free
To touch, to taste, to feel
The wonders of accepting love
Have made me whole and real.

This was the informal theme song of Chicago Area Draft Resisters & used to get sung with great gusto at draft card turn-in ceremonies there. On Judy Collins' WHALES AND NIGHTENGALES. In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. In JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK & on her FROM EVERY STAGE. New verse' NYYM Quakers.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness
Sowing in the moontide and the dewey eve,
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.
G - C - /G - A D/ G - C - /G - DG

Chorus
Bringing in the sheaves (2x)
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.
G - CG/ G - AD/ G - CG/ G - DG

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
breeze
By and by the harvest and the labor ended...

Going forth with weeping, sowing for the spirit
Tho the loss sustained our spirit often grieves
When our weeping's over, she will bid us
welcome...

The voice of Norris Patch, the wiry white-haired foreman of Gould Hill Orchard, Contoocook, NH, wafted over the trees as he moved among the pickers singing this old hymn.

BROTHER JAMES' AIR

(The Lord's My Shepherd)

God is my shepherd, I'll not want
Thou makest me down to lie
In pastures green thou leadest me
The quiet waters by
Thou leadest me, thou leadest me, the quiet...
C — FEmDm/CAmG C / repeat ending CCG C
CAmG (2x) CFF C

My soul thou dost restore again
And me to walk dost make
Within the paths of blessedness
E'er for our own lives' sake...

Yea though I walk through shadowed vale
Yet will I fear no ill
For thou art with me and thy rod
And staff me comfort still
Thy rod and staff...

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes
My head with oil thou dost anoint
And my cup overflows...

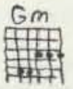
Goodness and mercy all my days
Will surely follow me
And in creation's heart alway
My dwelling place shall be
And in my heart forever more
Thy dwelling place shall be.
-James Leith & MacBeth Bain

The 23rd Psalm. In HYMNAL FOR FRIENDS. (c) 1932 Oxford University Press
Adapted.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

It's winter and light is alive on the Earth
Wake up! It's Christmas morning
Starlight and firelight and sunlight give
birth
Wake up! The Christ child's aborning.
Dm A Dm A/ Dm A Dm - :||

Chorus
He's man and he's woman, he's old and he's young
He's Buddhist and Christian and Jew
She's wealthy, she's poor and she's black
and she's white
And, oh yes, the Christ child is you.
F - A - / Dm Gm Dm -/- A Dm A/ Dm A Dm -

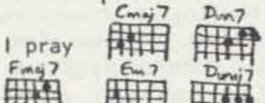


Sisters and brothers, whatever your sleep
Wake up! It's Christmas morning
Bring with you dreams for the daylight to keep
Wake up! The Christ child's aborning.

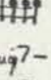
Jesus was good and he lived long ago...
You are good, too, and are living now, so...
- Carol Bemmels & Ross Flanagan

In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT, in SONGS ON OUR WAY OUT #] & on SOUNDS GOOD!
(c) 1978 Used by permission.

DAY BY DAY



Day by day, day by day
Oh, dear Lord three things I pray
To see thee more clearly
Love thee more dearly
Follow thee more nearly
Day by day Cmaj7 Dm7 Cmaj7 Dm7/Fmaj7 Em7 Dmaj7 -
Bm E (2x) Am D / Gmaj7 -
(Later verses: repeat lines 3 & 4)
- Stephen Schwartz



From his musical GODSPELL. (c) 1973 Hansen Music. All rights reserved.

EV'RY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT

Chorus
Ev'ry time I feel the spirit
Movin' in my heart I will pray. (2x)
G - D - / - Bm A D - :||

Oh, I have sorrows and I have woes
And I have heartaches here below
But if God's with me I will not fear
For I am sheltered by your care.
D - - - / - A D - :||
Up on the mountain where my God spoke
Out of a bush came fire and smoke
And all round me it looked so fine
I knew for certain that life is mine.
In POCKETFUL OF SONGS, SING TOGETHER CHILDREN & 1004 FOLKSONGS.

FARTHER ALONG

Tempted and tried, we're oft made to wonder
Why it should be thus all the day long
While there are others living about us
Never molested, though in the wrong
D - - G D - / - - - E A - / D - - G D - /
D - - A D G D -

Chorus
Farther along we'll know all about it
Farther along we'll understand why
Cheer up my people
Live in the sunshine
We'll understand it all by and by.

When death has come and taken our loved ones
Leaving our homes so lonely and drear;
Then do we wonder why others prosper
Living as sinners year after year.

Often I wonder why I must journey
Over a road so rugged and steep;
While there are others living in comfort
While with the lost I labour and weep.
In BELLS OF RHYMNEY & in SING OUT REPRINTS #1.

GEORGE FOX SONG

There's a light that was shining when the world
began
There's a light that is shining in each woman
and man
There's a light that is shining in the Turk
and the Jew
And a light that is shining, friend, in me and
in you.
C - G - / F G F C :||

Chorus
Old leather britches, shaggy shaggy locks (2x)
In your old leather breeches and your
shaggy locks
You are pulling down the pillars of the world,
George Fox. C Am F G (2x) C G C F C / C G C F C

With a book and a steeple and a bell and a key
They would bind it forever, but they can't said
he
Oh, the book it will perish and the steeple
will fall
But the light will be shining at the end of it
all.

(CONT...NEXT PAGE)

"If I give you a pistol, will you fight for the
Lord?"
"You can't kill the devil with a gun or a
sword."
"Will you swear on the Bible?" "I will not"
said he
"For the Truth is as holy as the book to me."

There's an ocean of darkness and I drowned in
the night
Till I came through the darkness to the ocean
of light
Oh the light is forever and the light it is free
And I'll walk in the glory of the light said he.
- Sidney Carter (tune trad.)

George Fox ((1624-91) was the fiery charismatic founder of Quakerism. He would probably upset most Friends Mtgs today if he showed up in their midst (which can probably be said of most religious groups) (c) 1964, 1969 Galliard Ltd. All rights reserved. Used by permission of Galaxy Music Corp, New York, NY, sole US agent.

GIVE ME OIL IN MY LAMP

Give me oil in my lamp keep me burning, burning,
burning
Give me oil in my lamp I pray
Give me oil in my lamp keep me burning...
Keep me burning till the break of day.
C – F – / C – G – / C – F – / C G C –

Sing Hosanna! Sing Hosanna!
Sing Hosanna to the break of day
Sing Hosanna! Sing Hosanna!
Sing Hosanna to the day.
C – F – / G – CF C / C – F – / G · C –

Give me truth as my guide keep me seeking...
Give me joy in my soul keep me shining...
Give me love in my life keep me sharing...
Give me umption in my gumption, help me function...
(and for applepickers)
Give me strength in my arms, keep me picking...
...keep me picking til the end of the day.

GIVE US A SONG TO SWEET GODDESS

Give us thy song to sing sweet Goddess_
Tell us the words, thee hears the baby cry _
Make it as long as the day's work before us
Give us thy tune to teach the people just in
time.
(In G)
D G CG G / D G C – | repeat ending: CG G

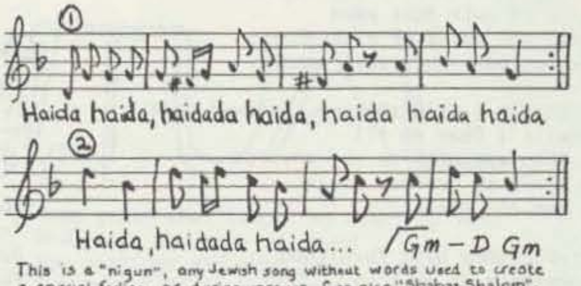
Thee'll never know how hard I tried to find thee
I travelled here and ended up out there
The god of men tried to sing a song of judgement
But he'll never know the kind of music thee can
share.

Chorus
Day begins the fields are filling
Workers out to do their share
Song begins, we all are willing
Let me hear her children everywhere.
G DG / G D / G DG / G DG

So when I am gone, oh Goddess take me over
Let me come home to sing thy song again
Thee's been filling my heart with the joy of
growing older
And letting me know that life with thee will
never end. - adapted by Lucinda Reichley & Louisa Stark

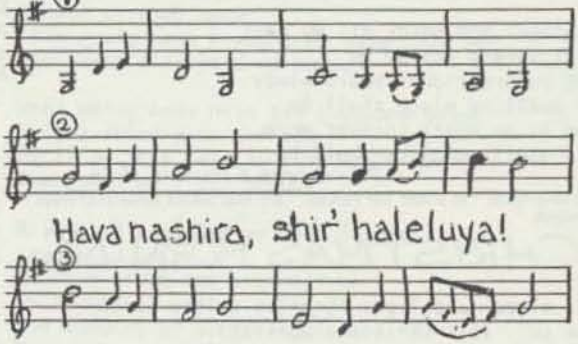
New words to an old gospel song. Used by permission.

HAIDA HAIDA



This is a "nigun", any Jewish song without words used to create a special feeling, as during prayer. See also "Shabat Shalom".

HAVA NASHIRA



Hebrew means: Let us sing together, sing alleluia.

THE PRODIGAL SON (to the tune above)

I shall arise and go unto my father
And shall say unto him "Father I have sinned
Against heaven and before thee
And am no_more worthy to be called_thy son."

But he came and raised me up and dried my tears
with gladness
He had fresh bread and good things brought
And laid them out before me
And sang to God thanksgiving that his son had
_come home.

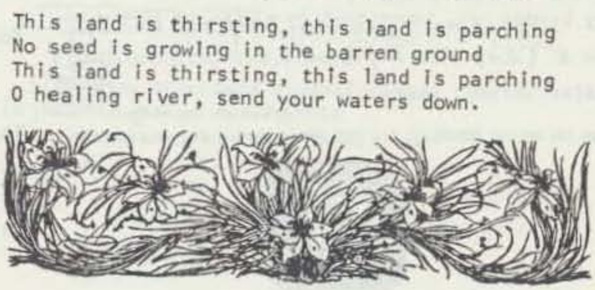
[other verses: substitute mother for father,
child for son, etc.]

The parable told by Jesus of God's forgiveness. 1st verse is from World Around Songs. 2nd is by Peter Blood (c) 1978.
In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.

HEALING RIVER

O healing river send down your waters!
Send down your waters upon this land
O healing river send down your waters
And wash the blood from off the sand!
G C G D (2x) / G – A – D A D –
G C G B7 Em – A – / G Em Am D G C G D

This land is thirsting, this land is parching
No seed is growing in the barren ground
This land is thirsting, this land is parching
O healing river, send your waters down.



(bridge)
O seed of freedom awake and flourish!
Let the deep roots nourish; let the tall stalk rise!
O seed of freedom awake and flourish
Proud leaves unfurling unto the skies.
— fred hellerman & fran minkoff

Em--- B7---/Em--A DAD— (rest as verse)

On Pete Seeger's I CAN SEE A NEW DAY & in SING OUT REPRINTS # 10.
(c) 1964 Appleseed Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

I CIRCLE AROUND

Em---(2x) CDEm-(4x)

I circle around (around, around)(2x)
The bound'ries of the earth (the bound'ries of the sky)
Wearing my long-wing feathers as I fly
(wearing...) — Arapaho (Native American)

This haunting chant is in FRICTION IN THE SYSTEM.

I'D RATHER BE A JOLLY ST. FRANCIS

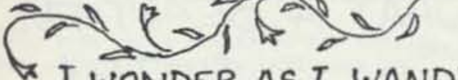
I'd rather be a jolly St. Francis
Singing his canticles to the sun
Than a dour old sober-sized Quake
Whose diet would appear to have been
Spiritual persimmons! -Rufus Jones & Scott Badenkopf
D-/A-/D-/G GA| (discordant note)

Words by Thomas Kelly, music by Scott Badenkopf. Used by permission (of Scott — not Thomas!)

I'M GONNA DO WHAT THE SPIRIT SAYS

I'm gonna do what the Spirit says do (2x)
And what the spirit says do, I'm gonna do, Lord, Lord
I'm gonna do what the spirit says do.
Am -/- E/Am Dm/AmDm Am

I'm gonna move when the spirit says move...
Fight, sing, dance...
I'm goin to jail when the spirit says jail, etc.



I WONDER AS I WANDER

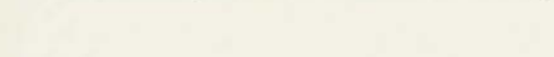
I wonder as I wander out under the sky
Why millions of people are born just to die
All poor ord'nry people like you and like I
I wonder as I... Em Am G Am/Em C - Em
Em Am G Am/Em Am Em Am
I wonder as I wander alone by the sea
How the Light burns so strongly in folks just like me
Rekindling my hope for a world fair & free, I...

When Earth's liberated from hate, greed & war
When our waters are clear & our streets safe once more
When stars span our heavens as bright as before
We'll laugh & we'll weep til our souls sing and soar. - Peter Blood, Gini Coover, J.J. Niles

Uncopyrighted adaptation of a song by John Jacob Niles, on his SINGS FOLKS SONGS & on his BEST OF..., Orig (c) G. Schirmer Music.

JUBILATE

Jubilate Deo, Jubilate Deo, Alleluia!



CGCG... (Parts can enter each measure)

LET US BREAK BREAD

Let us break bread together on our knees (2x)
When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun
Oh, Lord have mercy on me.
C Am F G C F C-/Em- F D G D G-/
C - C7 - F - Fm-/C Am F G C F C -
Let us drink wine...
Let us seek truth...
Let us find strength...

In SING OUT REPRINTS #1 (as "Break Bread").

LIFT ME GENTLE LORD

Lift me gentle Lord the stormy winds are blowing
Lift me gentle Lord the night is dark and wild
Lift . . . I don't know where I'm going
. . . I want to be thy child.
Am-- Dm/--- Am/--- Dm/-- Em Am
Lift . . . my heart is tired of danger
. . . I've been too long alone
. . . too long I've been a stranger
. . . and take me for thy own. by Debby Haines. Used by permission
Am E Am -/- Em AmEm Am/- - - Dm/-- Em Am

THE LONE WILD BIRD

The lone wild bird in lofty flight
Is nigh to thee nor leaves thy sight
For I am thine, I rest in thee
Great Spirit come and rest in me.
Am Dm Am Dm/Am Dm E Am/C C7 F Dm/
Am Dm G7 C
The ends of the earth are in thy hands
The seas dark deep and far off lands
For I am thine, I rest in thee....

LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning when the world was begun
And I danced in the moon and the stars & the sun
And I came down from heaven & I danced on the earth
At Bethlehem I had my birth.
D---/A---/D---/A-GD

Chorus
Dance, dance wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance said he
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.
D---/--A-/D---/A-GD

I danced for the scribe and the pharisee
But they would not dance & they would not follow me
I danced for the fishermen--for James & John
They came with me & the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath & I cured the lame
The holy people said it was a shame
They whipped & they stripped & they hung me high
And they left me there on a Cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body and they thought I was gone
But I am the dance and I still go on.

(CON'T...NEXT PAGE)

They cut me down but I leaped up high
For I am the dance that'll never, never die
I'll live in you if you'll live in me
I am the Lord of the Dance said he. -Sidney Carter

In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. (c) 1963 Galliard Ltd. Used by permission of Galaxy Music Corp. New York NY, sole U.S. agent.

(Here is a new version of this: SOURCE OF THE DANCE)
I danced in the morning when the world was begun
I danced in the moon & the stars & the sun
I danced down from heaven & I danced on the earth
And in your hearts I had my birth

Dance, dance wherever you may be
I am the Source of the Dance said She
And I'll guide you all thru the sky & the sea
And I'll guide you all in the dance, said She.
- Betsy Wright, Cindy Lazareff & Diane Shamis
Written in 1977 for the April Full Moon... Used by permission.

LUCRETIA MOTT SONG

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

On the island of Nantucket she was born beside
the sea
All her long life she fought bravely to make
slaves and women free
And she told us that where God dwells, there
must be true liberty
And her light still shines for me.
G---/C-G-/-----/Am D G-

Chorus
Thank thee kindly, Friend Lucretia, (3x)
For thy light still shines for me.

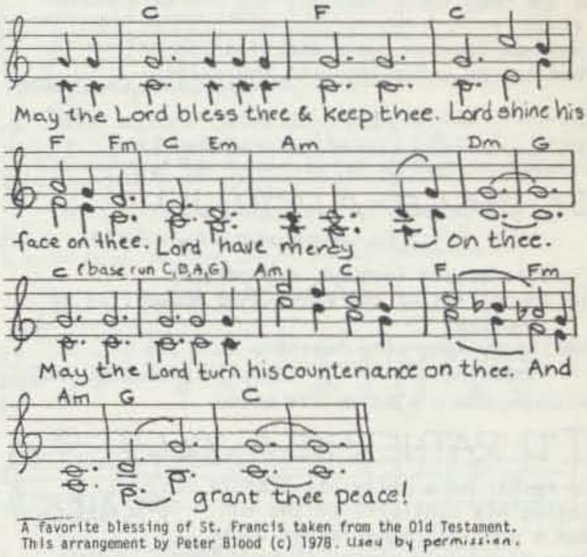
In the town of Philadelphia she hid the fleeing
slaves
For the freedom of her sisters she dared cross
the ocean waves
And she asked Ulysses Grant to grant a pardon
for the braves
And her light still . . .

Let's bring an end to poverty this gentle
Quaker pled
Let's give the workers all a chance to earn
their daily bread
Let nations live in peace again, just as our
Lord has said. . .

Throughout the busy cities and across the
countryside
She preached one simple message, O let truth
be o'er thy guide
Mind the Light within thee and let love with
thee abide. -Margaret Bacon

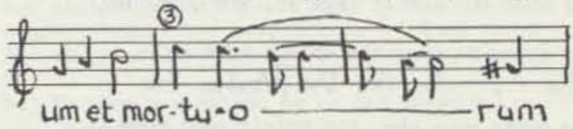
Mott was a 19th c. itinerant Quaker minister, abolitionist, and feminist. Bacon is a 20th c. fightin' Quaker - she works for AFSC & his been involved with Phila. Yrly Mtg's Women's Committee.
Used by permission.

MAY THE LORD BLESS THEE


C F C
May the Lord bless thee & keep thee. Lord shine his
F Fm C Em Am Dm G
face on thee. Lord have mercy on thee.
C (base run C,B,A,G) Am C F Fm
May the Lord turn his Countenance on thee. And
Am G C
grant thee peace!

A favorite blessing of St. Francis taken from the Old Testament. This arrangement by Peter Blood (c) 1978. Used by permission.

MISERERE NOSTRI DOMINE



-Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1590-1633)
LATIN: Have mercy on us, Lord of the living and the dead.

OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CITY!

(Twelve Gates)

Chorus
O what a beautiful city (3x)
Twelve gates to the city, hallelujah!
D - FEb D / A' - D'C' A' / D - FEb D/Am AmG D A
D AmG D A

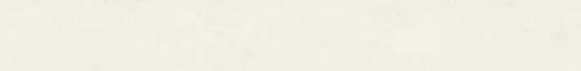
3 gates in the east, 3 gates in the west
There's 3 gates in the north and 3 gates in
the south
There's 12 gates...
D---/-----/Am AmG D A D AmG D A

Who are those children there dressed in red?
There's 12 gates...
Must be the children that Moses led...
D---/Am AmG D A D AmG D A://
Who are those children there dressed in black?
Must be the hypocrites turnin back

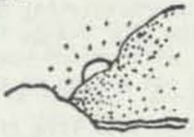
When I get to heaven gonna sing and shout
Ain't nobody there gonna kick me out

In SING OUT REPRINTS #2, AMER FAV BALLADS, & the WEAVERS SONGBOOK. On Seeger's I CAN SEE A NEW DAY & his WORLD OF... On Judy Collins' GOLDEN APPLES & in the JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK.

Tune to "open D" (bottom E down one whole step)



PEACE, I ASK OF THEE



Peace I ask of Thee, o river
Peace, (3x)
When I learn to live serenely
Cares will cease
C - G - /Am G C - ://

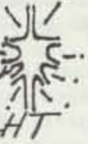
From the hills I gather courage
Vision of the day to be
Strength to lead and faith to follow
All are given unto me.
F C G C (2x)

From Isaiah 48:18. In JOYFUL SINGING, POCKETFUL OF SONGS, & SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.

PEACE LIKE A RIVER

I've got peace like a river
Peace like a river (2x) in my soul
(repeat)
Am-/-- -- E-/Am-/-- -E Am-

I've got love like the sunshine. . .
Strength like a mountain. . .
Joy like a fountain. . .
Pain like an arrow. . .
Tears like the raindrops. . .
Determination. . .



PRAISE TO THE LIGHT

(Tune: Praise to the Lord, the Almighty)

Praise to the light the allgentle the heart of creation
O my soul praise her for she is my soul's liberation
All ye who hear—now to her wellspring draw near
Praise her with glad exultation!
C-G C-Am G F DmG- C/(2x)/CGC F
CFG C G/ G Am-E DmG- C
Praise to the light who doth nurture thy works and defend thee
Surely her strength and her kindness shall daily attend thee
Ponder anew—what the allgentle does do
Since with her love she befriends you.

Praise to the light o let all that is in me adore thee
All that has life and breath come now with praises before thee
Let a new hymn rise from thy people again
Gladly for aye we enfold thee.

Original by Joachim Neander 1680, translated by Catherine Winkworth 1863, new words by Peter Blood 1975. Music by Stralsund Gesangbuch 1665. Original version is in HYMNAL FOR FRIENDS. (Each "triple" = one beat)

SHABAT SHALOM

Bim bam, bim bim bim bam
Bim bim bim bim bim bam_(repeat)
Am- Dm Am/ - Em Am - //

Shabat shalom, shabat shalom
Shabat shabat shabat shabat shalom (repeat)
Am Dm Am Dm /Am Dm Em Am ://

Shabat shabat,_shabat shabat shalom (2x)
Am - G Am //

Shabat shalom . . ./Bim bam. . . - Hebrew

A song greeting the Sabbath. The Sabbath is a day of rest, of celebration, special foods & clothes. For traditional Jews the whole universe is on a different track this day...

SHAKE THESE BONES

I'll show you what I'm feelin Lord every day
I'll shake these bones & shout & sing my life away
I'll shake these bones & I will shout, & sing my life away
It won't be long before these bones turn to clay.
G Em DG/G Em EmD/ G Em C D/G Em DG G (best done a capella)

I'll tell you what I'm thinkin Lord in my mind
I'll tell you lies, I'll tell you dreams that you won't mind
I'll tell... dreams, I know that you won't mind
There's something there that's out of reach I can find.

I'll tell you what I'm seein Lord everywhere
It may be only a small part of what is there
It may be only... of what is really there
But I'll stumble like a blind man L. without fear.

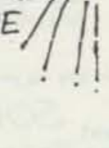
I'll tell you what I'm hearin Lord all the time
I'm hearin songs & melodies within my mind
I'm hearin... and when they're out of mind
I'll hear the sweetest peace of all, left behind.

I'll show you how I'm livin Lord every day
I may not fall down on my knees & start to pray
I may not... or worship you or pray
But there's reverence in my laughter Lord, anyway.

I'll show you how I'm loving Lord in the night
And when the door is open wide & filled with light
And when... & filled with the morning light
We'll hear the child that calls for us out of sight

I'll show you who I'm lovin Lord in the day
And to my fellow people Lord these words I'll say
And to... these loving words I'll say
And I'll shake these bones & shout & sing my life away!
-Malcolm Dalglish

(c)1978 author. On his & Grey Larsen's FIRST OF AUTUMN.



SHE GIVES US ALL HER LOVE

She gives us all Her love (2x)
She's shinin down on us from up above
And She gives us all Her love
C ---/D--- / F - G - /C---

She knows how hard we're tryin
She hears the baby's cryin
She sees the old folks dyin, and She...
(Interlude)
Well if you need someone to talk to
You can always talk with Her
And if you need someone to lean on
Well you can lean on Her.
FGC-(3x) Dm- G - -adaptation of song by Randy Newman

Orig. "He Gives Us..." On his SAIL AWAY. (c) January Music, Inc. All rights reserved.

SIMPLE GIFTS

'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free
'Tis a gift to come down where we ought to be
And when we find ourselves in the place that is right
We will live in the valley of love & delight.
When true simplicity is gained
To bow & to bend we will not be ashamed
To turn & to turn will be our delight
Til by turning & turning we come round right. →
C---/G---/C---/G-FC//Em FC/--G-/C---/G-FC

(a new verse)
The earth is the Lord's & the fullness thereof
Its streets, its slums, as well as stars above
Salvation is here where we laugh, where we cry
Where we seek & love, where we live & die

When the true liberty is found
By fear and by hate we will no more be bound
In love and in life we will find a new birth
In peace and in freedom redeem the earth.
- Victor Ferkiss and Landon Dowdey

An old Shaker hymn, used in their religious dancing. In SING TOGETHER CHILDREN, SONGS OF THE SPIRIT, 1004 FOLKSONGS, & on Judy Collins' WHALES AND NIGHTENGALES. The Shakers were the most successful of the many 19th c. communitarian movements. On Bright Morning Star's [illegible].

THE SONG IN OUR HEARTS

Chorus
I listen to the song in my heart_
I listen to the prayer I've been singing_
I listen to the song in my heart_
I listen to the prayer I've been singing

(Capo way up or play in G) D A G - (3x) D A G -

All my life,
I've been alone like a fish who swam ashore_
Sometimes it feels like I'll never find my way back home___
Sometimes it feels like I'll never find my way to sea___
I need to stop & listen to the song in my heart...
Bm A G D A G - / Em - G - A - - - /
Em - G - A - - - // D A G etc.
We suffer all illusions that separate me from you
We're working hard to build a place of union
We're working hard to be a place of love

We need to stop & listen to the song in our hearts_
We listen to the prayer we've been...
- Charlie Murphy

(c) 1978. By permission.

(intro) SONG OF THE SOUL

Open mine eyes that I may see
Glimpses of truth thou hast for me
Open mine eyes, illumine me
Spirit divine.
A E / E A / A D / E A

"Love of my life," I am crying, I am not dying, I am dancing.
Dancing along in the madness, there is no sadness, only a song of the soul
A ED E DE / A ED E A

Chorus
And we'll sing this song, why don't you sing along
And we can sing for a long, long time_ (repeat)
E - AD A / D E D A / E - AD A / D E A -

What do you do for your living?
Are you forgiving, giving shelter?
Follow your heart, love will find you, truth will unbind you
Sing out a song of the soul.

Come to your life like a warrior
Nothin will bore you, You can be happy
Let the light in it will heal you
And you can feel you,
Sing out a song of the soul. - Cris Williamson

On her album, CHANGER AND THE CHANGED. (c) Bird Ankle. By permission.

SPIRIT OF GOD

Spirit of God in the clear running water
Blowing to greatness the trees on the hill
Spirit of God in the finger of morning
C - F C / - - D G / C F Em F C

Chorus
Fill the earth, bring it to birth
And blow where you will_
Blow, blow, blow till I be
But breath of the Spirit blowing in me.
F C F C / Dm G C - / F Em Dm C / F C G C

Down in the meadow the willows are moaning
Sheep in the pastureland cannot lie still
Spirit of God, creation is groaning...

I saw the scar of a year that lay dying
Heard the lament of a lone whipporwill
Spirit of God, see that cloud crying...

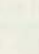
Spirit of God, ev'ryone's heart is lonely
Watching and waiting and hungry until
Spirit of God, we long that you only fulfill...
- Sister Miriam Therese Winter

On JOY IS LIKE THE RAIN (AVS 101). (c) Medical Mission Sisters. All rights reserved. Selling agent is Vanguard Music Corp.

SPIRIT SUN

Chorus
Life from the spirit sun_shining on everyone (3x)
(3rd time: add - everyone, everyone!)
D Dsus4 D Dsus4 (3x) (add harmonics 2nd & 3rd times)

I know there's a better place to be
Somewhere where the world won't bother me
Smiling faces and the children all run free
Everybody sings in harmony...
GD AB7 (3x) GD B7



You know that you can smile at me
I'll take the good things you give happily
So nice to feel the love surrounding me
Everybody sings in harmony... - Leo Kretzer

(c) 1974 Used by permission. (Orig. in key of A.)

THOSE WHO WAIT UPON GOD...

Those who wait upon God
Shall renew their strength
They shall mount up on wings as angels_
They shall run and not be weary
They shall walk and not faint
Help us, God help us, God in thy way.
C - / - - / G - C - / F - / C - / G - C -

Those who love the mystery / shall renew...
Those who live the life of hope / ...
Those who suffer on the march...
Those who see the way ahead...
- Adapted by Freddie Windriver

SPIRITUAL

THROUGH ALL THE WORLD BELOW

(Tune: Captain Kidd)
Thru all the world below God is seen all around
Search hills and valleys thru, there he's found
The growing of the corn, the lily and the thorn
The pleasant and forlorn all declare God is there
In the meadows dressed in green, there he's seen. Em Bm Em Bm/Em Bm Em —
Em — Am B7/(repeat as 1st 2 lines)
See springs of water rise, fountains flow, rivers run
The mist below the skies hides the sun
Then down the rain doth pour, the ocean it doth roar
And dash against the shore, all to praise in their lays
That God ne'er declines his designs.

The sun to my surprise speaks of God as she flies
The comets in their blaze give him praise
The shining of the stars, the moon as it appears
His sacred name declares, see them shine all divine
The shades in silence prove: God's above.

Then let my station be here on earth, as I see
The cont'nents, lights and seas all agree
Thru all the world is made, the forest and the glade
Nor let me be afraid tho I dwell on the hill
Since nature's works declare: God is there.

This is sung in the rich harmonies typical of "Sacred Harp" (4 part traditional Southern gospel) singing. Tune is in SING OUT REPRINTS #4, 1004 FOLKSONGS & the FIRESIDE BOOK OF AMER SONGS.

WAKE UP MY PEOPLE

Chorus
Wake up, my people. Wake up, Give a shout
Wake up, my people Know what life's about &
Wake up to the needs of all the ones who suffer sorrow
Wake up. Promise now to do your best to change tomorrow
Wake up my people and open every door
Wake up. It's time now, love my people evermore
G C G D/G Bm C D/G Em C D (2x)
G C G D/G Bm C D G —
All across the nation people are waitin
Hungry people starvin, waitin hopefully
Wake up to my people; share your table with them
As often as you do these things you do the same for me G Bm C D (4x).

Living in our cities people are waitin
Someone might be cryin waitin hopefully
Wake up to my people dry their tears of sorrow..

Even in our fam'lies people are waitin
Someone might be cryin waitin hopefully
Wake up to my people dry their tears of ...
- Ray Repp

On his COME ALIVE (c) 1967 FEL Church Publications. All rights reserved.

STRUGGLE

AIN'T THAT NEWS

I got news, of the very best kind
About troubles that are fallin behind,
About people that used to be blind
Till they opened up their eyes to see.
It's news, when they begin to ask why
They're poor until the day that they die.
They're tired of pie in the sky
And they want some security.
C —/F —/C —/G —
repeat, ending: G C

Chorus
And that's news, news, ain't that news.
Ain't that somethin to see
News news talk about the news
It's mighty good news to me.
C —/F G/C FC/CG C

I got news bout ordinary women and men
They heard it preached time and again
To be patient and grateful and then
And don't agitate around here.
Well they argued, and they talked it around
And they woke up and here's what they found
Their voices made a mighty big sound
And they knew they had nothin to fear

In Hazard, they're meetin at night
Organizin and doin it right
And plannin for a helluva fight
And they sure don't aim to lose
In New York, the tenants are knowin their slumlords
And a-gettin to know 'em better.
And I want you to know that's
The very best kind of news. - Tom Paxton

On his AIN'T THAT NEWS. (c) Deep Fork?

THE CUTTY WREN

Oh, where are you going? said Milder to Malder
Oh we may not tell you, said Festle to Fose
Were off to the woods said John the Red Nose (2x)
D C D C/D C D Am —/D Am D Am/
D C DC D —
What will you do there? said Milder to Malder
Oh we may not tell you said Festle to Fose
Well shoot the Cutty Wren, said John...
How will you shoot her?/Oh we may not tell you/
With bows & with arrows
That will not do/Oh what will do then/Big guns & big cannon
How will you bring her home?/Oh we may not tell you/On four strong men's shoulders

(CONT... NEXT PAGE)

That will not do/Oh what will do then?/Big carts
and big wagons
How will you cut her up?/Oh we may not tell you/
With knives and with forks
That will not do/Oh what will do then?/Big hatch
hatches and cleavers
Who'll get the spare ribs?/Oh we may not tell
you/We'll give it all to the poor

Written during medieval times as code language about peasant uprisings. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & in SING OUT REPRINTS #5. On Ian & Sylvia's GREATEST HITS. Tune (with new words about resistance to strip mining) is on Rich Kirby & Michael Kline's THEY CAN'T PUT IT BACK.

DONA DONA

On a wagon bound for market
There's a calf with a mournful eye
High above him there's a swallow
Winging swiftly through the sky
Am E Am E/ Am Dm Am E/ Am E Am E/
(Capo up or play in Dm) Am Dm AmE Am
Chorus
How the winds are laughing
They laugh with all their might
They laugh and laugh the whole day through
And half the summer's night. Dona, dona...
G-C-(2x) G- CAm/E - Am -
Dona's: E - Am-/G-CE/--Am- /DmE Am-
"Stop complaining" said the farmer
"Who told you a calf to be?
Why don't you have wings to fly with
Like the swallow so proud and free"

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered
Never knowing the reason why
But whoever treasures freedom
Like the swallow must learn to fly.

Some folks react to this as a "blaming the victim" song: don't sing it unless you can see it as a call to the calf to rise up, dump the farmer in the ditch, and take off across the fields! In the JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK & on BEST OF DONOVAN. Original Yiddish by Aaron Zeitlin & Sholom Secunda. English by Arthur Kevess & Teddi Schwartz (c) 1956 Hargail Music Press.

DON'T BUY JUICE

(Tune: Bye, Bye Love)

Don't buy juice, don't buy citrus fruit
If it's from Florida
There's a boycott going on (2x)
F C F C/F C/ CG C (2x)

Down in Dade county they took a vote
Using gay people as their scapegoat
Trying to tell us that we're not fit
To be with children or some such nonsense
G- C- (2x) F- G-/--C-

Anita's saying she's gonna take
Her homophobia all across the states
But when she gets here we'll come out strong
Standing united as we belong.

News clipping: a spring 1978 national survey of HS students reported that they had voted Adolf Hitler & Ms Bryant the 2 individuals who had done the most harm to humanity in recent years...! Florida citrus products have been under boycott because of the citrus growers' use of Bryant in their advertising campaigns.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN ME

①
Students in Ohio and down at Jackson State
Shot down by a vicious fire one early day in
May
Some people cried out angry, "You should have
shot more of them down."
But you can't bury youth my friend, youth grows
the whole world round.
F C F C/F C F G/C Am F Am/F - - C
Chorus
It could have been me but instead it was you
So I'll keep doing the work you were doing as if
I were two
I'll be a student of life, a singer of songs, a
farmer of food and a righter of wrongs
It could have been me but instead it was you
And it may be me dear sisters and brothers
before we are through
But if you can die for freedom, freedom(3x)
If... die for freedom, I can too (use sing, live,
fight in succeeding verses)
F - C-/F-G-/F - Em -/F- C-/F- G-
C Am-D/F- C -
②The junta took the fingers from Victor Jara's
hands
They said to the gentle poet, "Play your guitar
now if you can."
Well, Victor started singing until they shot
his body down
You can kill a man but not a song when it's
sung the whole world round

③A woman in the jungle so many wars away
Studies late into the night, defends a village
in the day
Although her life and struggle are miles away
from me
She sings a song and I know the words and I'll
sing them 'til she's free
④One night in Oklahoma, Karen Silkwood died
Because she had some secrets big companies wanted
to hide
Well they talk of nuclear safety, they talk of
national pride
But we all know it's a death machine, and
that's why Karen died

⑤Our sisters are in struggle, from Vietnam to
Wounded Knee
From Mozambique to Puerto Rico, and they ook
to you and me
To fight against the system that kills them off
and takes their land
It's our fight too if we're gonna win, we've got
to do it hand and hand

Last Chorus
It's gonna be me and its gonna be you
So we'll keep doing the work we've been...
We'll be students of life...
Farmers of food, and fighters so strong
It's gonna be me and...
But it will be us dear sisters & brothers ...
Cuz if you can fight for freedom...We can too!
-Holly Near

On her LIVE ALBUM & in her WORDS AND MUSIC. (c) Hereford Music 1974
All rights reserved. Used by permission.

THE INTERNATIONALE

Arise ye pris'ners of starvation.
Arise ye wretched of the earth.
For justice thunders condemnation
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us
Arise ye slaves no more in thrall.
The earth shall rise on new foundations.
We have been naught, we shall be all.
G - C Am/A D G - /G - C Am/D - G - /
B^7 Em D - / A - D - /D - G - /D A D —

Chorus
'Tis the final conflict
Let each stand in her place
The international working class
Shall be the human race (repeat)
G - Am A/D - G - / G D G B^7/C Am D -
G - Am A /D - G - / G C Am - /G D G -

We want no condescending saviors
To rule us from their judgement hall.
We workers ask not for their favors,
Let us consult for all.
To make the thief disgorge his booty,
To free the spirit from its cell.
We must ourselves decide our duty,
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,
The wage slave system drains our blood;
The rich are free from obligations,
The laws the poor delude.
Too long we've languished in subjection
Equality has other laws;
"No rights!" says she, "Without their duties,
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,
The kings of mine and rail and soil!
What have you read in all their story,
But how they plundered toil?
Fruits of the worker's toil are buried
In strongholds of the idle few;
In working for our restitution
We folk will only claim our due.

We toilers from all fields united
Join hand in hand with all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers.
No room here for the shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning
The blessed sunlight then will stay.

-Pierre Deguyter + Eugene Pottier

Written by Deguyter (a worker) during the collapse of the Paris Commune in 1871, the world's first experiment in organizing a socialist society In FRICTION IN THE SYSTEM and the I.W.W. SONGBOOK.

JOSHUA

Chorus
Joshua fought the battle of Jericho
Jericho, Jericho
Joshua fought the battle of Jericho
And the walls came tumbling down
Am - / E Am :||

You may talk about the men of Gideon
You may brag about the king of Saul
But there's none like good old Joshua
At the battle of Jericho
Am E (2x) Am Dm/ AmE Am

I STRUGGLE

Upto the walls of Jericho
They marched with spears in hand
Come blow them ram horns Joshua said
Cause the battle is in our hands.

Then the lamb ram sheep horns began to blow
The trumpets began to sound
Joshua commanded the children to shout
And the walls came tumbling down.

Well I've heard God's voice on the mountaintop
In the desert and by the sea
Crying "Rise up against those city walls
And you too shall be free!"

We included this song because of its hopeful & insurrectionist imagery. We shouldn't forget, however, that Joshua & his followers carried out systematic genocide against the people living in Palestine at that time. In AMER FAV BALLADS, PEOPLES SONGBOOK & 1004 FOLKSONGS.
Verse 4 is by Peter Blood. Used by permission.

NYE BAYUSSYA NIKAVO (Fear No One)

Russian: I fear no one and I believe in [illegible] one, save God alone! / There is no, no, no one but He alone... / No, no, I fear no one & nothing except God.

(Intro)
Nye bayussya nikavo
I nye veryu nikamu
Tol'ko Bogu adnamu
Em G Bm Em/Bm G Bm Em/Bm G Am B

Nyet nyet nikavo
Kromye yevo adnavo
Ai lai la-ai lai lai laila la-i!
G Bm / Em Bm/ Em Bm Em G

Nyet nyet nye bayussya
Nye bayussya nikavo
Ai lai la-ai lai lai laila la-i!

Nyet nyet nye bayussya
Nye bayussya nikavo
Tol'ko Boga adnavo -Soviet Jews

From underground tapes from the USSR. on Theodore Bikel's SILENT NO MORE. (Columbia Records of Canada, Ltd.)

THE RED FLAG

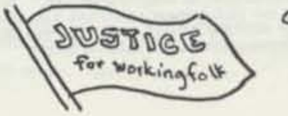
(Tune: O Tannenbaum)

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their hearts' blood dyed its ev'ry fold.
D - A D - - / - A - A D - ://

Chorus
Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live or die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.
D - - G - - / A - - D - - / D - A D - - /
D A - A D -

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow:
We must not change its color now.

It well recalls the triumphs past;
It gives the hope of peace at last--
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.



Cont'd on next page →

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall.
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.
-Jim Connell

Connell, an Irish journalist, wrote this during the great London dock strike of 1912. Altho sung here by the IWW for many yrs it has become the anthem of the Labor Party in the UK - hardly a radical bunch today! In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST.

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

When the union's inspiration
Through the workers blood shall run
There can be no power greater
Anywhere beneath the sun
Yet what force on Earth is weaker
Than the feeble strength of one?
But the union makes us strong.
G-/--/C-/G-/--/-Em/CDG-

Chorus
Solidarity forever! (3x) For the union
makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common
With the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom
And would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us
But to organize and fight? for the...

It is we who plowed the prairies
Built the cities where they trade
Dug the mines and built the workshops
Endless miles of railroad laid
Now we stand outcast and starving
Mid the wonders we have made, but...

All the world that's owned by idle drones
Is ours and ours alone
We have laid the wide foundations
Built it skyward stone by stone
It is ours, not to slave in,
But to master and to own, while...

They have taken untold millions
That they never toiled to earn
But without our brain and muscle
Not a single wheel can turn
We can break their haughty power
Gain our freedom when we learn, that...

In our hands is placed a power
Greater than their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of armies
Magnified a thousand-fold
We can bring to birth a new world
From the ashes of the old, for...
-Ralph Chaplin

When Chaplin wrote this in 1915 he said he wanted "a song full of revolutionary fervor with a chorus that is singing & defiant." He was given a 20 yr sentence at the 1918 Chicago IWW trials but was released in 1923. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, AMER FAV BALLADS, the PEOPLES SONGBOOK, & on Glazer's SINGS LABOR SONGS & Seeger TALKING UNION.

Chorus
Solidaridad por siempre,
Solidaridad por siempre,
Solidaridad por siempre(3x)
Con la fuerza sindical.
(o: que viva nuestra unión)

Llevaremos en la sangre
La grandeza sindical,
No tendrá poder más grande
El laborismo mundial.
Compañero, si eres débil
Con tu fuerza individual,
Busca la unidad gremial.

Más que el oro atesorado
Es el poder sindical;
Es más fuerte que una armada
Y mejor que un arsenal.
Crearemos nueva vida
En el campo laboral
Con la fuerza sindical.

U.F.W. verses
En los campos de Delano
Luchan per su libertad
Todos los trabajadores
Quieren ya vivir en paz
Y por eso compañeros
Nos tenemos que jutar
Con solidaridad.

Vamos vamos campesinos
Los derechos a pelear
Con el corazón en alto
Y con fé en unidad
Las olas del mar la injusticia
Va a indunar, Con...

STAND UP

Chorus
Stand up, stand up and tell em you're here
Shout it loud for the whole world to hear
They're long overdue for a kick in the rear—
Stand up and tell 'em you're here
D - A - / - - D - , D D7 G - / A - D -

The world has gone crazy the country's a mess
You open your eyes and you just get depressed
If you take what they give you they'll keep all
the rest—
Stand up and tell em you're here

Oh the problems are so hard & talk is so cheap
Countin the crises is like countin sheep
You can count on the experts & go back to sleep
Or stand up & tell em you're here

Some people so glib & so smart will say
"Drop out & the system will fade away"
And the fat cats just smile as they carry the
day, stand up...

Course some folks are naturally shy and reserved
You hear the world 'action' you lose all your
nerve
Well the government you get is the one you deserve
Stand up & tell em you're here

When you're fed up with being ignored & abused
You're a mighty big bomb with a mighty short
fuse
Yes we'll make em an offer they cannot refuse
When we stand up & tell em we're here

Final Chorus: Tell em we're here. - Fred Small

From his collection AQUIFER (c) 1977 Used by permission.

They Are Falling (A capella)

They are falling all around me
They are falling all around me
They are falling all around me
They are falling all around me
The strongest leaves of my tree

Every paper brings the news that
Every paper brings the news that
Every paper brings the news that
the teachers of my sounds are moving on

Death comes and rest so heavy
Death comes and rest so heavy
Death comes and rest so heavy
Your face I'll never see no more

Refrain
But you're not really going to leave me
You're not really going to leave me
You're not really going to leave me

It is your path I walk
It is your song I sing
It is your air I breathe
It's the record you set that makes me go on
It's your strength that helps me stand
You're not really going to leave me

I will try to sing my song right
I will try to sing my song right
I will try to sing my song right
Be sure to let me hear from you — Bernice Reagan

©1975 Bernice Johnson Reagon BMI.
All rights reserved Recorded by SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK
(on their BELIEVE I'LL RUN ON... album)

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN

Come gather round people wherever you roam _
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to
the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin or you'll sink
like a stone
For the times they are a-changing.
G Em C G- / G Em C D / G Em C G-
G Em D - / — — — — / G — D G —
Come writers and critics who prophecy with
your pens
And keep you eyes wide, the chance won't come
again,
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still
in spin,
And there's no tellin who that it's namin
For the loser now may be later to win
For the times they are a-changin.

Come senators, congressmen, please heed the
call
Don't stand in the doorways don't block up
the hall
For those who get hurt will be those who have
stalled
There's a battle outside and it's ragin,
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your
walls....

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you don't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your
command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out the new one if you can't lend
a hand....

The line it is drawn the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin
And the first one now will later be last...
- Bob Dylan

On his TIMES THEY ARE... & in his SONGBOOK. In the PETER, PAUL & MARY SONGBOOK & on their CONCERT. On Simon & Garfunkel's WED. MORNING 3AM. (c) 1963 M. Witmark + Sons. All rights reserved.

WADE IN THE WATER

Wade in the water (2x) children
Wade...God's gonna trouble the water
Am — / Am Am Em / Am — / — E Am

Who are those children there dressed in red?
God's gonna trouble the waters
Must be the children that Moses led/God's...
Am — / — E Am :||

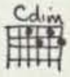
White/must be the people gettin ready to fight
Blue/must be the people gonna see this thru
Green/bout the finest movers I ever seen

In 1004 FOLKSONGS.

WE CAN MAKE THE CHANGES

We can make the changes if we want _
We can make the changes if we try _
Everything we want to see
We can make reality
We can make the changes and we will _
G — — — / — — G7 — / C C Cdim / Dm Dm E
G — G7 —

Chorus
We will, we will, we will _
Take heart all those in the struggle
Our lives are where it begins
So celebrate through the hard times
'Cause we will win.
G7 — — — / — — C — / G7 — C — / (2x) / E —



We can make the difference if we want
. . . if we try.
Our numbers may be very small,
We can grow and become all.
We can make.... .

We can make the new world if we want.... .
All we do is make it show
And the old world's got to go...- P.J. Hoffman
(c) 1976 author. Used by permission.

STRUGGLE

WHAT'S THAT I HEAR

What's that I hear now ringin' in my ear?
I've heard that sound before.
What's that I hear now ringin' in my ear?
I hear it more and more.
It's the sound of freedom callin' --
  ringin' up to the sky!
It's the sound of the old ways a-fallin' --
You can hear it if you try! (2x)
C Em A D/G C D - //
G - D - / G - F - / G - D - / C Em D - (2x)
What's that I see now shinin' in my eyes,
I've seen that light before.
What's that I see now shinin' in my eyes.
I see it more and more.
It's the light of freedom shinin' --
  shinin' up to the sky.
It's the light of the old ways a-fallin'
You can see it if you try! (2x)

What's that I feel now beatin' in my heart?
I've felt that beat before.
What's that I feel now beatin' in my heart?
I feel it more and more.
It's the rumble of freedom callin'
  climbin' up to the sky.
It's the rumble of the old ways a-fallin'
You can feel it if you try! (2x) - Phil Ochs

On his ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SING. (c) 1963 Appleseed Music Inc. All rights reserved.

WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES (to the tune of When the Saints Go Marching In)

Intro
We are travelling in the footsteps
Of those who came before
And if we stand and fight united
Then a new world is in store
D G/D A/D G/DAD

Chorus
Oh, when the re-volution comes (2x)
Oh yes, I want to be in that number
When the revolution comes.
D -/- A/DD7 G/DA D

Verses: Oh, when the rich go out and work...
Oh, when the air is pure and clean...
Oh, when all folk have food to eat...
Oh, when our leaders learn to cry...
(make up your own verses) - Peter Blood

Tune is in JOYFUL SINGING, WEAVERS SONGBOOK, etc.

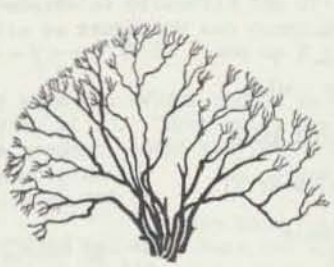
WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN

Oh the time will come when the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease to be breathin
Like the stillness in the wind 'fore the
    hurricane begins,
The hour that the ship comes in.
Then the sea will split and the ships will hit,
And the shore-line sands will be shaking,
Then the tide will sound and the waves will
    pound
And the morning will be breaking--- (Capo up 2)
C Em F C / Am F C - / - Em F C / - GF C - //
Em - F C / Em F C - / C Em F C / C F G F C---
Oh the fishes will laugh as they swim out of the
    path
And the seagulls they'll be a-smiling
And the rocks on the sand will proudly stand,
The hour that the ship comes in.
And the words that are used for to get the
    ship confused,
Will not be understood as they're spoken.
Oh the chains of the sea will have busted in
    the night,
And be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

A song will lift as the mainsail shifts,
And the boat drifts on to the shore line,
And the sun will respect every face up the deck
The hour that the ship comes in.
Then the sands will roll out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a-touchin,
And the ship wise men will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watchin.

Oh the foes will rise with the sleep still in
    their eyes,
And they'll jerk from their beds and think
    they're dreamin
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal and
    they'll know that it's for real
The hour that the ship comes in.
Then they'll raise their hands sayin we'll meet
    all your demands
But we'll shout from the bow your days are
    numbered.
And like Pharaoh's triumph they'll be drowned
    in the tide
And like Goliath they'll be conquered - Bob Dylan

In his SONGBOOK & on his TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGING. In the PETER PAUL AND MARY SONGBOOK & on their SONG WILL RISE. On Arlo Guthrie's HOBO'S LULLABY. (c) 1963 M. Witmark & Sons. All rights reserved.



YOU CAN GET IT IF YOU REALLY WANT

Chorus
You can get it if you really want (3x)
But you must try, try and try, try and try
Till you succeed at last
C G F – (3x) F – G – F – G – C (G F – etc.)

Persecution you must bear
Win or lose you got to get your share
Got your mind set on a dream
You can get it though hard it may seem
C G F – (2x) Em – F – / G – – –

Rome was not built in a day
Opposition will come your way
But the harder the battle you see
It's the sweeter the victory – Jimmy Cliff

On his THE HARDER THEY COME. (c) 1970 Island Music Ltd

YOU'VE GOT TO STAND UP

You've got to stand up and speak your mind _
Nobody else _ is gonna do it for you _
You've got to stand up and take your place _
You've got to do it all by yourself. _
G – – – / D – G – / G – C A / G D C G

But once you've made the move, you'll feel
much better
Cuz there are thousands _ who went and did it
before you _
They're out there waiting just to take your hand
To join their strength with yours to make this a
better world.

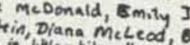
An end to sexism, an end to racism
An end to ageism, an end to human chauvinism _
An end to moneyism, piggy, piggy, piggy moneyism
An end to all the needless suffering in this world
– The Provisional Theatre

This progressive repertory company is based in LA but tours widely each spring. In recent yrs their exciting works have included VOICES OF THE PEOPLE & their INCHING THRU THE EVERGLADES (which this songis from). They should make a record--their singing is real stirring. Write them at 1816 1/2 N. Vermont Ave, LA, CA 90027 to find when they will be coming your way.... (c) 1979. Used by permission. The PROVISIONAL THEATRE

It takes alot of work to get together song sheets like these!

(See the song called "Bread Song" in the WORK section!) We estimate well over 1000 hours of labor were donated including finding words, format work, typing, pasting, calligraphy, drawings, proofreading, guitar chords, printing, etc. All but typing & printing were done "gratis", & the typists & printers were also involved in suggesting word changes here & there, contributing labor, etc.

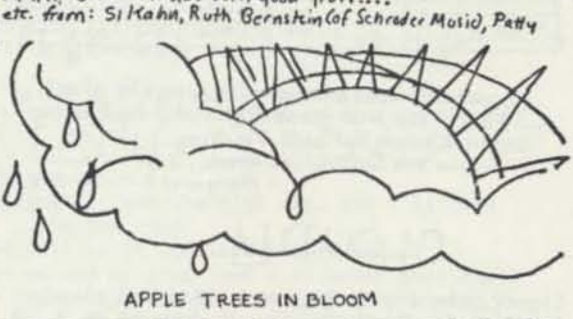
Oodles of thanks go to: Anne Wright, Rhian Lombard, Bruce McDonald, Emily Johnson, Peter Blood, Barb Anspach, Catherine Scott, Dave Finke, Jerry Chernow, Mary Kilchenstein, Diana McLeod, Betsy Wright, Paul Keiser, Gail Weinstein, Diana Chiropoulis, Dave Hostetler, Joan Nikelsky, Nancy Brigham & others in littler bits. Dotti Siftar, Elizabeth Humphries, Joana Halbeison, Annie Patterson, Anne Semian



Yay us – we did it!!! Our work has born good fruit....

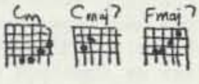
In addition we got invaluable support, advice, encouragement, etc. from: Si Kahn, Ruth Bernstein (of Schroder Music), Patty Huntington (of Lucha); Bob Lusk, Rhonda Mattern & others at Sing Out!, Paul Cope (of World Around Songs), Bruce Kokopeli, Margaret & Bob Blood, Pete Seeger & others at Sanga Music, Dorothy Goertz, and Kristin Lems.

SUN & RAIN



ALL GOOD GIFTS

(capo up)
We plow the fields and scatter the good seed on
the land
But it is fed and watered by God's allgentle
hand
Who sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell
the grain
The breezes and the sunshine and soft refreshing
rain
G Dm F C / G Am Cm G /
G Dm F C / Bm C A D

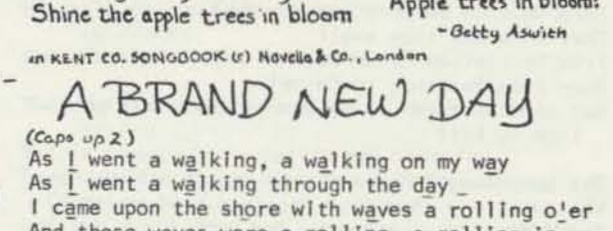


Chorus
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven
above _
So thank the Lord, oh thank...for all the love. _ _
G Cmaj7 Fmaj7 – (2x) Em Bm Em Bm G C – D

We thank thee then O Spirit for all things
bright and good
The seed time & the harvest, our life, our health
and food
No gifts have we to offer for all thy love
imparts
But that which thou desirest, our humble joyful
hearts. – Stephen Schwartz

From his musical GODSPELL (c) 1973 Hansen Music. All rights reserved.

APPLE TREES IN BLOOM



Sweet the evening air of May, soft my cheek caressing
Sweet the unseen lilac spray, with its scented blessing

White & ghostly in the gloom
Shine the apple trees in bloom
Apple trees in bloom!
– Betty Aswith

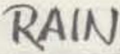
in KENT CO. SONGBOOK (c) Novello & Co., London

A BRAND NEW DAY

(Capo up 2)
As I went a walking, a walking on my way
As I went a walking through the day _
I came upon the shore with waves a rolling o'er
And those waves were a rolling, a rolling in
a brand new day.
C Am Dm G / C – G – / F C – Am – / C Am F G C –

(CONT... NEXT PAGE)

SUN & RAIN



As I went a-searching, a-searching for my way
As I went a-searchin thru the day
The grass did freely grow, o'er the one path
I did know
Yet that grass came a-growing, a-growing. . .

As I went unseeing, unseeing on my way
As I went so blindly through the day
The sun did light the skies, and Earth's colors
filled my eyes,
For that sun came a-rising. . .

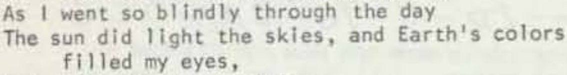
As I went in sorrow, in sorrow on my way--
As I went in sorrow thru the day
The winds of Earth did blow and my sadness soon
did go,
For those winds came a-blowin. . .

As I went so lonely, . . .
The children in the street came a-laughing by
my feet,
And those children were a-laughing. . .

Now I feel myself a-dancing. . .
A-dancing sure and free like the gull above
the sea,
For we both come a-dancing. . . - Carolyn McDade

In SING A WOMANSONG. (c) author. All rights reserved.

CANOE ROUND



My paddle's keen & bright, flashing like silver
Follow the wild goose flight, dip dip & swing
Dipdip & swing her back, flashing...
Follow the wild goose track, dip...
- Margaret E. McGee 1918

CLOUDY

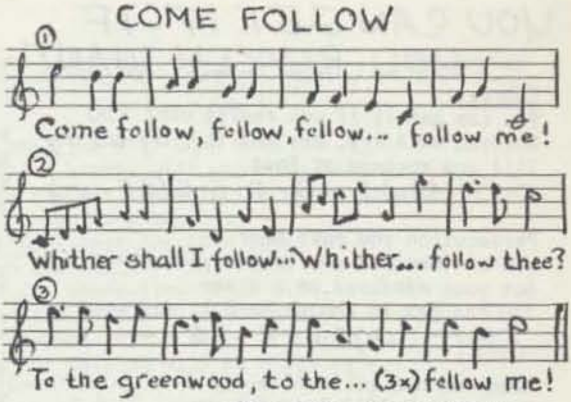
Cloudy,_the sky is grey and white and_cloudy
_Sometimes I think it's hangin down on me
It's hitchhike a hundred miles_
I'm a ragamuffin child_
Pointed finger painted smile_
I left my shadow waitin down the road for me
a while. C--- Fmaj7 F/-- CEm Am
G Em -/G Am -/D D7 -/G---

Cloudy my thoughts are scattered and they're
cloudy
They have no borders, no boundaries
They echo and they swell
From Tolstoi to Tinkerbell
Down from Berkeley to Carmel
Got some pictures in my pocket and a lot of
time to kill

Hey sunshine, I haven't seen you in a longtime
Why don't you show your face and bend my mind?
These clouds stick to the sky
Like a floating question "why?"
They linger there to die
They don't know where they're goin and my
friend neither do I. - Paul Simon

In his SONGS OF... & on PARSLEY, SAGE... (c) 1966 author. All rights reserved.

COME FOLLOW


①
Come follow, follow, follow... follow me!
②
Whither shall I follow... Whither... follow thee?
③
To the greenwood, to the... (3x) follow me!

- John Hilton (1599-1657)

DE COLORES

De colores, de colores se visten
Los campos en la primavera
De colores, de colores son los
Pajarillos que vienen de afuera
De colores, de colores es el
Arcoiris que vemos lucir
Y por eso los grandes amores de } (2x)
Muchos colores me gustan a mi. }
C --/- G7/-- F/- C/C - C7/- F
Chorus: F C/G C :‖

Canta el gallo, canta el gallo con el
Quire quire (7x of quire)
La gallina, la gallina con la
Cara cara...
El polluelo, el polluelo con el
Peo peo... pa.
Se hace un león|con se quire quire
Cara cara peo peo pa
Y por eso los grandes amores de
Muchos colores me gustan a mi.

This is a favorite of the United Farmworkers. SPAN: The fields love to dress all incolors in spring. In all colors the birds clothe themselves each season. In... the rainbow lights the sky. And so you see great love must be in bright colors to please me. / The rooster sings with his quire-quire, the cluck-hen with her... the baby chicks with their... Then they all start at once! And so...

EDELWEISS

1. 2. (D.C. al fine)
GDGC/GEmCD‖GDG-‖D-G-/CAD-
Edelweiss, Edelweiss
Every morning you greet me.
Small and white, clean and bright,
You look happy to meet me.
Blossoms of snow may you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever.
Edelweiss, Edelweiss,
Bless my homeland forever.
- Oscar Hammerstein & Richard Rodgers

From their musical SOUND OF MUSIC (c) 1960 Williamson (Sheet music from Chappell Music Co.) All rights reserved.

FINJAN

Haru-ach noshevet krirah_
Nosifah keisam lamdurah_
Ve-chach bizro-ot argaman_
Ba-esh ya-aleh ke-korban_
Ha-esh me-havhevet, shirah melavlevet
Sovev lo, sovev ha-finjan_
Am -Dm- /-- Am - :‖ Am E AmDm/C E Am -
(Below:) Dm C Dm Am/C E Am-/Dm C Dm Am/
La, la, la, la. . . C E Am Dm/Am E Am
Sovev lo, sovev ha-finjan - Israel

The Hebrew means: The wind blows cool. A chip is added to the fire & the purple logs go up in flame like a burnt offering. The fire burns, the song is sung out, encircling the Finjan (coffeepot).

THE HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go awandering
Along the mountain track
And as I go, I love to sing
My knapsack on my back.
C – / – G / – C/FG C

Chorus
Valderi, valdera, valderi, valderahaha...
Valderi, valdera, my knapsack on my back.
G C G C/G C FG C "(2nd verse chorus ends "Come join my happy song," and so forth)

I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun
So joyously it calls to me
Come join my happy song.

I wave my hat to all I meet
And they wave back to me
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
From every greenwood tree

High overhead, the skylark wing
They never rest at home
But just like me, they love to sing
As o'er the world we roam

Oh, may I go awandering
Until the day I die
And may I always laugh and sing
Beneath God's clear blue sky – Swiss German

In GOOD FELLOWSHIP SONGS (from World Around Songs - see JOYFUL SINGING on booklist for source).

HERE COMES THE SUN

Chorus
Here comes the sun (2x) and I say it's allright --
G – Cmaj7 A7 G CG D7

Little darlin, it's been a long cold lonely winter
Little darlin it feels like years since you've
been here G – C D7 (2x)

...the smiles returning to their faces
...it feels like years since it's been here

...I feel the ice is slowly melting
...it feels like years since it's been clear
– George Harrison

On the Beatles' ABBEY ROAD & their '67-70. In various collections of popular music. (c) 1969 Harrisongs Music, New York, NY. All rights reserved.

I GOT SOME SINGING TO DO

Chorus
Lord, Lord I got some singin to do (3x)
Don't take me, Lord, too soon.
Am – Dm E / Am – E – / Am – Dm E / Am E Am –

I'll sing about the moon, the queen of night
Who touches all the world with her silver light
And guides my way the whole night through
Lord, Lord I got some singin to do.
Am – Dm E (2x) Am G C Dm / Am – E Am

I'll sing about the sun, my friend the sun
Who says get up, get up, the day's begun.
And warms my way the whole day thru, Lord...

I'll sing about the rain, the gentle rain,
That falls upon the mountains & the plain
And weeps for me the dark days through...

I'll sing about the wind who brings to me
The songs of those I love, where they may be
For Lord I know they're singin too...

In SING OUT REPRINTS #8 as "Lord I got some..."

I LOVE THE FLOWERS

I love the flowers, I love the daffodils,
I love the mountains, I love the rolling hills
I love the firelight when the light is low
Boom-ti-ada (4x) C Am F G / etc.

JOY IS LIKE THE RAIN

I saw raindrops on my window,
Joy is like the rain.
Laughter runs across my pain,
Slips away and comes again.
Joy is like the rain.
D Em A D / Em – G A D – – – / G – D – /
A – DA D / Em – G A D – – –
I saw clouds upon the mountain,
Joy is like a cloud.
Sometimes silver, sometimes gray,
Always sun not far away... .

I saw Christ pri [hope] in wind and thunder,
Joy is tried by storm.
Christ [friends] asleep within my boat,
Whipped by wind, yet still afloat... .

I saw raindrops on the river,
Joy is like the rain,
Bit by bit the river grows,
Till all at once it overflows... .
– Sister Miriam Therese Winter

On their JOY IS LIKE THE RAIN (AVS 101). (c) 1965 Medical Mission Sisters. All rights reserved. By permission. Selling agent is Vanguard Music Corp.

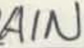
LOCH LOMOND

Chorus
Oh, you'll take the high road and I'll take
the low road
And I'll be in Scotland before you
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond
C Am F G (2x) F Am Dm FG/C Am DmG C
(Capo up 2)
By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love were ever wont to
be
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

I mind where we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of BenLomond
Where in deep purple hues the Highland hills
we viewed
And the moon coming out in the gloaming

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers
spring
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping
So the broken heart must ken a second spring
again
And the world does not know how we're greeting.

In the FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS & 1004 FOLKSONGS.



ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT'AT

Where hast thou been since I saw thee?
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at
Where hast thou been since I saw thee? (2x)
Chorus On Ilkley Moor baht 'at (3x)
G - - - / - - D - / - - G - / A - D -
Chorus: G - / - GC / G D G -
I've been a-courtin Mary Jane. . .
There wilt thou catch thy death of cold. . .
Then we will come and bury thee. . .
Then t'worms shall come and eat thee up. . .
Then ducks shall come and eat up t'worms. . .
Then we shall come and eat up ducks. . .
Then we shall all have et up thee. . .
Where hast . . .
– England

Should be sung with great gusto by a large group in full harmonies.
In SING OUT REPRINTS #4

RAIN

Rain falls hard on the streets where the cars go
Rain falls pit-pat on my head
Rain makes the plants grow
Rain makes the whole world wet!
– Mark Willoughby & Dave Gott

Used by permission. Mark lives in West Philadelphia.
C G C G / C - - G / C G C F / C G C -

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

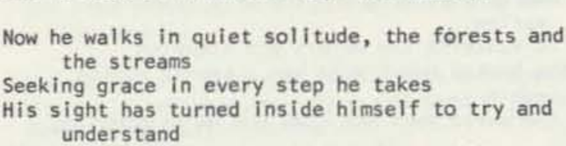
He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh year
Comin home to a place he'd never been before
He left yesterday behind him
You might say he was born again
You might say he found a key to every door.

When he first came to the mountains, his life was far away
On a road, and hangin by a song
But the string's already broken
And he doesn't really care
It keeps changin fast and it don't last for long.
C - F G / C - F - / C Am / F G / C - F -

Chorus
But the Colorado Rocky Mountain high
I've seen it rainin fire in the sky
The shadows in the starlight are softer than a lullaby
Rocky Mountain high – in Colorado (2x)
F G C - (2x) F G C F - / C - F - (2x)

He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below
He saw everything as far as you can see
And they say that he got crazy once, and tried to touch the sun.
And he lost a friend but kept his memory.

Now he walks in quiet solitude, the forests and the streams
Seeking grace in every step he takes
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand
The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake



(second chorus)...you can talk to God and listen to the casual reply...

Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still knows some fear
Of the simple things he cannot comprehend
When they try to tear the mountains down, to bring in a couple more
More people, more scars upon the land.

(last chorus)...I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly – John Denver + Mike Taylor

On his ROCKY MTN HIGH, his GREATEST HITS, & his EVENING WITH... (c) 1972 Cherry Lane Music. All rights reserved. Int'l Copyright Secured.

SAKURA - CHERRY TREES

Sakura! sakura! Yayoi no sora wa
Miwatasu kaghiri; Kasumika? kumoka?
Nioi zo izuru.
Iza ya! Iza ya! Mini yuka-n
Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm / Am F Am E
Am Dm Am Dm / Am F Am E / Am Dm Am Dm Am F Dm E
Cherry trees, cherry trees bloom so bright in April breeze
Lika a mist or floating cloud; Fragrance fills the air around,
Shadows flit along the ground.
Come, oh come! come, oh come! Come, see cherry trees!

(c) 1956 Cooperative Recreation Service

SNOW SNOW

Chorus
Snow, snow falling down
Covering up my dirty old town
Am F E Am / G C E Am (Capo up 2)

Covers the garbage dump, covers the holes
Covers the rich homes and the poor souls
Covers the station covers the tracks
Covers the footsteps of those who'll not be back
G C E Am (4x)

Under the streetlamp there stands a girl
Looks like she doesn't have a friend in the world
Looks at the big flakes come drifting down
Twisting & turning round and round

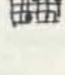
Covers the mailbox the farm & the plow
Even barbed wire seems beautiful now
Covers the station covers the tracks... – Pete Seeger

On his RAINBOW RACE. TRO (c) 1965 Melody Trails, Inc. New York, NY. Used by permission.

SOON IT'S GONNA RAIN

Hear how the wind begins to whisper
See how the leaves go streaming by
Smell how the velvet rain is falling
Out where the fields are warm and dry
G D Em D (4x)

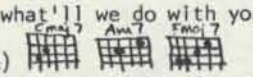
Now is the time to run inside and stay
Now is the time to find a hideaway
Where we can stay
Em B7 Em F Em - - - / Em B7 Em F Em - - /
Gm G7 - - -



(Verse)
Soon it's gonna rain, I can see it
Soon it's gonna rain, I can tell
Soon...what're we gonna do?
Cmaj7 Am7 Cmaj7 Am7 / Cmaj7 Am7 Em A /
Fmaj7 D7 Dm7 G Cmaj7 Am7...

Soon...I can feel it
Soon...I can tell
Soon...what'll we do with you?

(Bridge)



We'll find four limbs of a tree we'll
Make four walls and a door we'll
Bind it over with leaves and
Run inside and stay Dm^7 – F G/Cmaj7 Am^7 Em Am/
Dm^7 – F G/Am D^7 Dm^7 G^7
(last verse "at all":) Em^7- A^7- / Dm^7 Em F G C – – –
Then we'll let it rain all around us
Then we'll let it rain, rain pell mell.
And we won't complain if it never stops at all
We'll laugh and sing within our own four
walls. *-Tom Jones & Harvey Schmidt*

From the musical THE FANTASTICKS (c) 1963 Chappell Music. All rights reserved.

SOUND OF MUSIC

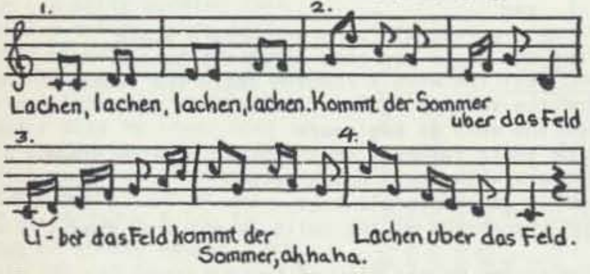
The hills are alive with the sound of music
With songs they have sung for a 1000 years
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music
My heart wants to sing every song it hears
C––– Em––– /Dm––– F-G- /C––– Em––– /C F G – C–––
(Capo up 2)
My heart wants to beat like the wings of the
birds
That rise from the lakes to the trees
My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies
From a church on a breeze F G C – (3x) D – G –

To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls
Over stones on its way
To sing thru the night
Like a lark who is learning to pray
F G C – (2x) Am – Em – /Am D C.

I go to the hills when my heart is lonely
I know I will hear what I've heard before
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music
And I'll sing once more. C–––Em– /Dm–––F-Cdim –/
C – Em – F – Dm – /F Em G – C––– by Oscar Hammerstein
and Richard Rodgers

From their musical. (c) 1960 Williamson Music Co. All rights reserved.

SUMMER'S COMING



German: Laughing comes summer over the fields.

THE SUN SONG

The sun is like a yellow balloon
Floating in the sky in the afternoon.
Sometimes it laughs, sometimes it hides,
Waiting for the clouds just to pass it by.
D A D – / – – A – / D A Bm D/Em – DG D

And then sometimes it's orange too
When the sky at night turns a deeper blue,
It calls the clouds come do the same,
Come and join with me in my colour game.
-Cheryl Dowdy

Cheryl is English & has been involved in Movement for a New Society.

SUNSHINE

Chorus
Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy.
Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry.
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely.
Sunshine almost always makes me high.
C Dm^7(4x) / C Dm^7 C – Dm – G – / C Dm^7(4x) /
(Capo up or play in D) C Dm^7 (4x)
If I had a day that I could give you,
I'd give to you a day just like today.
If I had a song that I could sing for you
I'd sing a song to make you feel this way.
C Dm Em F (2x) / C Dm Em – Dm – G –
C Dm Em F(2x) / C Dm Em F(2x)
If I had a tale that I could tell you,
I'd tell a tale sure to make you smile.
If I had a wish that I could wish for you,
I'd make a wish for sunshine all the while.
-John Denver, Dick Kniss, & Mike Taylor

In Denver's SONGBOOK & on his POEMS, PRAYERS & PROMISES, and on his GREATEST HITS. (c) 197 Cherry Lane Music. All rights reserved. International copyright secured.

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Oh the summertime is coming
The trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the purple heather.
D G D – / G – D – / G D Bm – / Em – G –

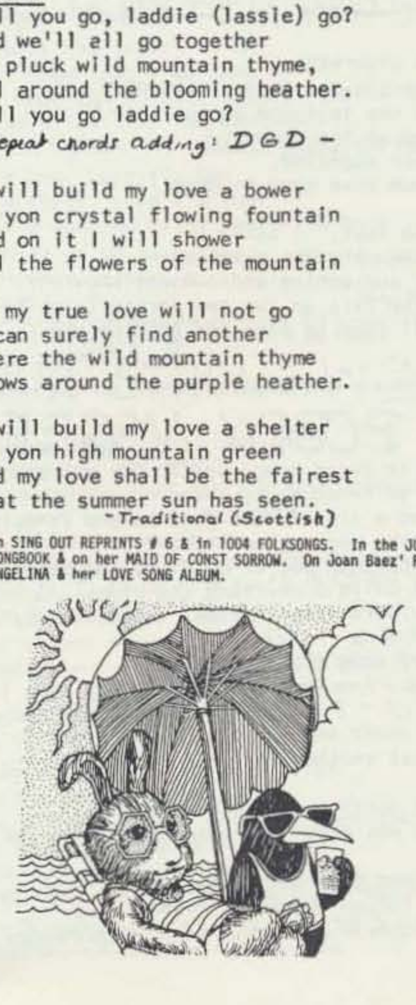
Chorus
Will you go, laddie (lassie) go?
And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather.
Will you go laddie go?
(repeat chords adding: D G D –

I will build my love a bower
By yon crystal flowing fountain
And on it I will shower
All the flowers of the mountain

If my true love will not go
I can surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the purple heather.

I will build my love a shelter
On yon high mountain green
And my love shall be the fairest
That the summer sun has seen.
-Traditional (Scottish)

In SING OUT REPRINTS # 6 & in 1004 FOLKSONGS. In the JUDY COLLINS SONGBOOK & on her MAID OF CONST SORROW. On Joan Baez' FAREWELL ANGELINA & her LOVE SONG ALBUM.



travelling

AMERICA

Let us be lovers
We'll marry our fortunes together.
I've got some real estate here in my bag.
So we bought a pack of cigarettes,
And Mrs. Wagner's pies, and walked off
To look for America.
C Em/Am C F---/C Em Am---/Em-A-/
Em-A-/DC G C Em Am -
F---

"Kathy," I said,
As we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh,
"Mich. seems like a dream to me now
It took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw.
I've come to look for America."
C Em/Am C F---/C Em Am---/G---/
D G D Cmaj7 - C -

Interlude
Laughing on the bus, playing
games with the faces, ---
She said the man in the gabardine suit was
a spy. ---
I said, "Be careful,"
"His bowtie is really a camera." --
B♭--- C--- ⁄⁄ F -/- - C--- (Am6--- Fmaj7--)

"Toss me a cigarette,
I think there's one in my raincoat."
"We smoked the last one an hour ago."
So I looked at the scenery,
She read her magazine,
And the moon rose over an open field.

"Kathy, I'm lost," I said,
Though I knew she was sleeping.
"I'm empty and aching and I don't know why."
Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike.
They've all come to look for America, All...
Paul Simon

On his LIVE RHYMIN & on his & Garfunkel's BOOKENDS. (c) 1968 author All rights reserved

BOBBY McGEE

Busted flat in Baton Rouge waitin for a train
Feelin bout as faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
Took us all the way to New Orleans
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna
Playing soft while Bobby sang the blues
Windshield wipers flappin time, holdin Bobby's
hand in mine
We sang every song that driver knew
C---/--G-/----/--C-/
C---/C7 - F-/--C-/G7 - C -

Chorus
Freedom's just another word for nothin left to
lose
Nothin ain't worth nothin but it's free
Feeling good was easy lord when Bobby sang the
blues
Feelin good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee
F - C-/G7- C C7/F - C - /G7 - --/--C-

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California
sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Thru all kinds of weather, Lord, & everything we
done
Every night he kept me from the cold
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip
away
Lookin for that home I hope he'll find
I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday
Holdin Bobby's body next to mine -Kris Kristofferson
& Fred Foster

On Gordon Lightfoot's IF YOU COULD READ MY MIND, LOVE. Copyrighted.

City of NEW ORLEANS

Ridin on the city of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday mornin rail
15 cars and 15 restless riders
3 conductors, 25 sacks of mail.
(Capo up) C G C -/Am F C -/C G C-/Am G C -

All along the soutbound odyssey
The train pulls out of Kankakee
Rolls along past houses farms and fields
Passin trains that have no name
And freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyeards of rusted automobiles.
Am -/Em- / G - D- / Am-/Em-/G - C -

Chorus
Goodmornin America, how are you?
Don't you know me, I'm your native son?
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans
I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.
F G C - / Am F C CG/C G Am D/B♭F G C -

Dealin card games with the old men in the club
car
Penny a point, ain't no one keepin score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
And feel the wheels rumblin neath the floor
And the sons of Pullman porters
And the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep
rockin to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel...

Night time on the City of New Orleans
Changin cars in Memphis Tennessee
Half way home and we'll be there by mornin
Thru the Mississippi darkness rollin down to the
sea
But all the towns and people seem to
Fade into a bad dream
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his song again
"The passengers will please refrain"
This train got the disappearin railroad blues...

Last Chorus: Goodnight, America...
- Steve Goodman

(c) 1970 author. (c) 1971 Kama Rippa Music Inc/Turnpike Tom. All rights reserved.
on Arlo Guthrie's HOBO'S LULLABY, on Judy Collins' JUDITH, & on John Denver's AERIE.

DOCK of the BAY

Sittin in the mornin sun
I'll be sittin when the evenin comes.
Watchin the ships roll in
And I watch em roll away again.
G-B-/C-A- :||

Chorus
Sittin on the dock of the bay
Watchin the tide roll away
Sittin on the dock of the bay
Wastin time.
G-E-(2x) G-A-/G-E-

I left my home in Georgia
Headed for the Frisco Bay
I have nothin to live for
Look like nothins gonna come my way

Interlude
Look like nothin's gonna change
Everything still remains the same
I can't do what 10 people tell me to do
So I guess I'll remain the same.
GDC-(3x) F---D-

Sittin here restin my bones
Wish this loneliness would leave me alone.
2000 mile I roam
Just to make this dock my home -Otis Redding + Steve Cropper

On his albums. Copyright (c) 1968 East Publications Inc, Redwell Music Publications + Time Music. International copyright secured. All rights reserved

DOWN at the STATION D - A D (4x)

Down at the station early in the morning
See the little puffabillies all in a row
See the station master pull the little handle
Puff Puff toot toot off they go

EARLY MORNING RAIN

(On his BEST OF... in the JUDY COLLINS SONGBOOK & on her #5 & her RECOLLECTIONS. On Ian & Sylvia's EARLY MORNING... & on Peter Paul and Mary's SEE WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS. (c) 1964 M. Witmark + Sons All rights reserved

In the early mornin' rain
With a dollar in my hand
With an achin' in my heart
And my pockets full of sand
I'm a long way from home
And I miss my loved ones so
In the early mornin' rain
With no place to go.
D A/ G D/- Em/A D/
D Em/A D/- A/G D
Out on runway number nine
Big 707 set to go
But I'm stuck here on the grass
Where the cold wind blows.
Well, the liquor tasted good
And the days flew by so fast
There she goes, my friend
She's rollin' now at last.

Hear the mighty engines roar
See the silver wings on high
She's away and westward bound
Far above the clouds she'll fly
Where the mornin' rain don't fall
And the sun always shines
She'll be flyin' o'er my home
In about three hours time.

Well, this old airport's got me down
It's no earthly good to me
Cause I'm stuck here on the ground
Cold and drunk as I can be.
You can't jump a jet plane
Like you can a freight train
So I best be on my way
In the early mornin' rain. -Gordon Lightfoot

[Disaster strikes! A last verse & credit note discovered on the floor...]

ERIE CANAL

I've got a mule and her name is Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
She's a good old worker and a good old Pal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
We've hauled some barges in our day
Filled with lumber coal and hay
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo.
Am - Dm E/Am - E Am (repeat) C - - G/Am - - E/
Am - DmE/Am - EAm G

Chorus
Low bridge, everybody down
Low bridge, for we're comin to a town.'
And you'll always know your maker, you'll always know your pal,
If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal.
C - - G/C - CG C/C G C.G/C F CG C

If you ever get along on your way old Gal
Fifteen miles. . .
You can bet your life I'd never part with Sal.
Fifteen . . .
Get up there, mule, here comes a lock
We'll make Rome fore six o'clock.
And back we'll go to our home dock
Right back home to Buffalo.

In-AMER FAV BALLADS, SING OUT REPRINTS #4, & the FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS. The Erie Canal was a major shipping route in its heydey.

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

If you miss the train I'm on
You will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.
A hundred miles (4x) You can hear. . .
D Bm/Em G/Em-/A- (repeat ending) Em AG/D -
Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two
Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four
Lord I'm 5 hundred miles away from home...
Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name
Lord, I can't go back home this a-way...
-Hedy West

(c) 1961, 1962, 1966 Atzal Music Inc. New York. All rights reserved. On Peter Paul & Mary's 1st album, IN CONERT, & TEN YEARS.

FOUR STRONG WINDS

Chorus
Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change come wha. ay
For our good times are all gone
And I'm bound for movin on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.
D Em/A D/D Em A-/D Em/A D/G Em A -
Guess I'll go out to Alberta,
Weather's good there in the fall
Got some friends that I can go to work for
Still I wish you'd change your mind
If I asked you one more time
But we've been thru that a hundred times before.

If I get there fore the snow flies
And things are going good
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare.
But by then it would be winter
Not too much for you to do
And the winds sure do blow cold way out there.
-Ian Tyson

On Ian & Sylvia's GREATEST HITS & their BEST OF. (c) M. Witmark + Sons. All rights reserved. On Judy Collins' LIVING.

FREIGHT TRAIN

Freight train, freight train goin so fast (2x)
Please don't tell what train I'm on
So they won't know where I've gone.
C – G – / – – C – / E – F – / C G C –

Freight train, (2x) coming round the bend
Freight train (2x) gone again.
One of these days turn that train around
Go back to my home town.

One more place I'd like to be,
One more place I'd like to see:
Watch those Blue Ridge Mountains climb
When I ride old Number Nine.

When I die, please bury me deep
Down at the end of Chestnut Street.
So I can hear old Number Nine
As she goes rolling by – Elizabeth Cotton

On her FOLKSONGS AND INSTRUMENTALS. On BOB DYLAN & on Peter Paul & Mary's IN THE WIND. Copyrighted author. All rights reserved.

I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER

It's a long and dusty road
It's a hard and heavy load
And the folks I meet ain't always kind
Some are bad some are good
Some have done the best they could
And some have tried to ease my troubling mind
C – / FAm Dm / G – C –

Chorus
And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound
where I'm bound
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound
F G C Am / F G C –

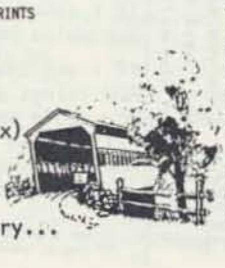
I have been around this land
Just doin the best I can
Trying to find what I was meant to do
And the faces that I see
Are as worried as can be
And it looks like they are a wonderin too.

I had a buddy way back home
But he started out to roam
And I hear that he's out by Frisco Bay
And sometimes when I feel blue
His voice comes singin thru
And I think I'll go see him some old day

If you see me wander by
And you sit and you wonder why
And you wish that you was a rambler too
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor
Lace em up and bar the door
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you.
– Tom Paxton

On his COMPLEAT... & in his RAMBLING BOY. In SING OUT REPRINTS #9. (c) 1963 Cherry Lane. All rights reserved.

LONESOME TRAVELLER



I am a lonely and a lonesome traveler (3x)
And I'm travelin' on.
Am – – – / Dm – Am – / Am – – – / D E Am –

I traveled cold and then I traveled hungry...

I travel with the rich man and with the poor man...
Gonna keep on a travelin' on the road to freedom...

MOON RIVER

Moon river, wider than a mile
I'm crossing you in style some day
Old dream-maker, you heart breaker
Wherever you're goin', I'm goin' you're way.
G Em C G / C G A B^7 / Em G C F / Em Em^7 A AmD

Two drifters, off to see the world
There's such a lot of world to see
We're after the same rainbow's end
Waitin' round the bend,
My Huckelberry friend
Moon river and me. – Johnny Mercer & Henry Mancini
G EmCG / C G AB^7 / Em Em^7 A C G – / CG / CG / Em Am
C G
From BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (c) 1961,68 Famous. All rights reserved.

STARLIGHT ON THE RAILS

I can hear the whistle blowing
High and lonesome as can be
Outside the rain is softly falling
Tonight its falling just for me.
C – G – / – – C – / F – C – / G – C –

Chorus
Looking back along the road I've travelled
The miles can tell a million tales
Each year is like some rolling freight train
And cold as starlight on the rails.
G – C – (2x) C F C – / G – C –

I think about having a family,
My home and all the things it means;
The black smoke trailing out behind me
Is like a string of broken dreams.

Someone who lives out on the highway
Is like a clock that can't tell time
And if you spend your life just ramblin
It's like a song without a rhyme – Utah Phillips

In his STARLIGHT ON THE RAILS & on his GOOD THOUGH: (c) 1973 Bruce Phillips

THIRSTY BOOTS

You've long been on the open road
You've been sleepin in the rain
From the dirt of words and mud of cell
Your clothes are dark and stained
But the dirty words and muddy cells
Will soon be judged insane
So only stop & rest yourself
Till you'll be off again
C run / F – G – / C run / Dm – G –
C run / F – G – / C – FC / Dm – G – – –

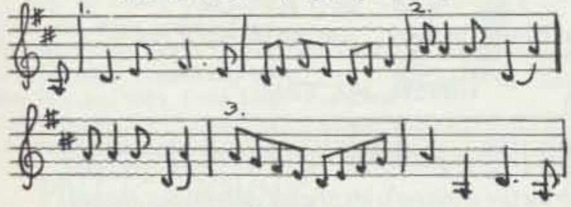
Chorus [C run: base C, B, A, G]
Then take off your thirsty boots
And stay for awhile
Your feet are hot and weary
From a dusty mile
And maybe I can make you laugh
Maybe if I try
I'm just lookin for the evenin
And the mornin in your eyes
C – F – / C – F – / C – Am – / Dm – G – // 2. Dm – G C – – –

But tell me of the ones you saw
As far as you could see
Across the plain from field to town
A-marching to be free
And of the rusted prison gates
That tumbled by degree
Like laughing children one by one
Who looked like you and me

I know you are no stranger down
The crooked rainbow trails
From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills
Of slander shackled jails
But the voices drift up from below
As the walls they're being scaled
All of this and more my friend
Your song shall not be failed
- Eric Anderson

On his BOUT CHANGES 'N THINGS & on his BEST OF... in SING OUT REPRINTS # 10. In JUDY COLLINS SONGBOOK & on her #5. (c) 1965 United Artists Music. All rights reserved.

TO STOP THE TRAIN



To stop the train in cases of emergency:
Pull on the chain! Pull on the chain!
Penalty for improper use five pounds.

TRUCK DRIVIN' WOMAN

You see me on the highway and you nearly shift
 your load
You take another look, good buddy, & you nearly
 leave the road
Ain't you never seen a truck drivin woman
Ninety pounds of fire in a five foot frame
And you better move on over
Cause I'm right behind you in the left hand lane
D---/---D^7/G^7-/--D-/A-/G-DA

You see me at the truck stop & my long hair
 hangs in curls
Don't you try to buy my coffee cause I ain't
 no good time girl
I'm a truck drivin mama
Children waiting when I end my run
And I got to get moving
Got to be in Georgia with the rising sun.

So when you see me on the highway and you hear
 my diesel moan
Don't you whistle at me buddy cause you know I'm
 not alone.
I got a woman beside me
Working together, that's the way we feel
I'm a truck driving woman
Night haul from Pittsburgh with a load of steel.
-Si Kahn

on his NEW WOOD (c) 1975 Used by permission. On Bright Morning Star's ARISIN' album.

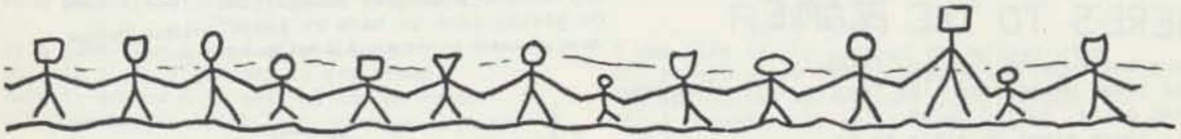
WILLIN'

I been whupped by the rain, driven by the snow
I'm drunk & dirty, don't you know
But I'm still willin
Out on the road, late last night
I seen my gentle Alice in every headlight
Alice Dallas Alice.
G D/Em C/G C G D //

Chorus
And I been from Tucson to Tucarery, Hatchapi to
 Tona Park
Drivin every kind of rig that's ever been made
Drivin the back roads so I wouldn't get weighed.
And if you give me weed, whites, and wine
And you show me a sign
Then I'll be willin to be movin.
C D-G/--C-/--D-/C DG-/D-/GC GD
And I've been kicked by the wind, robbed by
 the sleet
And my head's drove in but I'm still on my feet
And I'm still...willin..
And I've some smoke for folks from Mexico
Get baked by the sun every time I go
To Mexico...Ah, but I'm still!..- Lowell George

Economic factors & company pressure often force truckers to drive terrifically long hauls, requiring the use of pep pills ("whites") & with overloaded vehicles. Groups like Teamsters for a Democratic Union are fighting for better conditions. On Linda Ronstadt's HEART LIKE A WHEEL. (c) Abraham Music. All rights reserved.

UNITY



ALL GOD'S CRITTERS

Chorus
All God's critters got a place in the choir
Some sing low, some sing higher
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire
And some just clap their hands or paws or
 anything they got now
D-/A D/G GD/DA D -

Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom
Where the bullfrog groans and the hippopotamus
Moans and groans with a big to-do
The old cow just goes moo
The dogs and the cats they take up the middle
The hummingbird hums and the cricket fiddles
The donkey brays and the pony neighs
And the old coyote howls
(chords same as chorus but done 2X)

UNITY!

Listen to the top where the little birds sing
On the melody with the high note ringing
The hoot owl hollers over everything
And the jay bird disagrees
Singing in the nighttime, singing in the day
The little duck quacks and is on his way
The possum ain't got much to say
And the porcupine talks to himself

It's a simple song, a living song everywhere
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove -Bill Staines

BECAUSE WE'RE ALL ONE PEOPLE

("Because All Men Are Brothers")

Because we're all one people
Wherever we may be
One union shall unite us
Forever proud and free
No tyrant shall defeat us
No nation strike us down
All folk who toil shall greet us
The whole wide world around.
F Dm G C/Am E Am – // F G F C/
F Dm A – /G Am D G/F G C –
All people are my lovers
Forever hand in hand
Where chimes the bell of freedom
There is my native land
My sister's cares are my cares
Yellow, white or brown
My brother's tears are my tears
The whole wide world around.
Let every voice be thunder
Let every heart beat strong
Til all injustice crumbles
Our work shall not be done
Let not our memories fail us
The lost years shall be found
Let slavery's chains be broken
The whole wide world around! -adapted from song
by Tom Glazer & Johann Seb. Bach

On Peter Paul & Mary's SEE WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS. (c) 1948 author Assigned to Songs Music Inc. Scarborough NY. Adaptation by Peter Blood.

DEAR FRIENDS

(to tune of "Rose, rose," similar to "Hey, ho, nobody home")

Dear friends, dear friends
Let me tell you how I'm feeling
You have given me such treasure
I love you so.

HERE'S TO THE PEOPLE

We are but some of the many folks
Whose lives often feel like they're full of holes
Making pains, losing gains
Until there seems no place to go
But those who seek, will someday find
And that is why we are here.
C – – – / – – Dm^7 – / – – C – / G – C – / Dm^7 – C – /
G – C –

Now we have come around the common wine
Let's make a toast to our gathered lives
Lift your glass, look around
And take in the friends you have found
Thank the Lord, thank yourself
And feel the old fears yielding

Chorus
But what is in a circle
And what is left without?
Let's keep one mind to the center
And one mind all about
Am G F – (2x) Em – Am – / Dm – G –

Here's to the people who have no home
Here's to the people who suffer alone
We're secure, but hear the call
To try to tear down the walls
Here's our life, this our mind
To be at one with all -P.J. Hoffman

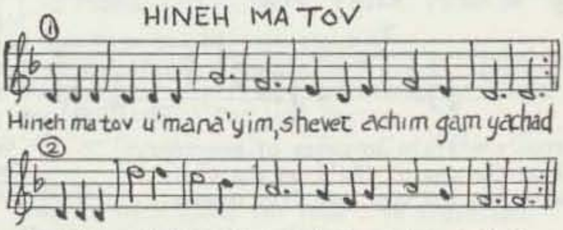
On his MUSCLE AND BRAIN. (c) 1976 author. Used by permission.

HEVENU SHALOM ALECHEM

Hevenu shalom alechem (3x)
Hevenu shalom, shalom, shalom alechem
Dm – – – / Gm – – – / A – Dm – / A – – Dm

A song of greeting or farewell - often sung rousingly at weddings & other celebrations.

HINEH MATOV



Hebrew Behold how good & pleasant it is for brothers & sisters to dwell together.

HYMN SONG

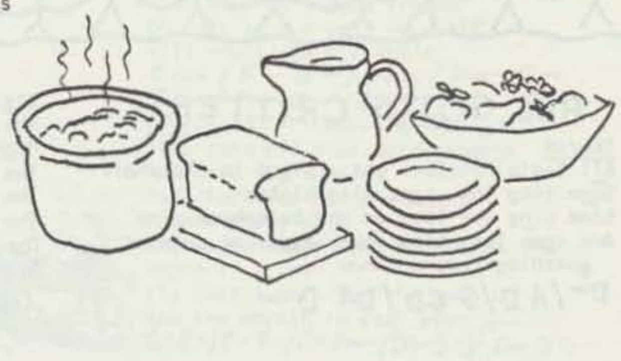
Chorus
I believe if I lived my life again
I'd still be here with you (repeat)
D G D – / A – D – :||

You know I think if Lady Luck was blind
That old sun would never shine
You know I think if Death really held a knife
We'd all be beggars of life

Sometimes I wish that I could close my eyes
To some things I don't want to see
Still I believe if you lived your life again
You'd still be here with me

I'll never see the ending of my mind
Everything will have a time
Why should I ask for things that I don't need
Or pretty lies to hide my greed? -Utah Phillips

In his STARLIGHT ON THE RAILS. (c) 1973 Bruce Phillips.



LET'S GET TOGETHER

Love is but the song we sing
And fear's the way we die
You can make the mountains ring
Or make the angels cry
Know the dove is on the wing
And you need not know why.
D — / — C (repeat 3x)

Chorus
Come on people now, smile on each other
Everybody get together, start to love one another
right now G A/D GA D —

Some will come and some will go
And we shall surely pass
When the one who left us here
Returns for us at last
We are like a moment's sunlight
Sparkling on the grass.

If you've heard the song I sing
Then you must understand
You hold the key to love and fear
All in your trembling hand
One key unlocks them both you know
And it's at your command. -Chet Power

In GREAT SONGS OF THE 60's (c) 1963 Irving. All rights reserved.

MAGIC PENNY

Chorus
Love is something if you give it away
Give it away, give it away
Love is something if you give it away
You end up having more
C — / G C :||

It's just like a magic penny
Hold it tight and you won't have any
Spend it, lend it, and you'll have so many
They'll roll all over the floor
F C / G C / F C / D G

So let's go dancing till the break of day
And if there's a piper we can pay
For love is something if you give it away
You'll end up having more — Malvina Reynolds

In her SONGBOOK & on her HELD OVER. In SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. (c) 1955, 1958 Northern Music Corp. All rights reserved. International copyright secured.

(some new verses...)
Food tastes better if you pass it around
Pass it around (2x)
Food tastes...it always seems like more!

It's just like a loaf of rye bread
Hold it tight & it ends up dry bread
Pass it around & it ends up inside bread
Til everybody's full! - Wayne Lauser

(used by permission)

THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

The more we get together, together, together
The more we get together, the happier we'll be!
For your friends are my friends and my
friends are your friends
The more we get together...
D — A D (2x) A D A D / D — A D

NO ONE IS AN ISLAND

No one is an island, no one stands alone,
Each one's joy is joy to me, each one's grief is
my own.
We need one another, so I will defend,
Each one as my brother, sister and my friend.
G — D G C — G — / C D G C — Am D — (Capo up 2)
(bridge) repeat, ending: C D G A G C D G —
I saw the people gather, I heard the music start
The song that they were singing is ringing in
my heart. G — C — / D — C D
-Joan Whitney & Alex Kramer

From a passage of John Donne. (c) 1950 Bourne.

OLD DEVIL TIME

=Old devil time_I'm gonna fool you now_
Old devil time you'd like to bring me down _
When I'm feelin low_my lovers gather round_
And help me rise to fight you one more time!
C D G — / C D G D — / C D G — / C D G (C D G —)
Old devil fear, you with your icy hand
Old devil fear, you'd like to freeze me cold
But when I'm afraid, my lovers gather round...

Old devil hate, I knew you long ago
Then I found out the poison in your breath
Now when we hear your lies, my lovers...

* * *

No storm or fire can ever beat us down
No wind that blows but carries us further on
And you who fear, o lovers, gather round
And we can rise to sing it one more time!
- Pete Seeger

On his RAINBOW RACE & in SURVIVAL SONGBOOK. (c) 1969, 70 Fall River Music Inc & Sigma Productions Inc. All rights reserved.

ONE FRIEND'S HANDS

One friend's hands can't tear a prison down
Two friends' hands can't break a prison down
But if two and two and fifty make a million
We'll see that day come round (2x)
A — E — / — — A — / D — A / E A / E — A —

One friend's feet can't walk the road to peace..
One friend's eyes can't see the way ahead...
One friend's hands can't build a bridge of peace
One friend's strength can't break the color bar.
One friend's voice can't shout to make them hear
One friend's love can't end this night of fear..
Alex Comfort & Pete Seeger

In BELLS OF RHYMNEY. (c) 1962 Fall River Music Inc. All rights reserved.

RIVER

I was born in the path of the winter wind
And raised where the mountains are old
The springtime waters came dancing down
And I remember the tales they told
The whistling ways of my younger days
Too quickly have faded on by
But all of their memories linger on
Like the light in a fading sky.
D — G D / D — A — / D — G D / D A D — :||

Chorus River, take me along
In your sunshine, sing me your song
Ever moving and winding and free
You rolling old river, you changing old river
Let's you and me river run down to the sea!
D Dmaj7 G A (2x) G — A D / G D G D / G A — G — D

UNITY I

I've been to the city and back again
I've been moved by some things that I've learned
Met alot of good people & I called them friends
Felt the change when the seasons turned
I heard all the songs that the children sing
And listened to love's melodies
I've felt my own music within me rise
Like the wind in the autumn trees.

Someday when the flowers are blooming still
Someday when the grass is still green
My rolling waters will round me bend
And flow into the open sea
So here's to the rainbow that followed me here
And here's to the friends that I know
And here's to the song that's within me now
I will sing it where'er I go. - Bill Staines
On his WHISTLE OF THE JAY. (c) author. All rights reserved.

THE RIVER OF MY PEOPLE

(Tune: The Volga Boatman)
There's a river of my people
And its flow is swift & strong
Racing to some mighty ocean
Though its course is deep & long } (2x)
D A / - D //: G D / A D ://

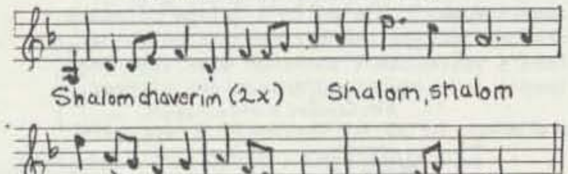
Many rocks and reefs and mountains
Seek to bar it from its way
But relentlessly this river
Seeks its sisters in the bay...

You will find me in the mainstream
Steering surely through the foam
Far beyond its raging waters
I can see our certain home...

With the river of my people
I'll move onward toward the sea
Hast'ning to the open waters
Where my brothers wait for me... - Pete Seeger

New words to the traditional Russian folksong, the Volga version of our Banks of the Ohio (i.e. woman displeases men, man tosses woman in river) in BELLS OF RHYMNEY & SING OUT REPRINTS #3. Tune in 1004 FOLKSONGS & on SOVIET ARMY CHORUS & BAND (Angel) (c) 1953 Stormking Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

SHALOM CHAVERIM



Traditional...HEB TRANSL: Farewell (or peace), friends, until we meet again.

SING ALONG

I get butterflies in my stomach whenever I
start to sing
And when I'm at a microphone I shake like
anything
But if you'll sing along with me I'll holler
right out loud
Cause I'm awfully nervous lonesome, but I'm
swell when I'm a crowd.
C - F C / F C D G / C - F C / F C G C

Chorus
Sing along, sing along
And just sing "la la la la la" if you don't know
the song
You'll quickly learn the music, you'll find
youself a word
Cause when we sing together we'll be heard.
F - C - / C - - G / C - F C / - F G C -

Oh when I need a raise in pay and have to ask
my boss,
If I go see him by myself I'm just a total loss,
But if we go together I'll do my part right
pretty,
Cause I'm awf'ly nervous lonesome, but I make a
fine committee.

My congressman's important, he hobnobs with big
biz,
He soon forgets the guys and gals who put him
where he is,
I'll just write him a letter to tell him what I
need
With a hundred thousand signatures why even he
can read - Malvina Reynolds

In her LITTLE BOXES (c) 1958 Schroder Music Co. (ASCAP) Used by permission: Also on her old Folkways albumn (out of print)

A SONG OF PEACE (Finlandia)

This is my song, O God of all the nations
A song of peace, for lands afar and mine
This is my home, the country where my heart is
Here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine
But other hearts in other lands are beating
With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.
C - F - C Am G C / C - F - C G C -
//: C - Am - C - G Dm / Dm - C - Am G E - :// repeat ending Am G C -
My country's skies are bluer than the ocean
And sunlight beams on clover leaf and pine
But other lands have sunlight too, and clover
And skies are every where as blue as mine
O hear my song, thou God of all the nations
A song of peace for their land and for mine.
- Lloyd Stone & Jean Sibelius

In SINGOUT REPRINTS #3, POCKETFUL OF SONGS, & A HYMNAL FOR FRIENDS. (c) 1934 Lorenz.

SPACESHIP

Our Mother Earth she is a spaceship
Everyone upon her is the crew
We were all left here as caretakers
Everything we need was left here too
G - C - / (3x) G C G -

We are her prodigal children
We always want the biggest and the best
After we've spent all her riches
Will we learn that more means less?
Em - Bm - / C - G D / G D F - / C D G -

This home of ours, she is a circle
Rivers running round her to the sea
She is a gentle loving woman
She has so much to offer me
I've lived on the banks of the Ohio
All of my life, and then some too
As I walk along the shoreline
I know there's much that we must do
For water is a precious treasure
Vital as the blood within our veins
So how can we dump our garbage here
And face the radioactive rains?

This world was given as our homeland
With stewardship of sky and earth and sea
She was not meant to be exploited
We must take only what we need
For when we've raped every hill & valley
Leveled all the forests, stained the sky
Who will save us from the wasteland
That we have created by and by?
Our Mother Earth she is a spaceship...—Marla Ashby

Marla is a singer, activist and childcare worker & can be contacted at 1500 Dewey St, New Albany IN 47150. By permission.

STAND TOGETHER
(Till All my People Are One)

Chorus
Stand together for what you believe
Work for what must be done
Love each other in all that you do
Till all our people are one
C F C Am / C F C G / C F C Am /
F G C –

Spread the peace, my sisters
Spread it everywhere
Make the world know right from wrong
Help the world to care
Am G Am – / Am G F – / – Em Dm Am /
F – G –

Open your hearts, by brothers
Lend a willing hand
Show the lonely and the poor
That hope lives in our land

Cry out the sound of freedom
Make ev'ry sound be heard
People crying painfully
Hear their every word

Sing out the joy of living
Sing your song on high
For the people of this earth
Were born to live, not die

Know that love is with us
In ev'rything we do
Tho' hard times may lie ahead
Peace will follow through—Ray Repp

On his COME ALIVE (c) 1967 F.E.L. Church Publications
All rights reserved.

STEP BY STEP

Step by step the longest march
Can be won, can be won
Many stones can form an arch
Singly none, singly none,
And by union what we will
Can be accomplished still
Drops of water turn a mill
Singly none, singly none
- United Mine Workers
Dm – – – / Am Dm Am Dm :||
Dm – – – / Gm – – A / Dm – – – / Am Dm Am Dm

TOGETHER

If we all seek together for a better way to live
And if we all learn together how to trust and to forgive
And if we all share together of the good in me and you
Then we'll find peace together as we watch our dreams come true.
A – D E / A – D E / A – D · / A – E A

UNITY

If we all reach together for the good that we can find
And if we all work together with freedom on our mind
Then we'll all grow together through the things we rise above
And we'll all win together as we move the world to love.

If we all stand together and hold our heads up high
And if we hold hands together and let old quarrels die
Then we'll soon be together on that bright and glorious shore
And we'll all know together what we're together for.
- Ross Flanagan

In SONGS ON OUR WAY OUT #1 & on SOUNDS GOOD. (c) 1976 Used by permission.

TOGETHER WE CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS

Chorus
Together we can move mountains
Alone we can't move at all (repeat)
C – F – / Dm G C G :||

People sometimes we despair when we think we're alone
And nothing, nothing's gonna change
We get stepped on, abused, ignored and confused
Made to suffer and told we're to blame.
C – F – / C – G – / C – F – / Dm G C G

The ones who get rich while we scrape to get by
They know our unity means their defeat
So they set us against one another, sister on brother, color on color
Keeping, yes keeping us weak.

Now from the smallest seed a mighty tree can grow
Its roots planted firmly in the ground
We've got to reach for the sun, only then will we know
All the love and the healing, the unity and the life to be found. - Bev Grant

By Bev Grant, a powerful radical folksinger from New York City.
(c) Paredon Records(?) All rights reserved.

VIVA L'AMOUR

Let every good person here join in the song
Vive La Compagnie!
Success to each other and pass it along
Vive La Compagnie!
G – / GD G :||

Chorus
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour (2x)
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour, Vive la compagnie.
G C / D G / G Am D G

A friend on your left & a friend on your right...
In love and good fellowship let us unite....

Now wider and wider our circle expands...
We sing to our comrades in far away lands...

In POCKETFUL OF SONGS & 1004 FOLKSONGS.

UNITY/

WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE WORLD

We've got the whole world in our hands
We've got the big round world in our hands
We've got the whole world in our hands
We've got the whole world in our hands.
C ---/G---/C---/G-C-

We've got the sun and the moon...
We've got the wind and the rain...

We've got the earth and the waters...
We've got the air and the mountains...

We've got the tiny little baby...
We've got the itsy bitsy...

We've got everybody in our hands.

Original is on Odetta, AT THE GATE OF HORN & in SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.

WOMEN

AMELIA EARHART'S LAST FLIGHT

Like a ship out o'er the ocean
Like a speck against the sky
Amelia Earhart flying past that day
With her partner Captain Noonan
On the second of July
Her plane fell in the ocean far away
G-/C-/D-G-://

Chorus
There's a beautiful, beautiful field _
Far away in a land that is fair
Happy landings to you Amelia Earhart _
Farewell, first lady of the air
C-G-/ -D-/G-C-/D- G-

Half an hour later
An SOS was heard
Her signal weak, but still her voice was brave
In shark infested waters
Her plane went down that night
In the blue Pacific to a watery grave

Now you have heard the story
Of that awful tragedy
We pray that she may fly home safe again
In days to come, though others
Blaze a trail across the sea
We'll ne'er forget Amelia and her plane
- David McNery

Earhart (1898-1937) was a truly amazing woman. She was a scholar, sportswoman, author. She was involved in social work, medical science, pacifism - and started a car repair group for women! She was the 1st person to fly solo from Hawaii to the mainland. She disappeared on a 1937 flight around the equator. In SING OUT REPRINTS #10. On New Harmony Sisterhood Band's AINT I A WOMAN? (c) 1939 Stasny

AND THE WATER COMES AGAIN

(Chorus of "The Rock Will Wear Away")

Can we be like drops of water
Falling on the stone _
Splashing breaking dispersing in air
Weaker than the stone by far but be aware
That as time goes by _
The rock will wear away _ - Meg Christian & Holly Near
C Em F G/C Em Am-/F C Em Am/Dm G F C/Am Dm G-/F G C-

On Meg Christian's FACE THE MUSIC. (c) 1976 Thumbelina Music and Hereford Music. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

BATTLE HYMN OF WOMEN

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the flame of women's rage
Kept smoldering for centuries, now burning in this age
We no longer will be prisoners in that same old gilded cage
That's why we're marching on.
G-/C G/- G Em/C D G

Chorus
Move on over or we'll move on over you (3x)
For women's time has come!

You have told us to speak softly, to be gentle and to smile
Expected us to change ourselves with every passing style
Said the only work for women was to clean and sweep and file
That's why we're marching on!

It is we who've done your cooking, done your cleaning, kept your rules
We gave birth to all your children and we taught them in your schools
We've kept the system running but we're laying down our tools, for...

You think that you can buy us off with crummy wedding bands
You never give us half the profit that our labor brings
Our anger eats into us, we no longer bow to kings, for...

We have broken through our shackles, now we sing a battle song
We march for liberation and we're many thousand strong
We'll build a new society, we've waited much too long, now...

BEWARE YOUNG LADIES

Chorus
Beware young ladies, they're foolin you
Trust them not, they're foolin you
Beware young ladies, they're foolin you
Beware, oh take care. C F C/G C/(repeat)

They say young men are bold and free
Beware oh take care
They'll tell you they're friends, but they're liars you see.
Beware, oh, take care. C —/G C (repeat)

They smoke, they chew, they wear fine shoes...
And in their pocket is a bottle of booze...

They put their hands up to their hearts
They sigh, oh they sigh!
They say they love no one but you
They lie, oh they lie.

None of us working on these songsheets consider this a wholely accurate description of the male sex, but it's a fun song. In ALL OUR LIVES & 1004 FOLKSONGS. On Lavender Jane LOVES WOMEN. (c)1931 Peer International

BREAD, AND ROSES

As we go marching marching in the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lots gray,
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing, Bread and Roses! Bread and Roses!
C G – C/C G FG C/Am G F C/F C G C

As we go marching, marching, we battle too for men,
For men can ne'er be free til our slavery's at an end
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses!

As we go marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread.
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew
Yes, it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses too!

As we go marching, marching we bring the greater days
The rising of the women means the rising of the race.
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes
But a sharing of life's glories; Bread and roses bread and roses! -James Oppenheim & Caroline Kohsleet

Alternate chords: C – F G/C – D G/C – F G/C Am F G – C –
(Judy Collins' version)

Inspired by a banner in the huge 1912 walkout of textile workers in Lawrence, Mass. In ALL OUR LIVES & SONGS OF WORK AND FREEDOM. On Judy Collins' BREAD AND ROSES. On Arlington St. Wom. Caucus' HONOR THY WOMANSELA

CUSTOM-MADE WOMAN BLUES

Well I tried to be the kind of woman
You wanted me to be.
And it's not your fault that I tried to be
What I thought you wanted to see.
Smilin face and shinin hair,
Clothes that I thought you'd like me to wear,
Made to please and not to tease.
It's the custom made woman blues.
D D7/G D/— —/E A /D D7/G D Cho G D B7/E A D
Yes I tried to be the kind of woman you...
And I tried to see life your way
And say all the things you'd like me to say,
Lovin thoughts, gentle hands,
All guaranteed to keep ahold of your man,
Made to please and not to tease, it's the...
And now you say you're tired of me
And all those things I thought you wanted me to be,
Is it true you want someone who
Knows how to think and do on her own?
Lord, it's hard to realize,
The lessons I learned so young were nothin but lies, Made... -Alice Gerrard
On HAZEL AND ALICE + in ALL OUR LIVES. (c) Author

FIGHT BACK

(Capo up One fret)

By day I lived in terror
By night I lived in fright
For as long as I can remember
A lady don't go out alone at night
No, a lady don't go out alone at night
Am E A –/Am E A –/Em – A –/Em – A –

But I don't accept the verdict
It's an old one anyway
Cause now a days a woman
Can't even go out in the middle of the day
No, can't even go out in the middle of the day
A —/A E A/A —/Em – Am –/Am Em – Am

Chorus

And so we've got to fight back!
In large numbers
Fight back!
I can't make it alone
Fight back!
In large numbers
Together we can make a safe home
Together we can make a safe home
A – F#m7 –/F#m7 E/D A –/D A
F#m7 –/F#m7 E/D E A –/D E A –
Women all around the world
Every color, religion and age
One thing we've got in common
We can all be battered and raped
We can all be battered and raped
Some have an easy answer
Buy a lock and live in a cage
But my fear is turning to anger
And my anger is turning to rage
And I won't live my life in a cage - no! -Holly Near
c) 1978 Hereford Music, Inc. All rights reserved. On her "Imagine My Surprise" album.

GOOD OLD DORA

There's not a person who could hold me here
It's like trying to hold onto a river
Not a man nor a mountain could make me insecure
No way to separate us ever [or: "Separate or sever"]
G C D G/C D G — :// (Capo up 2)

Chorus
Good Old Dora, she nurses me when I'm ill
Good Old Dora, she flatters me when I'm well
She brings the bucket and I bring the sponge
And together we're gonna clean up this old town
F - C - (2x) D - G - / C D G -

I watch the fish amovin like quick silver
They never take a wrong or awkward turn
They never ask what's received or who's the
giver
They reveal there's so much more we could learn

Autumn is a fine time for long talks in the
evening
And having all your friends and music handy
There's no use sighing about the summer's
leaving
Because every season has her home and family

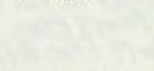
Looking down the lane and wondering how to go
I pause to check my sense of direction
One rugged mile, I'm gonna take it kinda slow
Next stop we make is at perfection - Casse Culver

On her THREE GYPSIES & Gini Clemmen's LONG TIME FRIENDS. (c) 1974 author. Published by Sweet Alliance Music. All rights reserved.
(Notice the initials of Good Old Dora - i.e. this is a spiritual song...)

HOUSE OF THE Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl
And I, oh Lord, was one.
Dm - A^7 Dm / - C Dm - / G - Dm^7 Dm^6 /
Dm A^7 Dm -

My mother, she's a tailor
She sews those new blue jeans
My sweetheart is a gamblin man
Down in New Orleans.



The only thing a gambler owns
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's down and drunk.

Go tell my baby sister
Not to do what I have done
Stay away from that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.

With one foot on the platform
And the other on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To start my life again. - Traditional

(New verses)
Oh sisters come and hear me
Before our struggle's done
You'll learn that what stands in our way
Is like that Rising Sun.

So gather strength from where you can
From old ones and from teens
We're moving now to block that door
To the House in New Orleans.

On Joan Baez' & Bob Dylan's first albums & on MIRIAM MAKEBA. In AMER FAV BALLADS & SING OUT REPRINTS #2.

alt. chords: Am C D F / Am C E - /
Am C D F / Am E Am E (folk rock version by THE DYADS)

I Won't Go

He asked me to come and go with him
To do what he had to do,
Asked me to stay by his side for awhile and
smile
Said "C'mon and be what I am, and let me know
that I'm real,
And order my confusion like a recipe file."
D - / G D / D - A - / D - G D / D G A D -

Chorus
Woa no, I won't go
I been that way before and it just won't do
I gotta go where my own feet take me
You know we don't wear the same size shoe
And I'm not about to get myself confused with
you.
A - D - / - - A - / D - / G D /
D G A D -

Well I ain't nobody's mama
My daddy's head is turnin grey
My brother and I never did get on so great
You know the family fence is falling
The past creaks like a rusty gate,
And the maps in your glove compartment are out
of date.

I'd rather live in my own apartment
Though I hate this city life
Than to be in a country kitchen with a hungry
man
Cause you smell those old roles burnin
You go runnin for the water can,
And you know that's the kind of fire I'm bound
to fan.

Sometimes I'm disconnected
Sometimes I'm discontent
Like the bad times are comin and the good times
been and went
But I know there's turns I can take now
From a dead end passive past
And I'm thinkin my life's about to begin at last
- Bonnie Lockhart

On the Red Star Singers' FORCE OF LIFE. (c) 1974 Paredon Records. Used by permission.

I'm Gonna Be An Engineer...

A) When I was a little girl I wished I was a boy
I tagged along behind the gang and wore my
corduroys
Everybody said I only did it to annoy
But I was gonna be an engineer.
G - - - / - - - D / G - - - / A^7 - D^7 -

B) Momma told me "Can't you be a lady?
Your duty is to make me the mother of a pearl
Wait until you're older dear & maybe
You'll be glad that you're a girl."
G - A B^7 / C G Am D^7 / G - B^7 C^7 / G D^7 G -

C) Dainty as a Dresden statue
Gentle as a Jersey cow
Smooth as silk gives creamy milk
Learn to coo, learn to moo
That's what you do to be a lady now
Em Bm Em - / - - Bm - / Cm - G - / C - G - /
Bm - - Am - D^7 -

A)When I went to school I learned to write and how to read G---
Some history, geography and home economy G--D
And typing is a skill that every girl is sure to need G---
To while away the extra time until the time to breed G--D
And then they had the nerve to say"What would you like to be?" G---
I says"I'm gonna be an engineer!" A-D-
B)No, you only need to learn to be a lady G-AB^7
The duty isn't yours, for to try and run the world C G Am D
An engineer could never have a baby G - B^7 C^7
Remember dear that you're a girl. G D G -

A)So I become a typist and I study on the sly
Working out the day and night so I can qualify
And everytime the boss come in, he pinched me on the thigh
Says"I've never had an engineer!"
B)You owe it to the job to be a lady
It's the duty of the staff for to give the boss a whirl
The wages that you get are crummy, maybe
But it's all you get,cause you're a girl.
C) She's smart (for a woman) Em Bm Em -
I wonder how she got that way? - - Bm -
You get no choice,you get no voice Cm - G -
Just stay mum, pretend you're dumb, C - G -
That's how you come to be a lady today! Bm--Am-D-

A)Then Jimmy come along & we set up a conjugation
We were busy every night with loving recreation
I spent my days at work so he could get his education
And now he's an engineer!
B)He says"I know you'll always be a lady
It's the duty of my darling to love me all her life
Could an engineer look after or obey me?
Remember dear that you're my wife!"

A)As soon as Jimmy got a job I studied hard again.
Then busy at me turret-lathe a year or so & then
The morning that the twins were born Jimmy says to them
Kids, your mother was an engineer!
B)You owe it to the kids to be a lady
Dainty as a dishrag,faithful as a ow
Stay at home; you got to mind the baby
Remember you're a mother now.

A)Everytime I turn around there's something else to do
Cook a meal or mend a sock or sweep a floor or 2
Listen in to Jimmy Young-it makes me want to spew
I was gonna be an engineer!
B)I really wish that I could be a lady
I could do the lovely things that a lady's s'posed to do
I wouldn't even mind if only they would pay me
And I could be a person too.
C) What price—for a woman?
You can buy her for a ring of gold
To love and obey (without any pay)
You get a cook or a nurse, for better or worse
You don't need a purse when a lady is sold!

Em Bm Em -/- - Bm -/Cm - G -/C - G -/Bm -- Am - D -

A) But now that times are harder & my Jimmy's got the sack
I went down to Vickers, they were glad to have me back
I'm a 3rd class citizen,my wages tell me that
But I'm a first-class engineer!
B)The boss he says,I pay you as a lady
You only got the job cause I can't afford a man
With you I, keep the profits high as may be
You're just a cheaper pair of hands.
C) You got one fault! You're a woman.
You're not worth the equal pay
A bitch or a tart, you're nothing but heart
Shallow and vain, you got no brain
Go down the drain like a lady today!

A)I listened to my mother & I joined a typing pool
I listened to my lover & I sent him thru his school
If I listen to the boss I'm just a bloody fool
And an underpaid engineer!
B)I been a sucker ever since I was a baby
As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother & a dear
But I'll fight them as a woman, not a lady
I'll fight them as an engineer! - Peggy Seeger

Ms. Seeger is Pete's sister & married to Scottish folksinger, Ewan MacColl. On her & Ewan's AT THE PRESENT MOMENT. In ALL OUR LIVES & in NEW SONGS, NEW TIMES (see Maintenance Engineer/WOMEN) (c) 1976 Stormking Music Inc. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission.

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE

Imagine my surprise! I love that I have found you
But I ache all over wanting to know your every dream
Imagine my surprise! To find that I love you
Feeling warm all over knowing that you've been alive
F G C Am/ F G F G/ F G C Am
F Dmaj7 Am -
Pirates off an Eastern Coast
Women you lived in danger
But I hear your laughter free of petticoats
No need for foolish chivalry
Though you're living in the eighteenth century
You make love to each other on your boats out on the sea -
Em - F/Dmaj7 Em/Em F Dmaj7
Chorus C Am F/- Dmaj7 G/Am F -

Lady poet of great acclaim
I have been misreading you
I never knew your poems were meant for me
You lived alone in a quiet den
Pouring passion through your pen
And weeping for your lady lovers
As they safely married men

Rugged women gone before me
Paving paths like pioneers so often all alone
I dreamed of queens and cinderellas
Facing disappointment when I was grown
Facing disappointment when I was grown - Holly Near
(c) 1976 Hereford Music. All rights reserved.
On her IMAGINE MY SURPRISE album

Leaping

Here come the lesbians
Here come the leaping lesbians...
We're going to please you tease you
Hypnotize and tightly squeeze you
We're going to get you if we can
Here come the lesbians
Am-AmE/ Am-AmE/ Am--E/ Fm--E/ Am--E
Don't go and try to fight it Am--E
Run away or try to hide it
We want your love and that's our plan
Here come the lesbians

Ah...don't look in the closet
Ah...What's creeping down the stair?
Ah...Who's slipping up behind you?
Ah...Watch out better beware
AmF E Am/ Am F Dm E (2x)
Icy fingers feeling, stealing
Reaching out from floors and ceilings
You can't escape, you're in our hands
Here come the lesbians

Inside your heart is racing
When you see our shadows chasing
Here come the lesbians(here come the lesbians)
Here come the lesbians(here come the lesbians)
The leaping lesbians.

S.Fink/J.Grippo (c)author. All rights reserved. on Meg Christian - "Face the Music"

LIBERATION SONG

Sister I see those sparks a-flyin'
Sister and every fear is lyin' low.
Feet spread firmly on the ground
Eyes and hands are holdin' surely to the task you've found.
(capo up) C --- (2x) F Em/F G^7 C -

Sister I see that wheel a-turnin'
Sister there's power in that burnin glow
Stretchin' up to meet the day
Reachin' out to let your understanding have its say.

Bridge
There's only room in this big world
For each to have her place to grow
In infinite variety
Our unity begins to show.
F Am / F C / F Am / D^7 G^7

Sister I see a dream unfoldin'
Sister our future's buildin' bold and slow.
We've got time to do it right
Movin' forward arm in arm, And we'll enjoy the fight!

- Ellen Deacon

Written for her friend Maggie DiMarco, an auto mechanic & fine woman.
(c) 1976. By permission.

MAINTENANCE ENGINEER

One Friday night it happened some years after we were wed
When my old man came in from work as usual, I said
"Your tea is on the table, clean clothes are on the rack
Your bath'll soon be ready, I'll come up & scrub your back."
He kissed me very tenderly & said, "I'll tell you flat:
The service I give my machine ain't half as good as that."
C - Dm G/F G CG C // F - C A^7 / Dm - D^7
G

Chorus
I said "I'm not your little honey, sweetheart or your dear
I'm a wage slave without wages, I'm a maintenance engineer." C - Dm G/F G CG C

Well then we got to talkin I told him how I felt
How I keep him runnin just as smooth as some conveyer belt
For after all it's I'm the one provides the power supply
He goes just like the clappers on my steak & kidney pies
His fittings are all shining cuz I keep 'em nice & clean
And he tells me his machine tool is the best I've ever seen!

The terms of my employment would make your hair turn grey
I have to be on call you see for 24 hrs. a day
I quite enjoy the perks tho when I'm workin thru the night
For we get satisfaction(at least he will, & then I might)
If I keep up my production, I shall have a kid or two
So some future boss can have a brand new labor force to screw.

The truth began to dawn then how I keep him fit & trim
So the boss can make a nice fat profit out of me & him
And as a solid union man he got in quite a rage
To think that were both workin hard & getting one mans wage
I said, "And what about the parttime packing job I do?
That's 3 men that I work for love: my boss, your boss, & you."

He looked a little sheepish & he said as from today
"The lads & me will see what we can do for equal pay
Would you like a housewives union? Do you think you should be paid
As a cook & as a cleaner, as a nurse & as a maid?"
I said, "Don't jump the gun love, if you did your share at home
Perhaps I'd have some time to fight some battles of my own."

"I've often heard to tell how you'll pull the bosses down
You'll never do it, brother, while you're bossing me around
Til women join the struggle, married, single, white & black
You're fighting with a blindfold & one arm behind your back"
The message has got over, he has realized at last
That power to the sisters must mean power to the class!

- Sandra Kerr

Now also in MY SONG IS MY OWN (100 Women's Songs) from Pluto Press.
In NEW SONGS, NEW TIMES, a fine collection of topical English folk songs, put out by the Hackney & Islington Music Workshop. It can be ordered from Community Press, 2a St Paul's Rd, London N1, England.
(c) author. All rights reserved.

NO HOLE IN MY HEAD

Everybody thinks my head's full of nothin'
Wants to put his own special stuff in,
Fill the space with candy wrappers,
Keep out sex and revolution,
But there's no hole in my head—too bad.
A ---/----/D7---/A---/E7---A-E7-

Call me a dupe of this and the other,
Call me a puppet on a string,
They don't know my heads full of me and
That I have my own special thing
And there's no hole in my head... .

I have lived since early childhood
Figuring out what's going on,
I know what hurts, I know what's easy
When to stand and when to run... .

So please stop shouting in my ear,
There something I want to listen to,
There's a kind of birdsong up somewhere
There's feet walking the way I mean to go... .
- Malvina Reynolds

In her SONGBOOK & on MALVINA REYNOLDS. (c) 1965 Schroder Music (ASCAP) Used by permission. Also on VIRGO RISING (Thunderbird)

OH SISTERS DON'T YOU WEEP

Chorus
Oh sisters don't you weep, don't you mourn (2x)
The women are gathering together:
We are gonna be free!
D A/— D/G D/DA D

If you miss me at the kitchen sink
You can't see me no more
I've thrown it out the window,
And walked out the front door.

If you miss me at my typewriter place
No one to get your "coffee please"
You can pick up your own phone
Cuz I won't do it no more.

If you miss me at the laundromat
It's time you found out where it's at
So truck on down to the corner
And do your own damn wash!

If you miss me in those sexy clothes
It's cause I've seen thru those see thru hose
I've thrown away all that junk
Now I'm dressing for me.

If you call me chick on the street
I ain't gonna smile or stare of my feet
You will learn just to let me be
We are gonna be free! - Wine, Women & Song

Tune is in AMER FAV BALLADS.
New words by a Philadelphia feminist singing group.

POWERFUL WOMAN

I'm a powerful woman, and I'm mighty smart
I've got great big muscles and a great big
heart
The world's my oyster, but I want you to know
I won't crack that oyster cuz I want it to grow
C —/— G/— —/— GC

I could dam the rivers but they run so sweet
I'm gonna keep that earth right beneath my
feet
I could move the mountains but I'm here to say
I won't move any mountains cuz I like them
this way

I could make lots of money with a twist of
my hand
But money won't get me on to Freedom Land
I'm a powerful woman with my feet on the ground
And I'm in the right direction cuz I've
turned myself around! - Ruth Dreamdigger
-Used by Permission-

SISTER

Born of the earth, a child of God
Just one among the family
And you can count on me to share the load
And I will always help you
Hold your burdens and I will be the one
To help you ease your pain
C Dm Bb F/Am Bb C -/F G/Em Am/
Dm G/F C

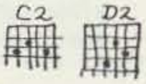
Chorus
Lean on me, I am your sister
Believe in me, I am your friend (repeat)
Dm7 Em/Dm7 C :||

(Bridge)
I will fold you in my arms like a white winged
dove
Shine in your soul, your spirit is crying
AmE Am7D/F Cmaj7 -Cris Williamson

Originally written as part of a musical about the evangelist Aimee McPherson. On her album, THE CHANGER AND THE CHANGED. (c) 1975 Bird Ankle. By permission.

SOJOURNER TRUTH

A man in the back row stood up and he said
"Women are the frail sex; we're always busy
helping them
In and out of carriages up and over ditches
And now they want their suffrage, well they're
better home instead."
A - C A/-- G A/A - C A/
A - G D A



Then Sojourner Truth rose up from her seat
"The man in the back row says I can't get on a
carriage, Well
No man ever helped me to get on to no carriage.
When I plowed and planted there was no man had
me beat/ And ain't I a woman? C2 D2 A -

"Look at my arm, I can work as much as you,
And eat as much if I had food and bear the lash
as well,
No man did better, I have born 13 children,
I saw them sold to slavery and cried as mothers
do/And ain't...

"No man came to help me, only Jesus heard me,
As I gathered into barns, no man eased by burden
When I cried in grief no man brought me back my
children,
Stand up again, mister, and take a look at me!..."
...wo-man! Dm F A - -Lanayre Liggera

Words adapted from Sojourner's famous speech at a suffrage convention in Ohio in 1851. In ALL OUR LIVES & on New Harmony Sisterhood Band's AIN'T I A WOMAN? (c) 1973 author. All rights reserved

SOMETIMES I WISH

Sometimes I wish my eyes hadn't been opened
Sometimes I wish I could no longer see
All of the pain and the hurt and the longing
Of my sisters and me as we try to be free.
C Am F G/ C Am F G,'F G F C/C Am FG C

Sometimes I wish my eyes hadn't been opened
Just for an hour how sweet it would be
Not to be struggling, not to be striving
But just sleep securely in our slavery.

But now that I've seen with my eyes, I can't close them.
Because deep inside me somewhere I'd still know
The road that my sisters and I have to travel:
My heart would say "Yes" and my feet would say "Go!"

Sometimes I wish my ears hadn't been opened
But now that they have, I'm determined to see
That somehow my sisters and I will be one day
The free people we were created to be.
-Carole Etzler

In SING A WOMANSONG (see Carolyn McDade for source) (c) 1974 author

STILL AIN'T SATISFIED

Well they got women on TV, but I still ain't satisfied
'Cause co-optation's all I see,but I still ain't satisfied
They call me"Ms.", they sell me blue jeans
They call it "Women's Lib," they make it sound obscene.
Dm --- (2x) A7 - Dm - / A7 - Dm

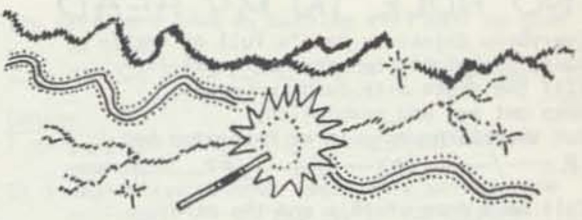
Chorus
And I still ain't--Woa they lied (3x)
And I still ain't satisfied.
Dm DmG (3x) DmG Dm

Well they got women prison guards, but...
With so many still behind bars, I...
I don't plead guilt, I don't want no bum deal
I ain't askin' for crumbs, I want the whole meal.

They liberalized abortion, but...
'Cause it still costs a fortune, and...
I'm singin' about control of my own womb
And no reform is gonna change my tune.

They give out pennies here and there, but...
To set up centers for child care, and....
And while we work at slave wages
They brainwash our kids at tender ages
(like second part of verse)
I got some pride, and I won't be lied to
I did decide that half way won't do -Bonnie Lockhart

On the Red Star Singer's FORCE OF LIFE & In ALL OUR LIVES. (c) 1974 Paredon Records. By permission.



Sweet Sorcery

Chorus
If we can rhyme like poetry
If we can sing in sweet harmony
And if it rolls like the rising sea
You'd best be ready for some sweet sorcery
C- — /F-D G / C-C7 FGFC

Now there's a rhyme that I have longed to find
A certain syllable in syncopated time
A certain incantation for a troubled mind
I'd take that rhyme, that sweet and simple phrase
I'd take the sorry prose of all my present days
And I would dispatch it just like a flag unfurled
A little poem with which to tell the world
C---/F-D G/1.C-Dm-G---:// 2.C-C7-/FGFC
Now you and me, we're like the birds in flight
Born on the wind, swept through the stormy night
And never sure what's in the morning light
But like those birds, whose sweet and simple song
Declares the night must yield before the dawn
If we can raise our voices, make the rafters ring
We'll send this weary old world fandangoing!
(c) Terry Dash 1976 On Betsy Rose and Cathy Winter's SWEET SORCERY

SWEET FRIENDS OF MINE

Sweet friends of mine, it took so long to find you
All the growing pains behind you right up till now
Sweet friends of mine...
All the things you did to free you right up till now
The sun's gonna shine and the music will flow
Sweet sweet friends of mine.
D GD Em EmA /D A C G/D GD Em EmA/
D C G D/Em— F#m Fmaj7 / Em Em7 D —
Sweet friends of mine we are together changing
Living lives of rearranging, right from the start
Sweet friends of mine we are together growing
Standing side by side and knowing right from the heart
The sun's gonna shine...

Bridge
Letting others define us kept us apart
Now that we're together let us begin
Demanding the things that give us the wings
To fly. . . to fly. . . to fly. . .
E F#m Em7F#m B7/C#m G#m GD FC EbI
G — D — Bb — A —
Sweet friends of mine, we are together growing
Standing side by side and knowing right from the heart, the sun's gonna shine...
Sweet sweet friends... sweet sisters
Sweet sweet friend of mine. -Margie Adam
On her SONGWRITER. (C) 1975. Labyris Music All rights reserved.

THERE'S A WOMAN (A Woman's Song)

There's a woman, there's a woman
There's a woman finds herself down on the ground
Heard her crying, heard her crying
Heard her crying bout the man she'd never found
So that woman, that young woman
Put on airs of so-called femininity
She's a-dreamin, she's a-dreamin
She's a-dreamin fairy tales of brides to be.
Am –/G Am :|| Am Dm/G Am /Am Dm/
GE Am

Chorus
But the day will come for standin up and shakin off the molds
Of roles and expectations into which she was sold
The day will come for joining all her sisters everywhere
The strength of liberation finds a love that can be shared.
G C/D G /CE Am/D G

So that woman, that young woman
Found the man who gave her all her childhood dreams
Wife and mother...began wonderin what a life for marriage means
Tired woman...tired of living up to myth and fantasy
Where's a woman...free of silent fears and insecurities?

*She's a woman..growing stronger as a separate entity
Reaching out to other women
Without credo or class or racial boundary
I'm a woman,..free to seek and search and struggle to be me
We are woman...there's no limit to whatever we may be. – Sheila Katz

On SOUNDS GOOD & In SONGS ON OUR WAY OUT #1.. (c) 1976 author

THEY'LL BE COMIN ROUND

(Tune: She'll be comin round the mountain)
Chorus
They'll be comin round the mountain when they come
They'll be driving 6 white horses when they come
They'll be talking new solutions, women's suffrage, revolution
And we'll all go out to meet them when they come
D – – –/D – A –/D D⁷ G –/A – D –

Bumpy wagons moving thru the days and nights
They've been travellin far in search of women's rights
Not much comfort or supporters but within this country's borders, they won't
Quit until they've won all of the fights.

In Colorado women sought a victory
Mrs. Stanton headed out with Susan B.
Organizing speaking writing for us all, they kept on fighting
Women won the vote out there in '93.

Women rise & join your sisters on the line
It's been struggle after struggle all thru time
Keep your mind upon our heritage, your hearts upon the future
And we'll make it thru the tight spots every time! – Eileen Abrams By permission.
Tune: FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS + 1001 FOLKSONGS.
The original, not here because most people know it, is about Mother Jones, a travelling organizer of coal miners in the early 1900's.

THREE GYPSIES

Three young gypsies went a-ridin out one day
Stopped to bathe their bodies in a pond along the way
One was dark and handsome, another blond & fair
The third a silent golden girl with European hair GD A D A/G A D A(repeat ending: DG D

First came a mystic wizard, her soul the shade of sky
Her melodies wove magic from the visions in her eyes
Danced among the green hills and watched their love unfold
Sang to them a new song, as it was foretold

Flesh of cream & roses hair of flaxen down
Eyes of deep perception wherein the truth is found
Sun of this brave union the fair Ms. Galahad
Prince of peace & teaching society's quite mad

Up to the heights of heaven into the depths of hell
The golden cosmic Lover discovers all is well
Burning in her valley, the fire in her eyes
Her love and understanding destroying all the lies

They ask themselves to hear ah they beg themselves to see
Every limb is sacred in their holy trinity
Sip the living waters & breathe the healing air
Receive the cleansing fire know life is to share
– Casse Culver

Casse is a lesbian-feminist songwriter from Wash.DC. On her THREE GYPSIES. (c) 1973 author (c) 1976 Sweet Alliance Music. All rights reserved.

TIME – O

Chorus
It's time-o(2x) time-o (2x)time that we are changing
It's time-o, time-o(2x)time we're movin on.
(repeat) A – D A/A – DE A

It used to be a woman's place right inside the kitchen
Caring for a throng of kids to teach them right from wrong
But now the world is very full, we can't have all those babies,
To add to the problem, we're living twice as long.
A – D A/A – E A/A – E A/
A – DE A

(CONT...NEXT PG.)

It used to be a woman's place to cheer on her soldier
While men went off to battle fields and courts to plan the war
We're tired of all the bombs and guns, the burned earth and killing
To hell with all that cheering, and down with the courts of war.

It used to be a woman's place to inspire great songs of beauty
And paintings rare and poems of love--art of every kind
But give me paint and canvas, a pen and ink for writing,
Move over now, Picasso dear, make room for womankind.

It used to be a woman's place to do what others told her
Pappa, mamma, husband, boss--all in an endless line
I hate to break with precedent, but I hear a voice inside me
And if they have to rule some life, HELL NO, IT WON'T BE MINE.

It used to be a woman's place to cry when folks were starving
To wring her hands and gather cans to send across the town
Yet folks of wealth all wine and dine and wheat lies a rotting
The devil take these foolish laws, let's pass the food around. —Carolyn McDade

On Arlington St. Women's Caucus' HONOR THY WOMANSELF. (c) Hyannis.

WE DON'T NEED THE MEN

intro
It says in Coronet Magazine, June 1956, page 10
That married women are not as happy as women who have no men.
Married women are cranky, frustrated and disgusted,
While single women are bright and gay, creative, and well adjusted.
G -/F-GC/C-G-/F C GC

We don't need the men (2x)
We don't need to have them 'round,except for now and then.
They can come to see us when we need to move the piano
Otherwise they can stay at home and read about the White Sox.
We don't care about them; we can do without them
They'll look cute in a bathing suit on a billboard in Manhattan.
C - F -/ G -- C://F C G C/ G -- C

We don't need the men...(1st 2 lines always as 1st verse)
They can come to see us when they have tickets for the symphony,
Otherwise they... & play a game of pinochle.
We don't care.about them, we can do without them.
They'll.look...on a billboard in Milwaukee.

We don't need the men. . .
They can...they're feeling pleasant and agreeable
Otherwise...holler at the TV programs.
We dont care...on a billboard in Madagascar.

We don't need the men...
They can...they're all dressed up with a suit on
Otherwise...drop towels in their own bathroom...
...on a billboard in Tierra del Fuego.
-Malvina Reynolds

In her SONGBOOK & on her HELD OVER. In ALL OUR LIVES & on VIRGO RISING (Thunderbird). (c) 1959 Schroder Music (ASCAP) By permission.

WE MIGHT COME IN FIGHTING

Chorus
Well we might come in a fighting cause there's lots that needs a righting
We've learned a lot from living, never taught to us in schools,
If they say come in like a man, well they must not understand
When we enter in the game we're gonna change the goddam rules.
G ---/D — CG (repeat)

Well, they say if you enter a man's world, someone's got to be a boss,
Someone a givin orders, or it'll end in a total loss
But we know from our livin that all folks got stuff for givin'
And those hard lines of authority we're bound to step across.
D - CG (2x) G---/ D-CG

There's somehow this feeling, we've got to work from nine to five
Cause that's what makes a person worthy to be alive
Yet most of what they're doin' is bringing the world to ruin
We're gonna speed up with the living and slow down on the drive

Well, I want it on the record that I think that something's wrong
When some folks live in mansions, yet the poor work just as long
Well, we're here realizing, that there's lots of equalizing
A due in this world and we'll help to move it on.

Now we're here for to tell you, gonna say it out so strong
We want work worthy of doing, and some time to call our own
They may think we'll sweetly smile and be glad to wait a while
Won't be no feminine bargaining, that day has come and gone. —Carolyn McDade

In ALL OUR LIVES & on Arlington St Women's Caucus' HONOR THY WOMANSELF (Rounder). (c)Hyannis Music (Also in SING A WOMANSONG) All rights reserved.

WHO'S GONNA SHOE

Who's gonna shoe your pretty little foot
Who's gonna glove your hand
Who's gonna kiss your red ruby lips
Who's gonna be your man?
C -/F C/ F C/G C

Papa can shoe my pretty little foot
Mama can glove my hand
Sister can kiss my ruby red lips
I don't need no man.

I don't need no man, poor boy (2x)
Sister can kiss my red ruby lips
Cuz I don't need no man.

This is a lullaby/children's song that goes back at least to the 18th c. - about a young woman who knew exactly what she did - and didn't want. In AMER FAV BALLADS, SINGOUT REPRINTS #2, and In the FIRESIDE BOOK OF LOVE SONGS.

THE WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE

The woman in your life will do what she must do
To comfort you and calm you down and let you
rest now
The woman in your life, she can rest so easily
She knows everything you do
Because the woman in your life is you.
C - FG/C - FG - /FG Am - Em - /Dm G/F G C -

The woman in your life knows simply what is true
She knows the simple way to touch to make you
whole now
The woman...she can touch so easily...

(Bridge #1)
And who knows more about your story
About your struggle in the world
Who cares more to bless your weary shoulders?
F - C - /F - C - /Am Em Am - Dm - G - .

Than the woman in your life, she's tryin to come
through
A woman's voice with messages, a woman's feelings
The woman in your life she can feel so easily...

(Bridge #2)
And who is sure to give you courage
And who will surely make you strong
And who will bear all the joy that's coming to
you, if not

The woman in your life she's someone to pursue
She's patient and she's waiting and she'll take
you home now
The woman in your life can wait so easily...
-Alix Dobkin

On Lavender Jane LOVES WOMEN. (c) 1973 Hearts & Struggles Music. All rights reserved.

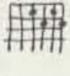
WOMAN-LOVING WOMEN

My family claims the right to know what's wrong
with me
They say I'm not turning out the way they
intended me
My mother's given up my marriage, my father's
given up his son
Cause we're woman-loving women when it's said
and done
C C^7 F C/C A D G/C C^7 Am Cdim/C DG C -

Chorus

Cause we're woman-loving women
We'll sing it loud and long
Yes, we're sisters united
In a love that's oh, so strong
Some say our craze is an Amazon phase
But soon they'll see
That we're woman-loving women
And that's all we'll be.

C dim



At home or at work they'll try to put you down
They can't seem to understand how you survive
with no loving man around
Well listen people and I'll tell you this:
Loving a woman ain't one stroke short of bliss
And we're woman-loving women when it's said
and done

Let's all sing together, and accent every note
Unless we all join hands how else can the
sisterhood stay afloat?
Some folks think Sappho was a little "touched"
Well I think Sappho just loved that touch(we
all love so much)
And we're woman-loving women and we're all too
much
-Teresa Trull

On her THE WAYS A WOMAN CAN BE (Olivia). (c) 1977 Thumbelina. All rights reserved.

WOMAN POWER

Chorus
Woman power, woman power, woman energy.
No surprising, we are rising, far
as the eye can see.
C F C G/C F CG C

Everybody knows you can't keep a good woman down
They are knowing, we are growing stronger all
around.

Building houses, making music, revolution too
Woman power keeps us moving, strong in all we do

Up in the hills and down in the cities, all the
world around,
Not just sittin and lookin pretty, we won't be
held down.

In the office, in the restaurants, in the
factories too
We are risin, organizin, all that women do.

We've got painters, we've got poets, we've got
printers too
We are singing, we are bringing women's words
to you.
-Rachel Rubin,
& members of Wine, Women & Song'

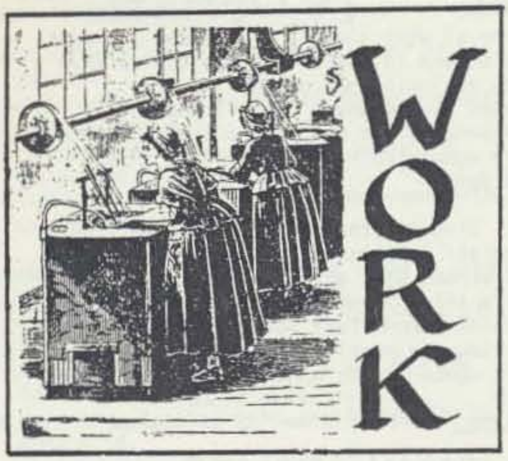
You can get the melody by writing Rachel at: 1024 Rees Ave, Bryn Mawr PA 19010.

WOMANSONG

Chorus
A woman by any other name would be as strong(2x)
But woman, woman, woman will carry me on.

verses: (a capella)
1. I am a woman, I sing a woman's song
And we are struggling, we're movin.
2. I sing of outrage against my soul
I take my power, for I am whole.
3. I sing of freedom, I sing of joy
And I'm dancing, ah---
- Margaret Grammer

(c) 1977 author. By permission.



A LA HUELGA

A la huelga compañeros
No vayais a trabajar
Dejad quieta la herramienta
Que es la hora de luchar. A la huelga...
Am E7/– Am/ Dm Am/E7 Am

Chorus
Diez, a la huelga cien, a la huelga
Madre yo voy tambien, a la huelga
Cien, a la huelga mil—yo por ellos
Madre y ellos por mi E7 Am/Dm Am/Dm Am/
E7 Am

Contra el gobierno del hambre
Nos vamos a levantar
Todos los trabajadores
Codo a codo por el pan. A la huelga...

Desde el pozo y la besana
Desde el torno y el telar
Irá la gente del pueblo
Vendrá todo a luchar

Todos los pueblos del mundo
La mano nos van a dar
Para devolver a España
Su perdida libertad. A la huelga...
-Spain

Does anyone know the source for this? SPAN. TRANSL: To the strike, comrades! Don't go to work, leave your tools, this is the hour of struggle. CHO: 10 to the strike, 100 to... I see Mary going too, 100, 1000... I for them, Mary & they for me. / We're rising up against this "govt of hunger" - all the workers, fighting side by side for bread. / From mineshaft, well, lathe & loom, all the people of the village are coming to struggle. / All the people of the earth are going to offer a hand to Spain to help her win back lost liberty.

THE BALLAD OF THE CARPENTER

Jesus was a working man
And of a hero you shall hear_
Born in the slums of Bethlehem _
At the turning of the year_
The turning of the year_
(capo up) Am – CG Am /C G Am –/
· Am G CG Em –/Am – Dm –/Em – Am –
When Jesus was a little lad
The streets rang with his name
For he argued with the older men
And put 'em all to shame, he...

His father, he apprenticed him
A carpenter to be
To plane and drill and work with skill
In the town of Galilee. the...

He became a wandering journeyman
And he travelled far and wide
And he noticed how wealth and poverty
Live always side by side ...

He said, "Come all you working folk
You farmers and weavers too
If you would only organize
The world belongs to you...

So the farmers sent three delegates
And the weavers and fishermen too
And they formed a working committee of twelve
To see the struggle through...

When the rich men heard what the carpenter had done,
To the Roman troops they ran
Saying, "Put this rebel Jesus down
He's a menace to God and man... "

The commander of the occupying troops
Just laughed and then he said
"There's a cross to spare on Calvary hill
By the weekend he'll be dead... "

Now Jesus walked among the poor
For the poor were his own kind
And they'd never let the cops get enough
To take him from behind...

So they hired one of the traitor's trade
And a stool-pigeon was he
And he sold his brother to the butcher's men
For a fist full of silver money, a ...

Jesus sat in the prison cell
And they beat him and offered him bribes
To desert the cause of his fellow men
And work for the rich men's tribe, to...

The sweat stood out on Jesus' brow
And the blood was in his eye
And they nailed his body to the Roman cross
And laughed as they watched him die...

Two thousand years have passed and gone
And many a hero too
But the dream of this poor carpenter
At last it is coming true, . . ! -Ewan MacColl

In SING OUT REPRINTS #8 & on Phil Ochs' I AIN'T MARCHIN ANYMORE.
(c)1960 Stormking Music Inc. All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.

BREAD SONG

Bread, where does it come from?
You find it on the shelf with a paper bag on
It comes from the ground and a factory too
Takes a whole lot of work just to get it to you
C – G C (4x)

Chorus
From the sun and the air and the water and the land
Lots of working people and lots of working hands
(repeat) F – – –/C – GC :||

Lettuce, where does it come from?
You find it near the pickle in a hamburger bun
Someone picks it from the ground
That's a lot of hard work and a lot of bending down

Hamburger, where does it come from?
You eat it with mustard and ketchup on
A cow eats some grass and gets all fat
Takes a farmer and a butcher and a cook for that

Ice Cream, where does it come from?
You eat it on a cone with sprinkles on
It used to be made from sugar and cream
Now they put in junk like gasoline
-Frente Music Collective

In FRICTION IN THE SYSTEM. It would be a good thing if the cows killed for hamburgers ate only grass. In fact they are stuffed with grain people could eat, much of it grown in areas where people are hungry.

COTTON MILL GIRLS

I've worked in the cotton mill all of my life
And I ain't got nothin but a barlow knife
It's hard times, cotton mill girls
It's hard times ev'ry where
D G/D A / D G/DA D

Chorus
It's hard times, cotton mill girls (3x)
Hard times ev'ry where.

In nineteen fifteen we heard it said
"Move to the country to get ahead "
It's hard times, cotton mill girls...

Us kids worked twelve hours a day
For fouteen cents of measly pay, it's...

When I die don't bury me at all
Just hang me up on the spinning mill wall
Pickle my bones in alcohol
It's hard times everywhere.

In SING OUT REPRINTS # 6 & on the New Harmony Sisterhood Band's AIN'T I A WOMAN? On THE PENNYWHISTLERS. In SING OUT June '79 (Vol 27, no. 7)

DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL

Ev'ry morning at seven o'clock
There were 20 tarriers a-working at the rock
And the boss comes along and he says: Keep still
And come down heavy on the castiron drill!
AmF Am F/Am F E -/Am F Am F/
Am Em C E

Chorus
And drill, ye tarriers, drill! (2x)
Oh, it's work all day for the sugar in your tay
Down behind the railway,
And drill ye tarriers, drill! and blast! and fire! Am G Am - (2x) Am - E - /
Am - E - / Am G Am AmG Am AmG Am -

The boss was a fine man down to the ground
He married a lady as good as could be found;
She baked good bread, and she baked it well,
But she baked it hard as the holes of hell!

Now the new foreman was Jim McGann;
By God, he was a blamed mean man!
Last week a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff.

The next time pay day came around,
Jim Goff a dollar short was found.
Wben he asked what for, came this reply:
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky." - Thomas casey

Written in 1888 about the Irish tarriers or dynamiters by a NY entertainer who had himself worked once on a blasting crew. In TRAV ON WITH THE WEAVERS & on their ON TOUR.

EIGHT HOUR DAY

(Tune: Free Amerikay)

We're brave and gallant miner boys
Who work down underground
For courage and good nature
No finer can be found
We work both late and early
And get but little pay
To support our wives and children
In free Amerikay
C--G/CGC- :|| C---/F-C G/ (Try playing this in D)
CGCF/CGC -
If Satan took the blacklegs
I'm sure'twould be no sin
What peace and happiness t'would be
For us poor working men
Eight hours we'd have for working
Eight hours we'd have for play
Eight hours we'd have for sleeping
In free Amerikay

We take the 40 hr work week for granted today, but mid-19th c. workers had to work 80, 100, or even 112 hr weeks. Each reduction in this week was only won thru bitter struggle. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST & on Pete Seeger's INDUST BALLADS. The tune is in 1004 FOLKSONGS.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

Elizabeth was a woman who couldn't be kept down
She was an organizer who roamed from town to town
Fighting with her sisters out on the picket lines
Building us a future, Elizabeth seized the time
D-GD/--A-/D-GD/--AD

Chorus
Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who never did give in
Gonna build the revolution and you know we're gonna win (repeat)
G - D -/ A - D - :||

Elizabeth was a woman, the bravest in her day
She fought for socialism,& she would always say
"We've got to get together,so we can all be free
We'll change the lives of women, and win our liberty "

We've got to heed her message for what she says is true
We'll join hands with our sisters in what we have to do
With working folk and young folk, red, white, black, yellow, brown
We'll build a people's movement, and tear the system down!
-Marge Cooper

In ALL OUR LIVES. (c) 1971 Margery Himel. All rights reserved.

FATHER

Intro
My father was a man I tried to understand
But I was too young when he died
I thought he was a man who couldn't see eye to eye
No matter how hard he tried
I remember him at night sitting huge in his seat
Snoring at the TV like a man who had been beat
But I was far too young to understand his way
To know the pain he felt or the price he had to pay
(cont'd →
Am - /Dm - :|| Am Em (2x) Dm Am/Dm AmEm7

WORK!

Chorus
A working man's daughter, a working man's son
Often don't understand til the working man's done
G Am / Bm CD

And his eyes looked so tired from a working man's day
If there once was any humor it got eaten away
Am — / Bm CD

'Cause the bosses they yell from nine until five
They yell every day that my father's alive

Now he's gone from this earth and my heart fills with hate
When I think of how many men meet the same fate

They work every day making nickles and dimes
While the rich bosses tell them there'll be better times
-Karen & Jerry Mitnick

On Bev Grant & the Human Condition's WORKING PEOPLE GONNA RISE
(c) 1974 authors. All rights reserved.

HARD TIMES IN THE MILL

Ev'ry morning at half past four
You hear the cooks hop on the floor
It's hard times in the mill, my love
Hard times in the mill
D — /A —/Cho: D — /DA D

Every morning just at five
You gotta get up, dead or alive
It's hard times...

Every morning at six o'clock
Two cold biscuits, hard as a rock...

Every morning at half-past nine
The bosses are cussin' and the spinners are cryin'

They docked me a nickel, they docked me a dime
They sent me to the office to get my time
Cotton mill boys don't make enough
To buy them tobacco and a box of snuff
Every night wehn I get home
A piece of corn bread and an old jawbone
Ain't it enough to break your heart?
Hafta work all day and at night it's dark

Written by textile workers in Charleston, SC around 1900. In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST. On Joe Glazer's SINGS LABOR SONGS & Pete Seeger's INDUST BALLADS.

HARD TRAVELING

I been havin some hard travelin, I thought you knowed
I been havin some hard travelin, way down the road
I been havin some . . .,hard ramblin, hard gamblin
I been havin some hard travelin, Lord
C---/--DG/C-F-/CGC-

I been doin some hard-rock minin', I thought...
I been leanin on a pressure drill, way down...
Hammer flyin, air-hose suckin, 6 feet o' mud an'
I sure been a-muckin--I been havin...

I been workin that Pittsburgh steel, I thought..
I been pourin that red hot slag, way down...
I been blastin, I been firin, I been duckin red-hot iron...

I been riding them fast rattlers, I thought...
I been ridin them flat wheelers way down...
I been ridin them dead enders, blind passengers, pickin up cinders...

I been hittin some hard harvestin, I thought...
North Dakota to Kansas City, way down...
Cuttin that wheat, stackin that hay, tryin to make 'bout a dollar a day...

I been layin in a hard-rock jail, I thought...
I been layin out 90 days, way...
Mean old judge, he says to me: (90 days for vagrancy"..

I been hittin that Lincoln Highway, I thought...
I've been hittin that '66, way down the road
Heavy load and a worried mind, lookin for freedom that's hard to find -Woody Guthrie

In his SONGBOOK TRO (c) 1959,'64 & '72 Ludlow Music, Inc
New York NY. Used by permision

I AM A UNION WOMAN!

I am a union woman, just as brave as I can be.
I do not like the bosses and the bosses don't like me.
Join the NMU. Come join the NMU.
Am - Em Am/Em Am G Am/ChoAmG Am G Am

I was raised in old Kentucky, in Kty. born & bred
And when I joined the union they called me a Rooshian Red.
Join the NMU. . .

This is the worst time on earth that I have ever saw
To get killed out by gun thugs & framed up by the law. Join. . .

When my husband asked the boss for a job, this is the words he said:
"Bill Jackson, I can't work you, sir, your wife's a Rooshian Red.

We are many thousand strong & I'm glad to say,
We are getting stronger & stronger every day...
-Aunt Molly Jackson

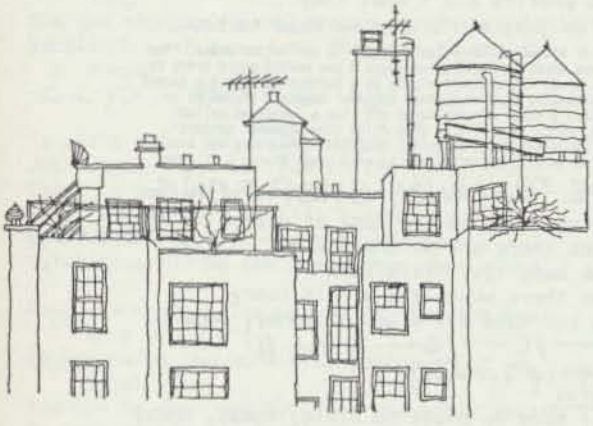
A coal miner's daughter, wife, & mother, Aunt Molly helped organize Appalachian miners in the 30's. On AUNT MOLLY JACKSON (Rounder). In ALL OUR LIVES & SING OUT REPRINTS #8.

I WORK

I CANNOT BE A SLAVE

Oh isn't it a pity such a pretty one as I
Should be sent to a factory to pine away and die
But ! cannot be a slave, I will not be a slave
For I'm so fond of liberty I cannot be a slave
D G A – / D G D – / A – A^7 – / D EmA D G D

Written in 1810 (to the tune "I Won't Be a Nun")



JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead,"
"I never died," says he. (2x)
C – / F C / F GC / D G / – C

"In Salt Lake, Joe," I said to him
Standing by my bed
"They framed you on a murder charge
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead." (2x)

"The Copper Bosses shot you, Joe
They killed you, Joe," says I
"Takes more than guns to kill a man"
Says Joe, "I didn't die."..

And standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes
Joe says, "What they could never kill
Went on to organize."

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
When workers strike and organize
Joe Hill is by their side."

From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill
Where workers stand up for their rights
It's there you'll find Joe Hill.
– Earl Robinson & Alfred Hayes

Hill was a prolific songwriter & organizer for the IWW. He was framed on a murder charge & hanged by the state of Utah in spite of worldwide appeals for his life (incl. by Pres Wilson). Wobblies were considered fair game for this sort of repression - espec during the bqutal 1919 "Red Scares". In the PEOPLES SONGBOOK & the FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS In JOAN BAEZ SONGBOOK & on her FROM EVERY STAGE. On Joe Glazer's SINGS LABOR SONGS & his SONGS OF JOE HILL. (c) 1938 Leeds Music Corp. New York, NY. All rights reserved.

THE JUTE MILL SONG

Chorus
Oh dear me, the mill is running fast
And we poor shifters can not get no rest
Shiftin' bobbins coarse and fine
They fairly make you work for your ten and nine
D – – – / G – – A / D – – G – / D – G A –

Oh dear me, I wish the day were done
Running up and down the pass is no fun
Shiftin', piecin', spinnin', warp, weft and twine
To feed and clothe my babies off of ten and nine

Oh dear me, the world is ill divided
Them that work the hardest are the least
provided
But I must bide contented dark days or fine
There's no much pleasure livin' off of 10 and 9
– England (19th c.)

The "Industrial Revolution was built on the unimaginable (to us today) exploitation of countless English workers, as in these textile mills "Ten and nine" means ten schillings, nine-pence, a pittance of a wage:
In SING OUT Vol 27, no. 5 (Sept 1979)

NICOLIA

(Intro)
If Nicolia had a boat
If Nicolia made it her home
If Nicolia sang a song
She would sing, "Oh, harbor me "
D – / – A / D – / F G D –

Nicolia girl worked inside a factory
She never saw the sun, never felt the summer
sea
She dreamed someday she'd meet a prince
But she's been real disappointed since
Nicolia girl got a big idea somehow and
She's sailing, sailing now
D – A – (2x) G D/G DA / D – A – / F G D –

Nicolia girl found a book called "Organize"
And she understood every word to her surprise
So with an old sail and a novice crew
She's made a great big wave on the ocean blue
Nicolia girl got a big idea...

Nicolia girl sings her favorite working song
To let the people know now's the time to move
along
Small boats on a mighty sea
Small girls in a factory
Nicolia girl... / They're sailing...

Now Nicolia has a boat, Nicolia's made it...
Nicolia sings a song, & she sings "Oh, harbor me!"
– words Holly Near, music by Jeff Langley

On her YOU CAN KNOW ALL I AM & in her WORDS & MUSIC. (c) Hereford Music 1975. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Tag: G C G C etc
"Oh _ won't you harbor me?
(harbor me, harbor
me!)"

NINE TO FIVE

(Tune: The MTA Song)

Let me tell to you the story
Of a woman named Susie
Who applied for a job one day
They tested her for typing
For shorthand and speedwriting
Then they gave her the lowest pay
A/D/A E/A/D/E A

Chorus
We type and file from 9 to 5
Yet we barely stay alive
Working from day to day
Well we've done a day's work
In the offices of Boston
And it's time we got a day's pay

Well then Susie did the filing
And she kept the correspondence
And she answered the telephone.
Though the boss might be a doubter
Still he couldn't do without her
Won't even call a taxi on his own

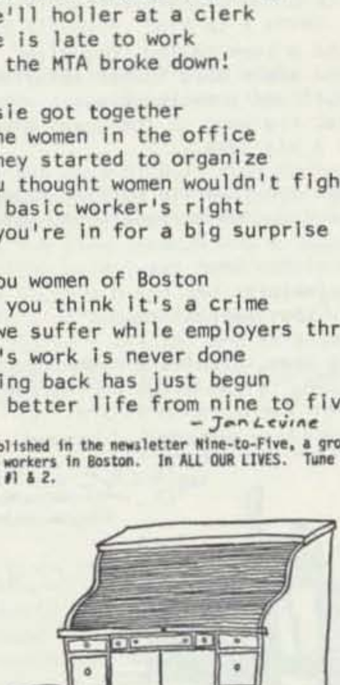
Susie asked for a promotion
And she sure caused a commotion
He just looked at her in disbelief
But the raises they've been giving
Sure don't match the cost of living
Though the boss is still eating beef!

Now the company makes millions
And the boss drives a Mercedes
The oil crisis makes him frown
But he'll holler at a clerk
If she is late to work
Cause the MTA broke down!

So Susie got together
All the women in the office
And they started to organize
If you thought women wouldn't fight
For a basic worker's right
Then you're in for a big surprise

Now you women of Boston
Don't you think it's a crime
That we suffer while employers thrive?
Women's work is never done
Fighting back has just begun
For a better life from nine to five!
-Jan Levine

First published in the newsletter Nine-to-Five, a group organizing clerical workers in Boston. In ALL OUR LIVES. Tune is in SING OUT REPRINTS #1 & 2.



OLD J.P. HE AIN'T WHAT HE USED TO BE

Old J.P. he ain't what he used to be (Tune: The Old Grey Mare)
Ain't what he used to be (2x)
Old J.P. he ain't what he used to be
Now we've organized
Now we've organized (2x)
Old J.P. he ain't what he used to be
Now we've organized
D – /A7 D/D – /A7 D//D –/G D/D –/A7 D
Roanoke Rapids ain't what it used to be...
Stevens profits ain't what they...
All of us just ain't what we used to be...

JP Stevens is the worst labor law violator in our nation today. The company moved south to avoid union wages & has pulled every trick in the book to block its workers' rights to a bargaining unit & a decent life. A nationwide boycott against Stevens' towels & linens is in effect. These & other Stevens songs are from a songsheet called STEVENSONGS, which is available from ACTWU (the Stevens' workers' union), PO Box 1147, Roanoke Rapids, NC 27820. This song was adapted by Stevens workers in Milledgeville GA with James Orange & Si Kahn.

THE RUNAWAY SHOP SONG

I wish I was in the land of cotton (Tune: "Dixie")
Wages there are on the bottom
Look away (3x) Dixie land
Down there where the air is sunny
You can make all kinds of money, look...
G---/C---/G---D-G- :||
(Capo up 2 or more)
Chorus
I'll move my plant to Dixie, today, today
I'll lock the gates & close the doors--goodbye
to union wages
Away (3x) we'll go to Dixie (repeat line)
G-C-A7-D-/G-C-G-D-/
G-D-G-DG G (2x)
Down among the alligators
Where there's friendly legislators, look...
Folks will smile & call you neighbor
You can't buy no cheaper labor, look...

Union folks up North don't like me
All they want to do is strike me, look...
Now it's my turn to get even
Go down South like J.P.Stevens, look...
-Si Kahn

Si is an incredible guy, a fine songwriter & an organizer for the Stevens organizing campaign. New words (c) 1977. By permission

SAY NO TO THE LAYOFFS

Say no to the layoffs, say no (2x)
Well, the city is a deceiver
Won't treat nobody right
Say no to the layoffs, say no.
(capo up) Am---/Am-E- /Am-Dm Am/- Em Am -
More verses: substitute "Council, Mayor, Company, Police," etc. for "city" -Nick Rabkin

Nick is a member of New American Movement. In FRICTION IN THE SYSTEM.

STEVENS DON'T ALLOW

(Tune: Mama don't allow no banjo pickin...)
Stevens don't allow no organizing round here(2x)
We don't care what Stevens dont allow, gonna
organize anyhow
Stevens don't allow...
D A7 D-/D-A7-/D D7 G G7/D A7 D -

Stevens dont allow no unions around here...
We don't care what Stevens dont allow, gonna
have our union anyhow, Stevens...

Other verses: put in other things Stevens doesn't allow--leaflets, blue cards, contracts dignity, sick pay, pensions -adapted by Si Kahn
Used by permission.

TALKING UNION

If you want higher wages let me tell you what to do
You got to talk to the workers in the shop with you
You got to build you a union, got to make it strong
But if you all stick together boys, t'wont be long
You get shorter hours, better working conditions
Vacations with pay, take the kids to the sea.
shore
G C/D – :// G – C – /D – G –

It ain't quite this simple, so I better explain
Just why you got to ride on the union train
Cause if you wait for the boss to raise your pay
We'll all be waiting till judgment day
We'll all be buried—gone to Heaven—
Saint Peter'll be the straw boss then, boys.

Now, you know you're underpaid, but the boss says you ain't
He speeds up the work till you're about to faint
You may be down and out, but you ain't beaten
You can pass out a leaflet and call a meetin
Talk it over—speak your mind
Decide to do something about it.

Course the boss may persuade some poor damn fool
To go to your meeting and act like a stool
But you can always tell a stool, though, that's a fact
He's got a rotten streak a-runnin down his back
He doesn't have to stool--he'll make a good living
On what he takes out of blind men's cups

You got a union, now, and you're sitting pretty
Put some of the boys on the steering committee
The boss won't listen when one guy squawks
But he's got to listen when the union talks—
He better—be mighty lonely
Everybody decide to walk out on him.

Suppose they're working you so hard it's just outrageous
And they're paying you all starvation wages
You go to the boss and the boss will yell
Before I raise your pay I'd see you all in hell
Well, he's puffing a big cigar and feeling mighty slick
Cause he thinks he's got your union licked
He looks out the window and what does he see
But a thousand pickets and they all agree
He's a bastard—unfair—slavedriver—
Bet he beats his wife.

Now, boys you've come to the hardest time
The boss will try to bust your picket line
He'll call out the police and the Natl.Guard
They'll tell you it's a crime to have a union card
They'll call everyone of you a goddam Red
Unpatriotic—Moscow agents—bomb throwers
Even the kids.

But out in Detroit here's what they found
And out in Frisco here's what they found
And out in Pittsburg here's what they found
And down at Bethlehem here's what they found:
That if you don't let red-baiting break you up
If you don't let stool pigeons break you up
If you don't let vigilantes break you up
If you don't let race hatred break you up
You'll win—what I mean is, take it easy
But take it. – Millard Lampell, Lee Hays & Pete Seeger

Written by the Almanac Singers while they were singing for CIO unions in 1941. On Seeger's TALKING UNION, his SONGS OF STRUGGLE AND PROTEST, & his GREATEST HITS. In BELLS OF RHYMNEY. (c) 1947 Stormking Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

UNION MAID

(Tune: Red Wing)

There once was a union maid
Who never was afraid
Of the goons and the ginks and the company finks
And the deputy sheriffs who made the raids
She went to the union hall
When a meeting it was called
And when the company men came round
She always stood her ground
D – /G D/A D/E A/ D – /G D/A D/EA D

Chorus
Oh you can't scare me I'm stickin to the union
I'm stickin to the union, I'm stickin to the union
Oh you can't scare me I'm stickin to the union
I'm stickin to the union til the day I die
G – D – /A – D – ://

This union maid was wise
To the tricks of the company spies
She couldn't be fooled by the company stools
She'd always organize the guys
She'd always get her way
When she struck for higher pay
She'd show her card to the national guard
And this is what she'd say:

Now a woman's struggle is hard
Even with a union card
She's got to stand on her own two feet
And not be a servant to a male elite
We've got to take a stand
By working hand in hand
There is a job that's gotta be done
And a fight that's gotta be won

We modern union maids are also not afraid
To walk the line, leave jobs behind
And we're not just the Ladies' Aid
We fight for equal pay/and we will have our say
We're workers too the same as you
And fight the union way. – Woody Guthrie (et al)

In 1940 Seeger & Guthrie were at a small union mtg in Okla. City. Some company thugs came to break it up but the group (incl women & children) hung together, in part with vigorous singing. Woody wrote the song that night. The old 3rd verse was not his - these last 2 verses are new. Note the pun on the old "union made" labels. In his SONGBOOK, in SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, & in BELLS OF RHYMNEY. On Tribute to Guthrie Vol 2 New Harmony Sisterhood's AIN'T I A WOMAN, & Glazer's SINGS LABOR SONGS. TRO (c) 1961 • 1963 Ludlow Music, Inc, New York, NY. Used by permission. Verse 4 is by Rebecca Mills and Fanchon Lewis. Verse 3 by Nancy Katz - Also in SING OUT Vol 28, no. 1 (Jan '80)

WE ARE BUILDING A STRONG UNION

(Tune: Jacob's Ladder)

We are building a strong union (3x)
Workers in the mill!
A---/E-D A/A A^7 D A/-E A -

Every member makes us stronger (3x)...
We won't budge until we conquer....
We shall rise and gain our freedom...

Written by Marion, NC textile workers who went on strike in 1929 when 20 mins. was added to their 72 hr (for $10!) work week. Tune is in JOYFUL SINGING & POCKETFUL OF SONGS.

WE'RE GONNA ROLL THE UNION ON

Chorus
We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll
We're gonna roll the union on!(repeat)
D-/-A/A-/-D

If the boss is in the way, we're
gonna roll it over him
We're gonna roll the union on(repeat)

If the sheriff's in the way...
If its Congress in the way...

In SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST.

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

We shall not, we shall not be moved; (2x)
Just like a tree thats planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.
G-D-/--G G^7/C-G-/G D G -

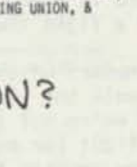
For we're Black and White together, we shall...
We're fighting for our freedom...
For the union is behind us...
We're fighting for our children...

Fuertes, fuertes, fuertes somos ya (2x)
como un arbol firme junto al rio
Fuertes somos ya.

Luchamos por librarnos, fuertes...

Luchamos por los hijos... .

(a second Spanish version)
No, no, no nos moverán (2x)
Como un arbol firme junto al rio
No nos moverán



Unidos en la lucha, no nos moverán...
Unidos en la huelga...

Another gospel song put to good use in the union-organizing, freedom, & antiwar movements. In the PEOPLES SONGBOOK, SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, & AMER FAV BALLADS. On ESSENTIAL PETE SEEGER, his TALKING UNION, & Joe Glazers SINGS LABOR SONGS.

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Come all of you good workers
Good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good old Union
Has come in here to dwell
Cho: Which side are you on? (4x)
Am -/Em Am/Em -/- Am
CHO: Am E/- Am :||
My daddy was a miner
He's now in the air and sun
And I'll stick with the union
Til every battle's won ..

They say in Harlan Co.
There are no neutrals there
You're either with the union
Or a thug for J.H. Blair...
Oh workers can you stand it
Oh tell me how you can?
Will you be a crummy scab
Or lend us all a hand?...
Don't scab for the bosses
Don't listen to their lies
Us poor folks haven't got a chance
Unless we organize... - Florence Reece

"Sheriff Blair and his men came in search of my husband Sam - he was one of the [National Miner's]Union leaders. I was there with my 7 children. They ransacked the house and kept watch to shoot him but he didn't come home that night. Afterward I tore a sheet from a calendar off the wall and wrote the words to 'Which Side Are You On' to an old Baptist hymn 'Lay the Lily Low'."

In VOICES FROM THE MTNS, the PEOPLES SONGBOOK, SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, AMER FAV BALLADS, & ALL OUR LIVES. On Seeger's TALKING UNION & his GREATEST HITS. (c) 1974 Stormking Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

THE WORK OF THE WEAVERS

We're all met together here to sit and to crack
With our glasses in our hands and our wark upon
our backs
There's nay a trade among them that can mend or
can mak'
If it wasna for the wark o' the weavers
G-C G/--C D/G-C G/--C G

Chorus
If it wasna for the weavers what would ye do?
You wouldna hae a claith that was made o' woo'
You wouldna hae a coat o' the black or the blue
If it wasna for the wark o' the weavers
G D Em Bm/C G C D/G-C G/--D G
There's soldiers & there's sailors & glaziers
& all
There's doctors & there's ministers & them that
live by law
And our friends in South America though them we
niver saw
But we ken they wear the wark o' the weavers

The weaving's a trade that niver can fail
As long as we need clothes for to keep another
hale
So let us all be merry o'er a pitcher of good
ale
And we'll drink to the health of the weavers
- Scotland

In SING OUT REPRINTS #2, the CLANCY BROS SONGBOOK, & 1004 FOLKSONGS. Also in THE SHUTTLE & CAGE: Industrial Folk Ballads, ed. by Ewan MacColl

YOU GOTTA GO DOWN

(Tune: Jesus Walked This Lonesome Valley)

You gotta go down and join the union
You gotta go join it by yourself.
Nobody here can join it for you
You gotta go down and join it b yourself.
G---/D^7-G-/C-G-/G Em A^7 D^7 G -

Your brother's gotta go down...
Your sister's gotta go down...
I'm gonna go down...

And when the road gets rough and rocky
And the hills get steep and high
We can sing as we go marching
And we'll win our big union by and by.
-words & new music adaption by Woody Guthrie

In his SONGBOOK, the PEOPLES SONGBOOK, SONGS OF WORK AND PROTEST, & Seeger's TALKING UNION. TRO (c) 1963 Ludlow Music, Inc, New York, NY Used by permission.

ADDITIONAL SONGS

Blow the Candle Out

When I was 'prenticed in London I went to see my dear
The fires were all burning, the moon shone bright and clear
I rapped upon his window to ease him of his pain
He rose to let me in then he barred the door again
DmC Dm DmC DmAm/DmC Dm DmC Dm
DmC F Dm Am/DmC Dm DmC Dm
I like your well behavior & thus I often say
I cannot rest contented whilst you are far away
The roads they are so muddy we cannot gang about
So roll me in your arms love & blow the candles out.

Your father and your mother in yonder room do lie
A-huggin one another, so why not you & I?
A-huggin one another without a fear or doubt
So roll me in your arms love & blow...

And if we prove successful, love, I'll name it after thee
I'll keep it neat & kiss it sweet & daff it on my knee
When my 3 yrs are ended my time it will be out
Then I will double my indebtedness by blowing...
-English Trad.
In SINGOUT REPRINTS #1, SONGFEST, COFFEEHOUSE SONGBOOK

Come All Ye Fair & Tender Ladies

Come all you fair and tender ladies
Take warning how you court young men
They're like the stars on a summer's morning
First they appear, and then they're gone.
AmDG-/AmD EmD/GCG-/C Bm Am D

If I had known before I courted
I never would have courted none
I'd have locked my heart in a box of golden
And fastened it up with a silver pin.

I wish I were a little swallow
And I had wings and I could fly
I'd fly away to my false, true lover
And when he'd speak, I would deny.

But I am not a little swallow
I have no wings, neither can I fly
I'll sit down here and weep in sorrow
And try to pass my troubles by.

Oh, don't you remember our days of courting
When your head lay on my breast?
You could make me believe, by the falling of your arm, dear
That the sun rose in the west. -Traditional U.S.A.
In AMER FAV BALLADS.

EddystoneLight

Me father was the keeper of the Eddystone light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night
From this union there came three
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me!
C---/FGC-://

Chorus
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for a life on the rolling sea!
Dm-G-/--C-

One night , as I was a-trimming of the glim
Singing a verse from the evening hymn
A voice on the starboard shouted "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother, a-sitting on a buoy.

"Oh, where are the rest of my children three?"
My mother then she asked of me
"One was exhibited as a talking fish
The other was served from a chafing dish."

Then the phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair:
I looked again, and my mother wasn't there
But her voice came echoing back from the night
"To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

-TRADITIONAL

Don't Shut My Sister Out

Chorus
Don't shut my sister out, trust her choices
Her woman's wisdom and her will to grow
Don't shut my sister out, trust her vision
Her intuition of her own way to go
Am EAm FAm/F GF Am E/
Am EAm FC/F G E Am

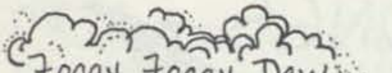
Well a woman's rhythm is an ebb and a flow
It's a coming together and a letting go
Like the tide of the moon and the seasons of earth
We sing our cycle of death and rebirth
Am-- E Am/F G FAm/Am--F Am/DFE Am
Sometimes I find myself taking a stand
It's like finding rocks among the shifting sands
And sisters gather round holding hand in hand
Saying this is our story, this is our land

Sometimes I find I have to walk away
There are inner voices that I have to obey
And they lead me lonely and they lead me cold
And they lead me away from the sisterfold. (cho)

One thing I've learned is never to assume
That every woman I meet is gonna sing my tune
I want respect, I want to give you the same
This is a struggle for survival, not a party game.

I see pointing fingers, I hear calling names
I see our strength bein shattered by fear & pain
Can't you see the writing on the wall?
If we don't join together well we're all gonna fall. (cho)

You are a special woman, shouldn't have to hide
I want to know you, grow with you right by my side
Won't you come as you are, won't you do what you must
Won't you help build a sisterhood we all can trust?
-by Betsy Rose (c) 1978. All rights reserved. On Betsy Rose & Cathy Winter SWEET SORCERY.



Foggy Foggy Dew

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone
worked at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid
I woo'd her in the winter time
And in the summer too
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
D G/A D // A D/A D/D G/A D

One night she knelt close by my side
When I was fast asleep
She threw her arms around my neck
And then began to weep
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair
Ah me, what could I do?
So all night long I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son
We work at the weaver's trade
And every single time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid
He reminds me of the wintertime
And of the summer too
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
-Traditional
In FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS and SONG FEST.

Gentle Loving People

We are a gentle loving people
(And we're) singing, singing for our lives ://

D A G D / A - D A / D A G D / A - G D
We are an angry loving people, and we're...

Anti-nuclear/anti-racist/gay & lesbian/
anti-sexist/We are a land of many colors...

— HOLLY NEAR (c) 1980 Hereford Music. All rights reserved.

Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped short never to go again
When the old man died.
DADG/DAD - / D A D G/D A D -
D - A - /D - A - / D A D G/D A D -
In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours had he spent while a boy
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride, but it...

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight
That his hour of departure had come
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft & muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side...
-Traditional U.S.A.
In SONG FEST.

Housewife's Lament

One day I was walking, I heard a complaining
And saw an old woman the picture of gloom
She gazed at the mud on her doorstep ('twas raining)
And this was her song as she wielded her broom
C - F C/ G - G7 C/ C - F C/G - G7 C

Chorus
Oh life is a toil and love is a trouble
Beauty will fade and riches will flee
Pleasures they dwindle and prices they double
And nothing is as I would wish it to be
C C7 E E7/ F D7 G G7/
C - F C/ G - G7 G

There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it
There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and dirt

In March it is mud, it is slush in December
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust
In the fall the leaves litter, in muddy September
The wallpaper rots and the candlesticks rust

There are worms on the cherries and slugs on the roses
And ants in the sugar and mice in the pies
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies

It's sweeping at six and it's dusting at seven
It's victuals at eight and it's dishes at nine
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven
We scarce break our fast till we plan how to dine

With grease and with grime from corner to center
Forever at war and forever alert
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter
I spend my whole life in struggle with dirt

Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever
On a far little rock in the midst of the sea
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves as they swept over me

Alas! Twas no dream; ahead I behold it
I see I am helpless my fate to avert
She lay down her broom, her apron she folded
She lay down and died and was buried in dirt

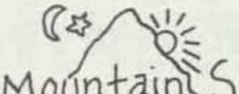
— TRADITIONAL

Lullabye

Like a ship in the harbour
Like a mother and child
Like a light in the darkness
I'll hold you awhile
A - /- E/- D E/~ A

We'll rock on the water
I'll cradle you deep
And hold you while angels
Sing you to sleep

- Cris Williamson. (c)1977, Bird Ankles Music. On Live Dream Album.



Mountain Song

I have dreamed on this mountain
Since first I was my mother's daughter
And you can't just take my dreams away
Not with me watching
You may drive a big machine
But I was born a great big woman
And you can't just take my dreams away--
without me fighting
Am-/-E Am/-Dm Am/--/-Dm Am/-E Am/
-Dm Am/--
This old mountain raised my many daughters
Some died young--some still living
But if you come here for to take our mountain
Well we ain't come here to give it
Am Dm Am/Dm-Am-/-- Dm/- Am
I have dreamed on this mountain
Since first I was by mother's daughter
And uou can't just take my dreams away--
not with me watching
No you can't just take my dreams away--
without me fighting
No you can't just take my dreams away.
Am-/-E Am/-Dm Am/--/-Dm Am-/
--/Dm Em Am

Holly Near, (c)1978 on Imagine My Surprise
Hereford Music Inc. Also on Meg Christian's FACE THE MUSIC
& in SING OUT Vol 27, no. 6 (Dec 79)

♀ ♀ ♀ … ☆ ☽ … ☆ … ☾ ☆ … ♀ ♀ ♀

My Lord, What a Morning

My Lord, what a morning (3x)
When the stars begin to fall.

D---/--A-/D A Bm BmG, D A D -

You'll hear the trumpet sound
To wake the nations underground
Looking to my God's right hand
When the stars begin to fall.

D A Bm D/GD GD A-/D A Bm G/D A D -

You'll hear the oceans roll / To wake...
You'll hear the mountains shake...
Youlll hear the people shout...
- Black "Spiritual"

Old Time Woman

I just found out this afternoon I've been
carrying life for two
I needed some conversation to know what I
should do
I was walking down a lonely street when I
heard this talking chair
So I climbed up on the moonlit porch to
see what was there
Bm - C G/Bm - C D/G G7 C A7/G Em D C G

She was propped up on a pillow, rocking in
a rocking chair
Looked like she might be lonely, like she
maybe had some words to share
So I pulled up close and asked her name
and this was her exact reply
I am an old time woman, waiting to die
G Em C G/G Em C D/G G7 C A7/G Em C G

Then we got to talking and soon we were the
best of friends
I told her about my problems, she told me
how it was back then
We talked about a lot of things I never
thought she would have understood
But that old time woman, she did real good

She told me she'd never had a man 'til she
was firmly wed
Never understood her ma until her pa was dead
But still her man came first and then her
thirteen sons
It wasn't 'til they had all gone away
That she started to have any kind of fun at all

I wanted to make her young again but all I
could do was cry
She took my swollen cheeks in hand and made
me look her in the eye
She said "If I had not suffered, you wouldn't
be wearing those jeans
Being an old time woman, ain't as bad as it
seems."

She was propped up on a pillow, rocking in
a rocking chair
I'd never had such good talking, I knew that
she really cared
I wanted to make her young again but all I
could do was cry
I'll love that old time woman until I die

When I left her house that night my problems
seemed so small
And if I grow to be like her soon I won't
have any problems at all
I know I'll go back again to rock with my
finest friend
I'll love that old time woman until the end

- Holly Near & Jeffrey Langley,
(c)1973 Hereford Music, Inc. All rights reserved.
Used by permission. On her LIVE ALBUM.

Riverboat

Chorus
I ain't gonna step down off of that riverboat
Ain't gonna step down off of that riverboat
Cause if I step down off of that riverboat
I don't think that I'm gonna float
Cause there's mud just below that sparkling water
Yes there's mud just below that sparkling water
And it's soft soft deep and warm
Settled 'neath the river once in a storm
Mud just below that sparkling water

DAD/G-DA/DAD DA/DAD
G-D-/G-DA/DA/G-D-/D-AD

Once I had a daughter strong and fine
Grew up and said she didn't want to be mine
I said I understood and I felt the same
Now she runs a school for girls
Each one tougher than a redwood burl
They're growing up stronger than the world
into which they came

D---/G--D/--A/D---/G--D/-AD

When oh when will I ever learn
It's not just the fire that makes me burn
It's not just the ice that cools my flaming skin
But if I give up it will cook me good
And that ain't the road to sisterhood
Where I'm going ain't the same as where I've been

Holly Near. (c)1978 by Hereford Music.
On Imagine My Surprise. all rights reserved.

The Road I Took To You

Bread and water, like some poor man's daughter
No, never for me
Wine and money called me honey
Made me feel I was free
Like a glass raised too many times
I broke in two
C G Am C/F Dmaj7 C G/C G Am C7/
F Dmaj7 G -/Dmaj7 - G -/Dmaj7 - G
Chorus
I was walking around in little pieces
And I never even knew
That the way back home to me
Was the road I took to you
G7 C G Am F/C G F Dmaj7/C G C7 -
F Dmaj7 C G7
Winter saw me down and dragging my feet
Through the snow
Drinking, feeling like I was living on the street
With nowhere to go
And cracked in the coat I wore
I felt the cold come through

And now somehow I've ended up with a cup
So full and
Overflowing, all the time I know that it is
Nothing I can hold in my hand
And it feels so good to me
Just being true. - Barbara Keith
(c) Leo Feist Inc. ASCAP. All rights reserved.
on Meg Christian "Face the Music"

Rock Candy Mountain

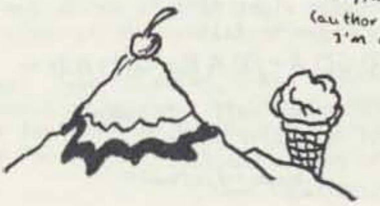
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
It's a land that's fair and bright
The handouts grow on bushes
And you sleep out ev'ry night,
The box-cars are all empty
And the sun shines ev'ry day
I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow
Where the sleet don't fall and
the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
D -/G D/G D/Em A/D -/G D/
GD GD (2x) A D
Chorus
Oh the buzzing of the bees in the cigarettes
trees
By the soda water fountains
By the lemonade springs where the bluebird
sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.
D -/G D/A D/A D

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
You never change your socks
Little streams of alky-hol
Comes trickling down the rocks
Oh the shacks all have to tip their hats
And the railroad bulls are blind
There's a lake of stew and gingerale too
And you can paddle all around it in
a big Canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
The cops have wooden legs
The bull-dogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
The box-cars all are empty
And the sun shines every day
I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow
Where the sleet don't fall and
the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
The jails are made of tin
You can slip right out again
As soon as they put you in
There ain't no short handled shovels
No axes, saws nor picks
I'm bound to stay where you sleep all day
Where they hung the jerk that
invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

- Harry McClintock
(author of Hallelujah
I'm a Bum)



Rock Me In Your Arms

Won't you write a melody for me, pretty woman
I need a little song in the middle of the day
Won't you write a melody
Just a simple melody
To rock me in your arms so far away
C G Bm Am7 / C G Bm D / Am7 D7 / Am7 D7
C G Am7 D7 —

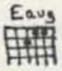
Chorus
Rock me in your arms so far away
Rock me in your arms so far away
I send you the words
I send you the dreams
But one thing missing to me it seems
So won't you please find a melody
To rock me in your arms so far away
G Bm C Am7 / Am7 D7 G G7 / C G / C G / C Bm C D7
G G7 C Am7 / G7 Em C D G
Won't you write a melody for me, pretty woman
I need a little song in the middle of the day
Won't you write a melody
One that brings you close to me
To rock me in your arms so far away.

- Holly Near & Meg Christian
On Meg's FACE THE MUSIC. (c) 1978 Hereford Music and Thumbelina Music. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Side by Side

(Intro)
See that sun in the morning
Peeking over the hill
I don't get tired of its sparkle or warmth
And I'm sure I never will
That's how I feel about someone
How somebody feels about me
The way we love each other
Doesn't make us a jot less free
C--/D^7--/G^7-CA^7/B^7-EmG/C--/D^7---/--G-/D^7-G^7-

Oh! we ain't got a barrel of money
Maybe we're ragged and funny
But we'll travel along, singin a song
Side by side.
Don't know what's comin tomorrow
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow
But we'll travel the road, sharin our load...
C-FC (2×) F-CA^7 / D G C- //
Thru all kinds of weather
What if the sky should fall
Just as long as we're workin together
It doesn't matter at all



Eavg--E^7/A^7---/D^7---/G^7---

When they've all had their quarrels and parted
We'll be as fresh as we started
Just travelin along, singin a song...

(Bridge - tune as intro)
We're all hunting for something
Something we don't know what
Cuz none of us are satisfied
With things we know we've got
We all forget about moonlight
As soon as we've given our vow
But we'd all be so happy
If we'd start and sing right now:

- Harry Woods
(c) 1929 Shapiro Bernstein & Co., RKO Bldg. 1270 6th Av, NYC
Int'l copyright secured. All rights reserved.

Sweet Darling Woman

Sweet darling woman
Now that the past is left behind
Won't you try to see my state of mind
Loving you
I still can't run from you
C Am7 — A / A F Am7 Dmaj7
G Am7 Em7 Dmaj7 / G Cmaj7 / F Cmaj7
Sweet darling woman
Do you still run away
Even though every day
I spend loving you
What else can I do

Sweet darling woman
Please don't take my heart so carelessly
Just say the words and I'll be
By your side
Oh, sweet darling woman
We're here just to be satisfied
C Am7 — A / A F Am7 Dmaj7 /
G Am7 Em7 Dmaj7 / G C / G A — / Dmaj7 Am7 F G C
You know I need your touch
Let me feel how much
I am yours
Sweet darling woman
F Cmaj7 / F Cmaj7 / Em7 / Em7 — A
Do you still run away
Even though every day
I spend loving you
A F Am7 Dmaj7 / G Am7 Em Dmaj7 /
Sweet darling woman G Cmaj7
Even though you may disappear
I will be here
Sweet darling woman
Though you may disappear
I will be here

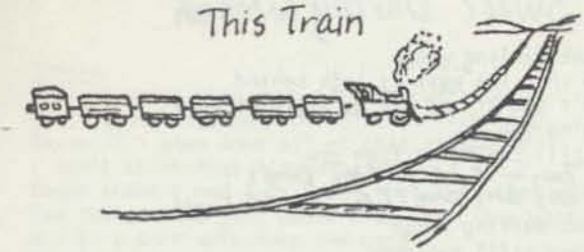
Diane Lindsay (c)1974 Thumbelina Music.
all rights reserved, On Meg Christian "Face the Music"

They Call the Wind Maria

Way out here they've got a name for rain and wind
  and fire
The rain is Tess, the fire's Joe, and they call
  the wind Maria * (* pronounced "Mah-RYE-uh")
Maria blows the stars around and sends the
  clouds a-flying
Maria makes the mountains sound like folks up
  there were dying
Maria, Maria, they call the wind Maria.
C Am C Am / C Em FG C / C Am C — / F Em FG C
refrain: F--- Em--- F-G-C---
  Before I heard Maria's name and heard her
    wail and whinin'
  I had a man and he had me and the sun was always
    shining
  But then one day I lost that guy, I left him
    far behind me
  And now I'm lost, so goddman lost, not even God
    can find me...
Out here they've got a name for rain, for
  wind & fire only
But when you're lost & all alone, there
  ain't no word but lonely
I feel just like the restless wind, without
  a star to guide me
Maria blow my love to me, I need my love beside me.

- Alan Jay Lerner & Frederick Loewe (c)1952 [illegible] Chappell & Co, NY
Publisher & owner of all rights. From their musical PAINT YOUR WAGON.

This Train



This train is bound for glory, this train (2x)
This train is bound for glory, don't ride nothin
but the righteous and the holy
This train is bound for glory, this train.
Em Am Em - / - - B7 - /Em - Am - /Em Am Em -
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train (2x)
This train don't carry no gamblers, no hot town
women, no midnight ramblers
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train is built for speed now... (3x)
...fastest train you ever did see
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train don't carry no liars... (3x)
...no hypocrites and no high flyers...

This train y'don't pay no transportation... (3x)
...no Jim Crow, no discrimination... -Black Gospel

Wabash Cannonball

I stood on the Atlantic ocean, on the wide Pacific shore
Heard the Queen of flowing mountains to the
South Belle by the door
She's long, tall and handsome, she's loved by
one and all
She's a modern combination called the Wabash
Cannonball. G - - C/D - - G %

Chorus
Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
Riding thru the woodlands, to the hill and by
the shore
Hear the mighty rush of engines, hear the lonesome hobo squall
Riding thru the jungles on the Wabash Cannonball.

Now the eastern states are dandies, so the western people say
From New York to St.Louis and Chicago by the way
Thru the hills of Minnesota where the rippling
waters fall
No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever
stand
Will he be remembered through parts of all our
land
When his earthly race is over and the curtain
round him falls
We'll carry him on to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.
-Traditional U.S.A

In Seeger's AMER. FAVORITE BALLADS.

Weave Me the Sunshine

Chorus
Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine out of the
fallin' rain
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow and fill my
cup again.
F G C Am F G C Am/F G C Am D - G -

Well, I've seen the steel and the concrete crumble
Shine on me again
The proud and the mighty all have stumbled
Shine on me again - now: Weave...
Am - Em - /F G C Am /Am - D - / G - G7 -
They say that the tree of loving, shine...
Grows on the banks of the river of suffering ...

Now, if only I could heal your sorrow ...
I'd help you to find your new tomorrow ...

Only you can climb that mountain ...
If you want to drink of the golden fountain ...
-Peter Yarrow

(c) Pepamar Music Co. All rights reserved

Working Class Woman

Joe Workingman's wife, that's how I was defined
As if that was my life, my hope and my mind
But I worked in a bakeshop, did the housework at
night
There was no time to stop for a young bird in
flight
C F C - /G - C G/ repeat

And in time there were babies, had to make us a
home
Joe was working two jobs, I was always alone
And I needed some time and just a little control
Just to keep my right mind, just to try to stay
whole

*I wanted a partner to be his friend, not just his
wife
I work hard for my children but they're my love
not my life
I've always been told it was our lot to endure
But I know it's not right, I deserve something
more
F - C - /F - C G/C F - C/G - C -

Got a job in a factory and it's rough in this
world
My kids are in high school and my boss calls
me girl
But the woman beside me as we sweat out the line
Says, "Tomorrow is payday and the next day is
mine."

It's a race for the strong 'cause it'll grind
up the meek
When your money runs short at the end of the week
And your car needs a tire and your kids need
some shoes
For a working class woman that's an old kind
of blues

Oh this system buys your hands but you must not
*use your head
It will shake you and break you till your senses
are dead
I've always been told it was our lot to endure
But I know it's not right, we deserve something
more

Oh I know there are answers, got to get to the
source
I think me and this system better get a divorce
I can't make enough money, I can't find enough
time
But I'm a working class woman and the future is
mine

Oh there's more where I come from, we've got
anger to burn
But we're talking and moving, gonna study and
learn
Build a unity train on the straight arrow line
If today is the bosses', I know tomorrow is mine

*
I wanted a partner to be his friend not just
his wife
I work hard for my children but they're my love
not my life
And I know it takes loving and I know it takes
time
But I'm a working class woman and the future is
mine
I'm a working class woman and the future is mine

Words by Barbara Davis adapted from original lyrics by Jane Falager and Peter Boyd. Music by Kendall Hale. On New Harmony Sisterhood Band's "AIN'T I A WOMAN"

We Are the River

Chorus
We are the river
We're gonna wash your levees down
We're coming from the mountains
And we'll be moving through your town
We're gonna join with the other rivers
And then we'll have a chance
Cuz no dam the man can make will stand
When the seas begin to dance
G Em/C G/- Em/C D/G Em/C D/

The fish will swim with us G Em/C D G
And guide us on our way
But they keep trying
To frighten the fish away
But storm the depths or stir the surface
The fishes can't be found
Cuz only the water knows where the water goes
When the river's underground

Maple buds are red now
And the small streams trickle down
The river's running swollen
And the water's on the rise in town
There'll be no more of your reservoirs
Keeping us from being free
Cuz the rivers have come together now
And we're moving to the sea

- Author unknown

You Bet

If I only had a dollar I'd spend it with
the women
Who sing to me sweet melodies of women loving
Songs with room for growing that show us where
we're going
So caringly, that dare me to grow up fighting
strong
Am Em Am Em Am Em Am / E F G Em D E/
Repeat, end with A

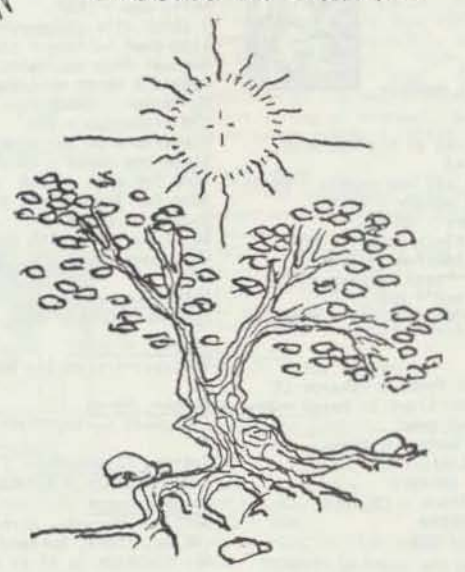
Chorus
You bet I sing love songs
Songs that carry me along
Through fearful times and tender times
Songs of motherlove
Songs of my lover's love
Singing the songs of loving myself ---
E A D A - E A / - E D A Dm7 / E F C F C/
F C F / C F C F / C G E Am (Em...)

If I only had an hour I'd spend it with the
women
Who live the lives, the fighting lives
The lives that inspire the songs of women
working
Fighting for our senses courageously
Preparing me for battles that are yet to be won

Linger on the details
The part that reflects the change
There lies revolution
Our everyday lives, the changes inside
Become our political tour.

- Holly Near ~
Meg Christian

(c)1978. Hereford Music/
Thumbelina. All rights
reserved. On Holly Near's
IMAGINE MY SURPRISE.



ARTISTS INDEX

(Note: These are artists who have recorded or may be associated with the song and not in many cases the songwriter. For the latter, see under each song in the songsheets themselves.)

Abrams, Eileen
They'll be comin round the mountain WOMEN

Adam, Margie
Best friend (Unicorn song) - DREAM
Images - DREAM
Sweet friend of mine - WOMEN
Tender lady - CREATIVE
(all but last in her SONGWRITER)

Anderson, Eric
My land is a good land - AMER
Thirsty boots - TRAV
Violets of dawn - DREA

Ashby, Marla
Spaceship - UNITY

Bacon, Margaret
Lucretia mott - SPIR

Baez, Joan
Songbook - Ryerson, 1964 (14, mostly traditional off her early albums). Her records are on Vanguard.
All my trials - LULL
All the weary mothers - BETT
Carry it on - PRIS
Dona, dona - STRUG
Ghetto - CITY
Heaven help us all - CITY
House of the rising sun - WOMEN
Joe hill - WORK
Kumbaya - LULL
Night they drove old dixie down (by Robbie Robertson) - AMER
One day at a time - CHAN
Plaisir d'amour - see Joie d'amour FRIEND
Satisfied mind - RICH
Tramp on the street - RICH
Wild mountain thyme - SUN

Beatles
Blackbird - MORN
Help - HUMAN
Here comes the sun - SUN
In my life - CHAN
Let it be - GOOD
Little help from my friends - FRIEND
Octopus' garden - PLAY
Yellow submarine - PLAY

Bemmels, Carol
see Flanagan & Bemmels

Blood, Peter
Can be contacted at 919 Farragut, Phila. PA 19143.
Because we're all one people - UNITY
I wonder as I wander - SPIR
Many long years - CHANGE
May the lord bless you... - SPIR
Once I saw a bakerman - PLAY
Prodigal son → Hava nashira - SPIR
Song for new men - MEN
When the revolution comes - STRUGGLE

Bok, Gordon
On Folk-Legacy Records (Sharon CT 06069). Gordon lives in Maine - his albums are real gems...
An diran than solder - SEA'
Bheir mi o - LULL
Brandy Tree - DREAM
Dancing at Whitsun - CREATIVE
O-e-dallay - DREAM
Turn ye to me - SEA
Turning toward the morning - INSIDE FRONT COVER

Brand, Oscar
When I first came to this land - PLAY

Brel, Jacques
Chanson des vieux amants - FRIEND
Impossible dream - BETT
Sons of...(Fils de...) - HOME

Burns, Robert
Auld lang syne - CHAN
For a'that - RICH

Carter, Sidney
George Fox - SPIR
Lord of the dance - SPIR

Chandler, Len
Beans in my ears - PLAY

Chaplin, Ralph
Commonwealth of toil - RICH
Solidarity forever - STRUG

Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem
Songbook, Oak 1964, $4.95 (7-Irish trad.) goes out of print occasionally but an excellent collection.)
Kevin Barry - PRIS
Risin o' the moon - NATL
Work of the weavers - WORK
Young Roddy McCorley - NATL

Christian, Meg
Leaping lesbians - WOMEN
Mountain song - ADDS
Road I took to you - ADDS
Sweet darling woman - ADDS

Clemmens, Gini
On Open Door, 6403 N. Bell, Chicago 60645
Best friend (Unicorn song) - DREAM
Good old dora - WOM
Lady-o - WOM
Long time friends - FRIEND

Cliff, Jimmy
Many rivers to cross - GOOD
You can get it if you really want - STRUG

Collins, Judy
Her Songbook, Grossett & Dunlap, 1969 $6.95. 23—from her records.
Coming of the road - MINE
Farewell to tarwaithe - SEA
Golden apples of the sun - DREAM
Holly ann - CREA
I think it's gonna rain today - GOOD
Liverpool lullaby - LULL
Michael from mountains - FRIEND
Moon's a harsh mistress - GOOD
My father - DREAM
Old fisherman - SEA
Plegaria a un labrador - RURAL
Since you asked - FRIEND
Song for duke - CREA
Song for judith(Open the door) - FRIEND
Suzanne - DREAM
We always cook with honey - HOME
Who knows where the time goes - CHAN

Cohen, Leonard
Suzanne - DREAM

Cooney, Michael
Applepickers reel - RURAL

Cooper, Marge
Elizabeth Gurley Flynn - WOMEN

Cotton, Elizabeth
Freight train - TRAVEL

Culver, Casse
On Urana Records, distr. by Olivia (PO Box 12864, Oakland CA 94604)
Her SONGBOOK is $5 fr Sweet Alliance Music, PO Box 2879, Wash DC 20003.
Good old dora - WOMEN
Three gypsies - WOMEN

Dalglish, Malcolm
Shake these bones SPIRIT

Dart, Mary
Her SONGS ABOUT PEOPLF is $2.50 fr Mary c/o Arthur Morgan Sch Rte 5, Burnsville NC 28714
Busy song - HUMAN
Gum song - PLAY
My little girl - HUMAN
Tell me I'm lovely when I cry - HUMAN

Dash, Terry
Sweet Sorcery - WOMEN

Davis, Barbara
Working class woman - ADDS

Deacon, Ellen
Easy does it - HUMAN
Liberation song (for Maggie) - WOMEN

Denver, John
Rhymes and reasons - DREAM
Rocky mountain high - SUN
Sunshine on my shoulders - SUN
Take me home, country roads - MINE

Donovan
Brother sun, sister moon - DREAM
Catch the wind - FRIEND
Colours - see Yellow is the...- MORN
Mandolin man - CREA
To sing for you - CREA
Try for the sun - CITY

Dowdy, Cheryl
Sun song - SUN

Dreamdigger, Ruth
Powerful woman - WOMEN

Dylan, Bob
•Blowin' in the wind - BETT
I shall be released - PRIS
•Love minus zero/no limit - DREAM
New morning - MORN
Time passes slowly - HOME
•Times they are a-changin - STRUG
•Tomorrow is a long time - HOME
•When the ship comes in - STRUG
•With god on our side - PEACE
You ain't goin nowhere - HOME
(Marked songs are in Bob Dylan Songbook published by M.Witmark & Sons. Others are in Songs of Bob Dylan.)

Edgerton, Muriel
Re-evaluation talkin about it blues - HUMAN

Etzler, Carole
Sometimes I wish - WOM

Evans, Martha
I like myself - HUMAN

Fariña, Mimi & Richard
Children of darkness - PEACE
Pack up your sorrows - GOOD
Swallow song - DREAM

Feeny, Mary
See under Mary Dart

Flanagan, Ross & Bemmels, Carol
Bring me a rose - CHAN
Christmas morning - SPIR
Together - UNITY

Glazer, Joe
Songs of work & protest is a Dover paperback. "Sings labor songs" is a Collector (1918) (Suite 201 8422 Georgia Ave Silver Spring, MD 20910) Other albums on Washington & on Folkways
Soup song - RICH
& many under WORK section

ARTISTS INDEX cont'd

Goodman, Steve
City of new orleans - TRAV

Gorton, Ruthie
Voices from the mountains - MINER

Grammer, Margaret
Contact via 102 Willow St, Cambridge MA
Motherland - HOME
Womansong - WOMEN

Grant, Bev
Records on Paredon
Together we can move mtns. - UNITY
Father - WORK

Grateful Dead
Ripple - DREAM

Guthrie, Arlo
City of New Orleans - TRAV
Hobo's lullaby - LULL
Ring around the rosy rag - CITY

Guthrie, Woody
His Songbook is Grosset & Dunlap, 1968, $6.95 (16 in these songsheets) most of his recordings are Folkways, tho some are other labels.
Better world's a comin - BETT
Don't you push me down - HUMAN
Hard travelin - WORK
I ain't gonna be treated this way - RICH
I've got to know - AMER
Jesus christ - RICH
Mail myself to you - PLAY
Pastures of plenty - RUR
Riding in my car - PLAY
So long it's been good to know you RUR
This land is your land - AMER
Union maid - WORK
Why o why - PLAY
You got to go down and join the union - WORK

Hazel & Alice
On Rounder Records
Custom made woman blues - WOMEN
Green rolling hills of WV - MINER

Herdman, Priscilla
Her albums are on Philo, The Barn, North Ferrisbury, VT 05473
Dancing at Whitsun - CREA
Jack of Hazeldean - FRIEND
Reedy river - RURAL

Hill, Joe
Pie in the sky→Preacher & the slave - RICH

Hoffman, P.J.
P.J.'s "Muscle & Brain" can be obtained from Movement for a New Society, 4722 Baltimore Ave., Phila.PA 19143
He can be contacted for engagements. c/o 3628 Park Ave.S, Minneapolis MN 53407
Come alive - BETT

Here's to the people - UNITY
We can make the changes - STRUG

Hamm, Bruce
See under Bruce Kokopeli

Hochstedler, Eli
Love song for myself - MEN

Hunter, Tom
His album coming home can be ordered from 276 Sycamore, Mill Valley CA 94941 for $5.
A gentle song - MEN
Rock me to sleep - HUMAN

Ian & Sylvia
Early morning rain - TRAV
Four strong winds - TRAV

Incredible String Band
May the longtime sun - DREAM

Inti-Illimani
"Album #2" has songs here c/o Monitor Records, 156 5th Ave., NY 10010 (also issues "Victor Jara" & "Quilapayun")
Hacia la libertad - NATL
Song for victor - CREA
Winds of the people - NATL

Jackson, Aunt Molly
I am a union woman - WORK

Jara, Victor
"Victor Jara," Monitor 156 5th Ave., NY, NY 10010.
Plegaria a un labrador - RUR
Vientos del pueblo - see Winds of the people - NATL

Johnson, Vera
Queerest critter - ECO

Kahn, Si
Order "New Wood" from June Appal Recds, Box 743 Whitesburg KY 48158. $5.50 ppd (send for their catalog-lots of excellent polit.music!) Write Si at 817 Carolina St., Roanoke Rapids, NC 27870.
Better half of you - HUMAN
Gone, gonna rise again - CHAN
New year's eve - HUMAN
Old J.P. he ain't what he used to be - WORK
Runaway shop song - WORK
Stevens don't allow - WORK

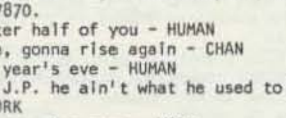
Talking politician - AMER
Truck drivin woman - TRAV

Katz, Sheila
There's a woman - WOMEN

Kerr, Sandra
Maintenance engineer - WOMEN

King, Carole
Beautiful as you feel - HUMAN
Home again - HOME
Up on the roof - CITY
Way over yonder - BETT
You've got a friend - FRIEND

Kingston Trio
Foggy dew-ADDS
Fox - PLAY
Jamaica farewell - SEA
MTA Song - CITY
Sloop John B. - SEA



Kirby, Rich & Kline, Michael
Their record "They Can't Put It Back" has been reissued and is available for $5.50 from Rich c/o Rt 1, Box 178, Dunganron, VA 24245.
Almost done - MINER
Coal tatoo - MINER
I can hear the sweet winds - MINER
Jenny's gone away - HOME

Kilman, Wayne
One wish - HUMAN

Kretzer, Leo
1031 S. Forest, Ann Arbor MI 48104.
Hard times in america - RICH

Power game - PEACE
Spirit sun - SPIR

Kokepeli, Bruce
(A beautiful, strong & gentle activist in Movement for a New Society): 331 17th Ave E., Seattle WA 98112
Changin as i go - MEN
Don't put your base in my backyard - see One bottle of pop - ECO
Feelings song - MEN
John wayne image - MEN
Life is mine to live - GOOD
Men's movement harmony - MEN
Morning due - MEN
Peace, my sister - DREAM
Sing, sing liberation - BETT

Lavender Jane
On Olivia label: PO Box 12064 Oakland CA 94604.
Beware o take care - WOMEN
Little house - PLAY
Woman in your life - WOMEN

Leadbelly
On Folkways.
Bourgeois blues - FREE
Pick a bale of cotton - RUR
Midnight special - PRIS
Take this hammer - PRIS

Lehrer, Tom
Pollution - ECO
Wild west is where i want to be - PEACE

Lems, Kristin
I wasn't surprised - FREE

Lennon, John (see also Beatles)
Imagine - BETTER

Liggera, Lanayre
Sojourner Truth - WOMEN

Lightfoot, Gordon
Early morning rain - TRAVEL

Lucha
Contact them for concerts, workshops or copies of their tape ($5) at 1720 Newton St., NW, Wash.D.C. 20010
Gone Gonna Rise Again - CHAN
I wasn't surprised - FREE
Plegaria a un labrador - RURAL
Sisters spring of vietnam - NATL
Sister, woman, sister - PRISON

MacColl, Ewan
Has several recordings with Peggy Seeger on Rounder and a songbook from Oak.
Ballad of a carpenter - WORK
Dirty old town - CITY
Farewell to tarwaithe - SEA
First time ever i saw your face FRIEND
Springhill Mine disaster - MINER

McCurdy, Ed
Strangest dream - PEACE

McDade, Carolyn
Sing a Woman Song can be ordered for $3.50 from Ecumenical Women's Center, 1653 W.School St., Chicago ILL 60657
All earth's waters - SPIR
Brand new day - SUN
Time-o - WOM
We might come in fighting - WOM
(Also in above book:
Ones who came before us - UNITY
ometimes I wish - WOM)

ARTISTS cont'd

McHale, Kathy
Welcome home - HUMAN

MacKenzie, Larry
For the children - HOME

MacLean, Don
Babylon - see By the flood - HOME

Vincent - CREAT

McTell, Ralph
Streets of london - CITY

Medical Mission Sisters
Records are on Avant Guard Records. 250 W. 57th St., NY 10019
It's a long road to freedom - HUMAN
Joy is like the rain - SUN
Spirit of God - SPIR

Milne, A.A.
Hoppity - PLAY
They all have tails like me - PLAY

Mitchell, Joni
Big yellow taxi - ECO
Both sides now - GOOD
Chelsea morning - MORN
Circle game - CHAN
For free - CREAT
Michael from mountains - FRIEND
Morning morgantown - MORN

Morgan, Geof
His IT COMES WITH THE PLUMBING is on Nexus Records. Contact Geof at Rt 1, Box 172A, Kingston Springs TN 37082.
Daddy what's a man? - MEN
Goodbye, John Wayne - HUMAN
Homophobia - MEN
I want o be silly - MEN
Just like Jim - MEN
Men supporting men - MEN

Murphy, Charlie
Contact via Good Fairy Productions, PO Box 12183, Broadway Sta, Seattle 98102

Circle of lovers - ECO
Dear men - MEN
Gay spirit moving - HUMAN
Healing song - HUMAN
Hos me - HUMAN
Mother earth - ECO
Ocean love - ECO
Songs in our hearts - SPIR

Near, Holly - on Redwood Records 565 Doolin Canyon, Ukiah CA 95482.
Faces - FRIEND
Gentle loving people - ADDS
Imagine my surprise - WOMEN
It could have been me - STRUGGLE
Mountain song - ADDS
Nicolia - WORK
No more genocide --PEACE
Old time woman - ADDS
Riverboat - ADDS
Sister woman sister - PRISON
You bet - WOMEN
You can know all I am - FRIEND

New Harmony Sisterhood Band
...on Paredon Records, Box 889, Brooklyn, NY 11202
Ain't I a woman - WOM
Amelia earhart - WOM
Cotton mill girls - WORK
Union maid - WORK

Newman, Randy
He gives us all his love → She... SPIR
I think it's gonna rain today - GOOD
Sail away - AMER

Niles, John Jacob
I wonder as I wander - SPIR

Ochs, Phil
Changes - CHAN
I ain't a-marchin anymore - PEACE
Power and the glory - AMER
There but for fortune - PRIS
What's that I hear now - STRUG

Paxton, Tom is such a prolific songwriter that finding one of his songs may be hard - persist! He has a number of albums on Elektra and has songbooks published by Oak and by United Artists Music Group.
Ain't that news - STRUG
Bottle of wine - CITY
Goin to the zoo - PLAY
Hey you little brand new baby - CHAN
Hostage (about Attica) - PRISON
I can't help but wonder - TRAV
Last thing on my mind - CHANGE
Rambling boy - FRIEND
What did you learn in school today? - AMER
Willing conscript - PEACE

Peter Paul and Mary
Autumn to may - PLAY
Bamboo - HOME
Because all men are brothers → Because we're all one people - UNITY
Buddy, can you spare a dime - RICH
Day is done - HOME
Five hundred miles - TRAV
If I were free - PEACE
If I had a hammer - BETT
Pretty horses - LULL
Puff the magic dragon - PLAY
Risin o' the moon - NATL
Weave me the sunshine - ADDS

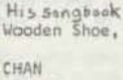
Phillips, Utah
Records on Philo (1916) The Barn, N. Ferrisburg, VT 05473. His songbook - "Starlight on the Rails" - Wooden Shoe, 1036 Sonoma CA 95478.
Goodnight-loving trail - CHAN
Green rollin hills of WV - MINE
Hymn song (I believe if...) - UNITY
Larimer street - CITY
Starlight on the rails - TRAV
Tellin takes me home - RUR

Prine, John
Hello in there - CHAN
Paradise - MINER
Your flag decal won't get you - AMER

Provisional Theatre
Free amerikay - NATL
Hard times in the mill - WORK
Voices from the mtns - MINE
You got to stand up - STRUG

Red Star Singers
(...on Paredon Records, Box 889, Brooklyn, NY 11202)
Force of life - CITY
I won't go - WOM
Pig nixon → Rockefeller - RICH
Still ain't satisfied - WOM
Sunshine silver mine - MINE

Redding, Otis
Dock of the bay - TRAV



Reddy, Helen
Best friend - HUMAN

Repp, Ray
(His records can be obtained from Franciscan Liturgy Communications, 1925 Pomplus, Los Angeles CA 90025. For copyrights write FEL Church Publications, 1543 W. Olympic Blvd, L.A. 90015.)
Til all my people are one - see under Stand together UNITY
To be alive - HUMAN
Wake up my people - SPIR

Reynolds, Malvina
Her songbooks & records are available fr Schroder Music, 2027 Parker St, Berkeley CA 94704. Her SONGBOOK (incl all but one of below) is just $4.

Andorra - PEACE
Faucets are dripping - CITY
God bless the grass - ECO
If you love me - FRIEND
I live in a city - CITY
It isn't nice - FREE
Let it be - ECO
Little boxes - AMER
Magic penny - UNITY
Morningtown ride - LULL
Mrs. clara sullivan's letter - MINE
No hole in my head - WOM
Sing along - UNITY
There's a bottom below - GOOD
Turn around - CHAN
You can't make a turtle come out - PLAY
We don't need the men - WOM
What have they done to the rain? - ECO
World in their pocket → They've got the... - NATL

Rice, Les
Banks of marble - RICH
I can see a new day - BETT

Rolling Stones
Salt of the earth - RICH

Ritchie, Jean
What'll I do with this baby-o? - PLAY

Ronstadt, Linda
Willin' - TRAVEL

Rodgers & Hammerstein see Musicals (special category index)
Rose, Betsy see Cathy Winter

Sainte-Marie Buffy
Men of the fields - RURAL
Now that the buffalo's gone - RURL
Piney wood hills - RURAL
Universal soldier - PEACE
Until it's time to go - FRIEND

Seeger, Peggy
...& Ewan MacColl record on Rounder (4003) 186 Willow Ave.,Somerville MA 02144.
I'm gonna be an engineer - WOMEN
Springhill mine disaster - MINER

Seeger, Pete
His early albums are on Folkways and later ones on Columbia (with a scattering on other labels). His songbooks are published by Oak.

Bells of Rhymney - RICH
Deep blue sea - SEA
Garbage - ECO
Garden song (inch by inch) - ECO
God bless the grass - ECO
Guantanamera - CREATV
Healing river - SPIR
How can I keep from singing - PRIS
If I had a hammer - BETTER
Oh had I a golden thread - DREAM
Old devil time - UNITY
Old hannah - PRIS
One friends hands - UNITY
One grain of sand - LULL
People are scratching - ECO
Pretty saro - MINE
Rainbow race (One blue sky...) - ECO
River of my people - UNITY
Sailing down my golden river - HOME
Snow - SUN
Talking union - WORK
To my old brown earth - CHANGE
Turn turn turn - CHANGE
Viva la quince brigada - NATL
Wabash Cannon Ball - ADDITIONS
Waist deep in the big muddy - PEACE
Where have all the flowers gone - PEACE
Zhankoye → Djankoye - RURAL

ARTISTS cont'd

Simon and Garfunkel
America - TRAV
Bookends - see Time it was - CHAN
Bridge over troubled waters - GOOD
Cloudy - SUN
El condor pasa - DREAM
Feelin groovy (59th St.Brdg.Sng.)-GOOD
Homeward bound - HOME
I am a rock - MEN
Old friends - FRIEND
Scarborough fair - DREAM
Sounds of silence - AMER
(All of these are in Songs of Paul Simon, published by Charing Cross Music.)

Small, Fred
1542 Williams St., Denver, Colorado 80218.
Pringle jingle - AMER
Stand up! - STRUG
Sunrise at seabrook - ECO

Sordill, Willie
Please tip your waitress - RICH

Staines, Bill
All God's critters - UNITY
River - UNITY

Stevens, Cat
Moonshadow - DREAM
Morning has broken - MORN

Taylor, James
Carolina on my mind - HOME
Circle round the sun - GOOD
Close your eyes - GOOD
Fire and rain - FRIEND
Sweet baby james - LULL

Travis, Merle
"Back Home" is on Capitol (T 891)
Dark as a dungeon - MINE
Sixteen tons - MINE

Trickett, Ed
His albums are on Folk-Legacy, Sharon, Conn. 06069.
Goodnight-loving trail - CHAN
Home, dearie, home - SEA
Tellin takes me home - RUR
Ye ho little fish - LULL
Dancing at Whitsun - CREATV
Reedy river - RURAL

Trout, Doug
Born a man in america - MEN
Taking the time - MEN

Trull, Teresa
Woman-loving women - WOMEN

Turnbull, Michael
Liberation is a zippy thing - HUMAN

Tuttle, Alan
Granola - PLAY

Van Ronk, Dave
Bamboo - HOME

Walker, Jerry Jeff
Mr. Bojangles - CREAT

Ward, George
You gotta talk my language - FRIEND

West, Hedy
Five hundred miles - TRAV

Wheeler, Billy Edd
Coal tatoo - MINE
Coming of the road - MINE

Williamson, Cris
on Olivia, PO Box 12064, Oakland CA 94604.
Dream child - GOOD
Lullaby - ADDITIONS
Sister - WOMEN
Song of the soul - SPIR
Tender lady - CREA
Waterfall - GOOD

Note: Her new album "Live Dream" can be ordered from Olivia for $6.60 ppd.

Willis, Carol
See under Flanagan, Ross and Bemmels, Carol

Willoughby, Mark
Rain - SUN

Winter, Cathy, and Betsy Rose
can be booked c/o PO Box 8012, Albany NY 12203. Their album is on Origami Records.
Don't shut my sister out - ADDS
Long time friends - FRIENDS
Sweet sorcery - WOMEN

Wise, Joe
You fill the day - MORN

Wonder, Stevie
You are the sunshine of my life - FRIEND

Yarrow, Peter
Weave me the Sunshine - ADDITIONS

Zwell, Michael
Can be written at 1316 Richmond St., Witchita KS 67213
Bye bye love - MEN
Multiple relationship blues - FRIEND
Overscheduling blues - HUMAN

TITLES INDEX

→ means to find the song under the alternative title which follows. Thus "All The Pretty Horses" can be found alphabetically under "P" as "Pretty Horses" in the LULLABY section of the songsheets. * Thus → really means "see listed under" or "can be located as..."

A

Abelacho - NATL
Acres of clams - RURAL
AEC song → Wild west is where...PEACE
Ain't gonna be treated this way → I...RICH
Ain't gonna let nobody... FREE
Ain't I a woman? → Sojourner Truth - WOM
Ain't that news? - STRUGGLE
Ain't ya gotta right? - FREE
A la claire fontaine - GOOD
A la huelga - WORK
All Earth's waters - SPIR
All God's critters - UNITY
All good gifts - SUN
All my trials - LULL
All praise to thee my God this night → Tallis canon - LULL
All the pretty little horses → Pretty Horses - LULL
All the weary mothers - BETTER *
All through the night - LULL
Almost done - MINE
Alouette - PLAY
Amazing grace - SPIR
Ambletown → Home, dearie...SEA
Amelia erhart's last flight - WOMEN
America (paul simon) - TRAV
America the beautiful - AMER
An diran than solder - SEA
Andorra - PEACE
Another man done gone - PRISON
Apple maid - RUR
Applepickers reel - RUR
Appletrees in bloom - SUN
Auld lang syne - CHANGE
Aunt rhody - PLAY
Autumn to may - PLAY

B

Babylon → By the flood - HOME
Ballad of a carpenter - WORK
Balm in Gilead - GOOD
Bamba, la - CREATIVE
Bamboo - HOME
Banks of marble - RICH
Barnyard dance - INSIDE FRONT COVER
Battle hymn of women - WOMEN
Beans in my ears - PLAY
Beautiful as you feel - HUMAN
Because all men are bros → Bec. we're UNIT
Bed is too small for my tiredness - LULL
Bella ciao - NATL
Bells of rhymney - RICH
Best friend (Helen Reddy) - HUMAN
Best friend (Unicorn song) - DREAM
Better half of you - HUMAN
Better world's a comin' - BETTER
Beward o take care - WOMEN
Bheir mi o - LULL
Big rock candy mtn → Rock candy...ADDS
Big yellow taxi - ECO
Black socks - PLAY
Blackbird - MORN
Blow the candles out - ADDS
Blow ye winds in the morning - SEA
Blowin in the wind - BETTER
Bobby McGee - TRAVL
Bojangles → Mr Bojangles - CREATIVE
Bookends → Time it was - CHANGE
Born a man in America - MEN
Both sides now - GOOD
Bottle of wine - CITY
Bourgeois blues - FREE
Brand new day - SUN
Brandy tree - DREAM
Bread and roses - WOMEN
Bread song - WORK
Break bread → Let us break...SPIR
Bridge over troubled waters - GOOD
Bright morning star - MORN
Bring me a rose - CHANGE
Bringing in the seaves - SPIR
Brother James' air - SPIR
Brother sun, sister moon - DREAM
Buddy, can you spare a dime - RICH
Busy song - HUMAN
By the flood of babylon - HOME
Bye bye love - MEN

C

Canadien errant, un - HOME
Cancion a victor → Song for Victor-CREA
Canoe round - SUN
Can't help but wonder → I can't...TRAV

TITLES cont'd

Capt. Kidd → Thru all the world...SPIR
Car, car → Ridin in my car - PLAY
Carolina on my mind - HOME
Carry it on - PRISON
Catch the wind - FRIEND
Chairs to mend - CITY
Changes - CHANGE
Changin as i go - MEN
Chanson des vieux amants, la - FRIEND
Chelsea morning - MORN
Cherry trees →Sakura - SUN
Chewing gum →Gum song - PLAY
Chew your food - HUMAN
Children of darkness - PEACE
Christmas morning - SPIR
Christopher robin goes hippity →
  Hoppity - PLAY
Circle game - CHANGE
Circle of lovers - ECO
Circle round the sun - GOOD
City of new orleans - TRAV
Clara sullivan's letter →Mrs...MINER
Close your eyes (James Taylor) GOOD
Cloudy - SUN
Coal town road → Coal tatoo - MINER
Cockles & mussells - CITY
Colours → Yellow is the... MORN
Come alive - BETTER
Come all you fair & tender ladies ADDS
Come go with me to that land BETTER
Come follow - SUN
Come on people now → Let's get tog.UNIT
Come on up → Harriet Tubman - HUMAN
Come wander quietly → Swallow song
  - DREAM
Coming of the road - MINER
Commonwealth of toil - RICH
Community power - ECO
Condor pasa, el - DREAM
Cook with honey → We always... HOME
Cotton mill girls - WORK
Country roads →Take me home - MINER
Cripple creek - PLAY
Custom made woman blues - WOMEN
Cutty wren - STRUGGLE

D

Daddy, what's a man? - MEN
Dancing at whitsun - CREATV
Dark as a dungeon - MINER
Day by day - SPIR
Day is done - HOME
De colores - SUN
Dear friends - UNITY
Dear men - MEN
Deep blue sea - SEA
Deepriver blues - SEA
Deportees - RURAL
Die Gedanken sind frei - PRISON
Dillan Bay - SEA
Dip & swing → Canoe round - SUN
Dirty old town - CITY
Djankoye - RURAL
Dock of the bay - TRAVEL
Dodi li - FRIEND
Dona, dona - STRUGGLE
Don't buy juice - STRUGGLE
Don't put your base in my backyard
  → One bottle of pop - ECO
Don't shut my sister out - ADDS
Don't you push me down - HUMAN
Down at the station - TRAV
Downtown - CITY
Dream child - GOOD
Drill ye tarriers drill - WORK
Drinkin gourd →Follow the...FREE

E

Early Morning Rain - TRAV
East Side, West Side - CITY
Easy Does It - HUMAN
Eddystone Light - ADDITIONS
Edelweiss - SUN
Eggplant that ate Chicago - CITY
Ego sum pauper - RICH
Eidelweiss - SUN
Eight hour day - WORK
El condor pasa - DREAM
Eleven cent cotton - RUR
Elizabeth gurley flynn - WOMEN
Engineer song →I'm gonna be an engineer
  WOMEN
Erev ba - MORN
Erie canal - TRAV
Every night when the sun goes down
  - GOOD
Every time I feel the spirit - SPIRIT
Everybody loves Sat. night - GOOD

F

Faces - FRIENDS
Far away - LULL
Farewell to Tarwaithe - SEA
Farmer in the dell - PLAY
Farmer is the man → Farmer
  is the one - RUR
Farther along - SPIR
Father - WORK
Faucets are dripping - CITY
Feelin groovy (59th St.Brdg.Song) GOOD
Feelings song - MEN
Finjan - SUN
Finlandia →Song of peace - UNITY
Fire and Rain - FRIEND
First time ever I saw your face - FRIEND
Five hundred miles - TRAV
Flag decal → Your flag decal won't
  get you - AMER
Foggy dew - ADDS
Follow the drinkin gourd - FREE
For a' that - RICH
For free - CREATV
For the children - HOME
Force of life - CITY
Four strong winds - TRAV
Fox - PLAY
Free amerikay - NATL
Free at last - FREE
Freedom ladies on the march - WOMEN
Freight train - TRAV
Freiheit - NATL
French cathedral round →Orleans...DREAM
Frère jacques - MORN
Frozen logger - PLAY
Funiculi, funicula - GOOD
Furasato - PEACE

G

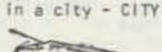
Garbage - ECO
Garden song - ECO
Gay spirit movin - HUMAN
Gentle loving people - ADDS
Gentle song - MEN
George Fox - SPIRIT
Get together → Let's... - UNITY
Ghetto - CITY
Give me oil in my lamp - SPIR
Give us a song to sing - SPIR
Go down moses - FREE
God bless the grass - ECO
God on your side →With god...PEACE
God save the people →Save the ...BETT
Goin down the road →I ain't gonna be
  treated this a'way - RICH
Going to the zoo - PLAY
Golden apples of the sun - DREAM
Gone, gonna rise again - CHANGE
Gonna do what the spirit says →I'm
  gonna...SPIR
Gonna lay down that seabrook nuke - ECO
To tell aunt rhody - Aunt...PLAY
Goodbye, John Wayne - HUMAN
Good old Dora - WOMEN
Good old mtn dew Old mtn...PLAY
Goodnight-loving trail - CHANGE
Grandfather's Clock - ADDITIONS
Granola - PLAY
Green rollin hills of W.Va. - MINER
Greenland fisheries - SEA
Guantanamera - CREATV
Gum song - PLAY

H

Hacia la libertad - NATL
Hafinjan → Finjan - SUN
Haida, haida - SPIRIT
Hallelujah, I'm a bum - RICH
Happy wanderer - SUN
Hard times in America - RICH
Hard time in the mill - WORK
Hard travelin' - WORK
Harriet Tubman - HUMAN
Hava nagila - GOOD
Hava nashira - SPIR
Having been touched →Tender lady - CREA
He gives us all his love →She...SPIR
Healing river - SPIR
Healing song - HUMAN
Heaven help us all - CITY
Hello in there - CHANGE
Help - HUMAN
Here comes the sun - SUN
Here's to the people - UNITY
He's got the whole world →We've...
Hevenu shalom alechem - UNITY
Hey djankoye →Djankoye - RUR
Hey, ho nobody home - RICH
Hey you, little brand hew baby - CHANGE
Hi ro jerum →Rich man & the poor man -
  RICH
Hineh ma tov - UNITY
Hobo's lullaby - LULL
Hold on - FREE
Home again - HOME
Home dearie home - SEA
Home on the range - RUR
Homeward bound - HOME
Homophobia - MEN
Hoppity - PLAY
Hos me - HUMAN
Hostage - PRISON
House of the risin sun - WOMEN
Housewife's lament - ADDS
How can I keep from singing? - PRISON
Hush little baby don't say a work →
  Mockingbird song - LULL
Hush little baby don't you cry →All
  my trials - LULL
Hush-a-bye →Pretty horses - LULL
Hymn song (I believe if...) UNITY

I

I ain't a-marchin anymore - PEACE
I ain't gonna be treated this way RICH
I am a rock - MEN
I am a union woman - WORK
I believe if I lived my life again →
  Hymn song - UNITY
I can hear the sweet winds blowin MINER
I cannot be a slave - WORK
I can see a new day - BETTER
I can't help but wonder - TRAV
I don't want your John Wayne image →
  John Wayne image - MEN
I don't want your millions, mister - RICH
I'd rather be a jolly st.francis - SPIR
I dreamed I saw Joe Hill →Joe Hill -
  WORK
If anybody asks you who I am - FREE
If I had a hammer - BETTER
If we only had love - BETTER
If I were free - PEACE
If you love me - FRIEND
If you miss me at the back of the bus
  FREE
I gave my love a cherry - FRIEND
I got some singin to do - SUN
I know where I'm goin - FRIEND
I like myself - HUMAN
I live in a city - CITY



TITLES cont'd

I love the flowers - SUN
I'm a little teapot - PLAY
I'm goin to leave old texas →Ole...RUR
I'm gonna be an engineer - WOMEN
I'm gonna do what the spirit says - SPIR
I'm on my way - FREE
Images - DREAM
Imagine - BETTER
Imagine my surprise - ADDITIONS

Imperia, Imperia - NATL
Inch by inch → Garden song - ECG
In my life - CHANGE
Internationale - STRUG
I shall be released - PRISON
It could have been me - STRUG
I think it's gonna rain today - GOOD
It isn't nice - FREE
It's a long road to freedom - HUMAN
It's allright to cry - HUMAN
Itsy bitsy spider - PLAY
I've been to London - PLAY
I've been workin on the RR - PLAY
I've come to look for America → America - TRAV
I've got peace like a river → Peace like a... SPIRIT
I've got to know - AMER
I want to be silly - MEN
I wasn't surprised - FREE
I wonder as I wander - SPIRIT
I won't go - WOMEN

J

Jack of Hazeldean → Jock...FRIEND
Jamaica farewell - SEA
Jenny's gone away - HOME
Jesus Christ - RICH
Jock o'Hazeldean - FRIEND
Joe hill - WORK
John brown's body - FREE
John henry - MINER
John wayne image - MEN
Johnny appleseed - RUR
Johnny I hardly knew you - PEACE
Joie d'amour, la - FRIEND
Joshua - STRUG
Joy is like the rain - SUN
Jubilate deo - SPIR
Just like jim - MEN
Jute mill song →

K

Keep your eyes on the prize →Hold on FREE
Kevin barry - PRISON
Kookabura - PLAY
Kumbaya - LULL

L

La bamba → Bamba - CREATV
La chanson des vieux amants → Chanson... - FRIEND
Larimer Street - CITY
Last thing on my mind - CHANGE
Lavender's blue - FRIEND
Lean on me - FRIENDS
Leaping lesbians - WOMEN
Let it be (beatles) - GOOD
Let is be (malvina reynolds) - ECO
Let my little light shine →This little light of mine - FREE
Let's get together - UNITY
Let there be peace on earth - BETTER
Let us break bread together - SPIR
Liberation is a zippy thing - HUMAN
Liberation song (ellen deacon) - WOM
Life is mine to live - GOOD
Lift me gentle god - SPIR
Like flowers on the vine - PRISON
Little blue top - ECO
Little boxes - AMER
Little brand new baby →Hey you...CHAN
Little help from my friends - FRIEND
Little house - PLAY
Liverpool lullaby - LULL
.o yisa goy →Vine and fig tree - PEACE
Loch Lomond - SUN
Logger lover →Frozen logger - PLAY
Lone wild bird - SPIR
Lonesome traveller - TRAV
Long road to freedom →It's a...HUMAN
Long time friends - FRIEND
Lord blow the moon out →Bed is too small - LULL
Lord is good to me →Johnny Appleseed
Lord of the dance - SPIR
Lord won't you buy me... AMER
Lord's my shepherd →Bro James air SPIR
Love like a city - CITY
Love minus zero/no limit - DREAM
Love song for myself - MEN
Lucretia mott - SPIR
Lullabye - ADDS

M

Magic penny - UNITY
Mail myself to you - PLAY
Maintenance engineer - WOMEN
Make new friends - FRIEND
Mama's gonna buy you →Mockingbird song LULL
Mandolin man - CREATV
Many long years - CHAN
Many rivers to cross - GOOD
Matthew, mark, luke & john - LULL
May the longtime sun - DREAM
May the lord bless you & keep you-SPIR
Me & bobby mcgee →Bobby...TRAV
Meadowlands - NATL
Men of the field - RURAL
Men supporting men - MEN
Men's movement harmony - MEN
Mervin barr - FREE
Michael from mountains - FRIEND
Michael row - FREE
Midnight special - PRIS
Miserere nostri domine - SPIR
Mister bojangles - CREATV
Mockingbird song - LULL
Moon river - TRAV
Moon's a harsh mistress - GOOD
Moonshadow - DREAM
Moorsoldaten →Peat bog soldiers -PRIS
More we get together - UNITY
Morning due - MEN
Morning has broken - MORN
Morning morgantown - MORN
Morningtown ride - LULL
Mother earth - ECO
Motherland - HOME
Motherless child - GOOD

Mountain dew → Old mtn dew -PLAY
Mountain song - ADDS
Mr Bojangles - CREATV
Mrs. Clava Sullivan's letter - MINER
MTA song - CITY
Mulberry bush - PLAY
Multiple relationship blues - FRIEND
My father - DREAM
My favorite things - GOOD
My home's across the Smoky Mtns - MINER
My land is a good land - AMER
My little girl - HUMAN
My Lord what a morning - ADDS
My love she speaks like silence → Love minus zero/no limit - DREAM
My rambling boy → Ramblin boy FRIEND

N

New Morning - MORN
New year's eve - HUMAN
News, news →Ain't that news - STRUG
Nicolia - WORK
Night they drove old dixie down - AMER (Robbie Robertson)
Nine-to-five - WORK
No hole in my head - WOMEN
No man is an island →No one...UNITY
No more genocide - PEACE
No nos moverán →We shall not be moved WORK
No one is an island - UNITY
Nobody knows you when you're down & out RICH
Now that the buffalo's gone - RUR
Now the day is over - LULL

O

Oats, peas, beans - RUR
Ocean love - ECO
Octopus' garden - PLAY
O-E-Dallay - DREAM
O healing river →Healing river - SPIR
Oh freedom - FREE
Oh had I a golden thread - DREAMS
O how lovely is the evening - MORN
Oh what a beautiful morning - MORN
Oh, sisters don't you weep - WOMEN
Old Chisolm trail - RURAL
Old devil time - UNITY
Old fisherman - SEA
Old friends - FRIEND
Old Hannah - PRISON
Old J.P. he ain't... - WORK
Old settler song → Acres of clams RURAL
Old mountain dew - PLAY
Old time woman - ADDS
Ole Texas - RURAL
Oleanna - PLAY
O Mary don't you weep - FREE
O my brothers, what's life for? → Song for... -MEN
Once I saw a bakerman - PLAY
One blue sky above →Rainbow race - ECO
One bottle of pop - ECO
One day at a time - CHAN
One friend's hands - UNITY
One grain of sand - LULL
One man's hands →One friend's...UNITY
One morning in May - CREA
One wish - HUMAN
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at - SUN
Open the door & come on in → Song for Judith - FRIEND
Orleans, Beaujency - DREAM
Overscheduling blues - HUMAN
O what a beautiful city - SPIR

P

Pack up your sorrows - GOOD
Paradise - MINE
Passing through - CHAN
Pastures of plenty - RUR
Peace I ask of thee or river - SPIR
Peace like a river - SPIR
Peace, my sister - DREAM
Peanut butter - PLAY
Peat bog soldiers - PRIS
People are scratching - ECO
Per Spelmann - CREA
Philadelphia is a wonderful place CITY
Pick a bale of cotton - RUR
Pie in the sky → Preacher & the slave RICH
Pig Nixon → Rockerfeller - RICH
Piney wood hills - RURAL
Plaisir d'amour → Joie d'amour - FRIEND
Plane wreck at Los Gatos → Deportees RUR
Please tip your waitress - RICH
Plegaria a un labrador - RUR
Pollution - ECO
Power and the glory - AMER
Power game - PEACE
Powerful woman - WOM
Praise to the light - SPIR
Praise to the Lord, the almighty → Praise to the light - SPIR
Preacher & the slave (Pie in the sky)- RICH
Preacher went down - PLAY
Pretty horses - LULL
Pretty Saro - MINE
Pringle jingle - AMER
Private property - AMER
Prodigal son →Hava nashira - SPIR
Puff the magic dragon - PLAY
Puttin on the style - AMER

Q

Queerest critter - ECO

R

Rain - SUN
Rainbow race (one blue sky) - ECO
Rambling boy - FRIEND
Red flag - STRUG
Reedy River - RUR
Re-evaluation talkin about it blues - HUMAN

TITLES cont'd

Rhymes and reasons - DREAM
Rich man & the poor man - RICH
Riddle song → I gave my love a cherry FRIEND
Ride-a cock horse - DREAM
Riding in my car - PLAY
Ring around the rosy rag - CITY
Ripple - DREAM
Rise and Shine - PLAY
Risin o' the moon - NATL
River - UNITY
Riverboat - ADDS
River of my people - UNITY
Road I took to you - ADDS
Rock candy mountain - ADDS
Rockerfeller - RICH
Rock me in your arms - ADDS
Rock me to sleep - HUMAN
Rocky mountain high - SUN
Roddy McCorley → Young Roddy...NATL
Runaway shop song - WORK

S

Sail away - AMER
Sailing down my golden river - HOME
Sakura - SUN
Salt of the earth - RICH
Sarasponda - CREATV
Satisfied mind - RICH
Save the people - BETTER
Say no to the layoffs - WORK
Scarborough fair - DREAM
Shabat shalom - SPIR
Shake these bones - SPIR
Shalom chaverim - UNITY
She gives us all her love - SPIR
She is a weaver → Holly Ann - CREATV
Shenandoah - SEA
Ship Titantic - SEA
Side by side - ADDS
Sidewalks of NY → East side, west CITY
Simple gifts - SPIR
Since you asked - FRIEND
Sing along - UNITY
Sing, sing a song - CREATV
Sing, sing liberation - BETTER
Sister - WOMEN
Sister don't you weep → O sisters...WOM
Sixteen tons - MINER
Skye boat song - LULL
Sloop John B - SEA
Snow - SUN
Sojourner Truth - WOMEN
So long it's been good to... RURAL
Solidarity forever - STRUG
Sometimes I feel → Motherless child GOOD
Sometimes I wish - WOMEN
Song for Duke - CREATV
Song for Judith - FRIEND
Song for new men - MEN
Song for Victor - CREATV
Song in our hearts - SPIR
Song of peace (Finlandia) - UNITY
Song of the seals - SEA
Song of the soul - SPIR
Sons of - HOME
Soon it's gonna rain - SUN
Sound of music - SUN
Sounds of silence - AMER
Soup song - RICH
Source of the dance → Lord of...SPIR
Spaceship - UNITY
Spirit of god in the clear running water SPIR
Spirit sun - SPIR
Springhill mine disaster - MINE
Stand together - UNITY
Stand up - STRUG
Starlight on the rails - TRAV
Starry starry night → Vincent - CREATV
Stevens don't allow - WORK
Still ain't satisfied - WOMEN
Strangest dream - PEACE
Streets of london - CITY
Study war no more - PEACE
Summer's Coming - SUN
Summertime - LULL
Sun is slowly sinkin down → Close your eyes - GOOD
Sun song - SUN
Sunrise at seabrook - ECO
Sunrise, sunset - INSIDE FRONT COVER
Sunshine on my shoulders - SUN
Sunshine silver mine - MINER
Suzanne - DREAM
Swallow song - DREAM
Sweet and low - LULL
Sweet baby James - LULL
Sweet darling woman - ADDS
Sweet friend of mine - WOMEN
Sweet sunny south - HOME
Sweet sorcery - WOMEN
Sweet the evening air → Appletrees...SUN
Sweet winds blowin → I can hear...MINER
Sweetly sings the donkey - MORN
Swing low - HUMAN

T

Take me back to... → Sweet sunny HOME
Take me home, country road - MINER
Take me out to the ballgame - AMER
Take this hammer - PRISON
Talking politician - AMER
Talking union - WORK
Tallis canon - LULL
Tell me I'm lovely... - HUMAN
Tellin takes me home - RURAL
Tender lady - CREATV
Tender shepherd - LULL
That cause can neither be... BETTER
There but for fortune - PRISON
There's a bottom below - GOOD
There's a woman - WOMEN
They all have tails like me - PLAY
They are falling all around me - STRUG
They call the wind Maria - ADDS
They paved paradise → Big yellow taxi ^ -ECO
They say that freedom is a const...HUMAN
They'll be comin round the mtn - WOMEN
Thirsty boots - TRAV
This land is your land - AMER
This little light - FREE
This old man - PLAY
This train - ADDS
Those were the days - CHANGE
Three gypsies - WOMEN
Through all the world below - SPIR
Time it was - CHANGE
Time passes slowly - HOME
Time-o - WOMEN
Times they are a changin - STRUG
Tis a gift... → Simple gifts - SPIR
To be alive - HUMAN
To my old brown earth - CHANGE
To sing for you - CREATV
To stop the train - TRAV
Today - CHANGE
Together (Ross Flanagan) - UNITY
Together we can move mtns - UNITY
Tomorrow is a long time - HOME
Tramp on the street - RICH
Truck drivin woman - TRAVEL
Try for the sun - CITY
Tumbalalaika - FRIEND
Turning toward the morning - INSIDE FRONT COVER
Turn around - CHANGE
Turn back o man - BETTER
Turn, turn, turn - CHANGE
Turn ye to me - SEA
Twelve gates... → O what a beaut...SPIR
Tzena, tzena - CREATV

U

Un canadien errant → Canadien...HOME
Unicorn song → Best friend - DREAM
Union maid - WORK
Universal soldier - PEACE
Until its time to go - FRIEND
Up on the roof - CITY

V

Veget. song → Barnyard dance -INSIDE ^ COVER
Vientos del pueblo → Winds... NATL
Vincent - CREATV
Vine & fig tree - PEACE
Violets of dawn - DREAM
Viva l'amour - UNITY
Viva la quince brigada - NATL
Voices from the mtns - MINERS

W

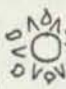
Wabash cannonball - ADDS
Waist deep in the big muddy - PEACE
Wake up my people - SPIR
Waltzing Mathilda - RICH
Waly, waly → Water is wide - DREAM
Wark o' the weavers → Work... WORK
Waterfall - GOOD
Water is wide - DREAM
Way over yonder - BETT
Wayfarin stranger - BETT
We always cook with honey - HOME
We are building a strong union - WORK
We can make the changes - STRUG
We circle around - SPIR
We don't need the men - WOMEN
We are the river - ADDS
We might come in fighting - WOMEN
We shall not be moved - WORK
We shall overcome - FREE
We will get there - BETTER
Weave me the sunshine - ADDS
Welcome home - HUMAN
We're gonna roll the union on - WORK
We've got the whole world - UNITY
What did you learn in sch today - AMER
What have we done to the rain? - ECO
What the world needs now - BETT
What'll I do with this baby-o - PLAY
What's that I hear now - STRUG
When I first came to this land - PLAY
When the revolution comes - STRUG
When the saints go marching in → When the revolution comes - STRUG
When the ship come in - STRUG
Where have all the flowers gone - PEACE
Where is love - HOME
Which side are you on - WORK
White sands & grey sands - DREAM
Who knows where the time goes - CHAN
Whose gonna shoe - WOMEN
Why o why - PLAY
Why shouldn't my goose - PLAY
Wild mt. thyme - SUN
Wild west is where I want to be - PEACE
Will you go lassie, go → Wild mt. thyme -SUN
Willin - TRAV
Willing conscript - PEACE
Winds of the people - NATL
With God on our side - PEACE
Woke up this morn. with my mind - FREE
Woman in your life, The - WOMEN
Womanpower - WOMEN
Woman-loving women - WOMEN
Woman's song There's a woman - WOMEN
Won't you go down Old Hannah? Old Hannah - PRISON
Workingclass woman - ADDS
Work of the weavers - WURK
Worried man blues - PRIS
Woyaya → We will get there - BETTER

Y

Ya'aseh shalom - NATL
Yea ho little fish - LULL
Yellow is the color - MORN
Yellow submarine - PLAY
You ain't goin nowhere - HOME
You are the sunshine of my life-FRIEND
You bet - ADDS
You can know all I am - FRIEND
You can close your eyes → Close your eyes - GOOD
You can get it if you really... STRUGG
You can't make a turtle come out PLAY
You fill the day - MORN
You got to go down and join the union - WORK
You've got to stand up - STRUGGLE
Young Roddy McCorley - NATL
Your flag decal won't get you - AMER
You've got a friend - FRIEND

Z

Zhankoye → Djankoye - RUR
Zum gali gali - RUR
Zoo song(Paxton) → Goin to... - PLAY



SPECIAL CATEGORIES INDEX

African
Everybody loves sat. night - GOOD
Imperia, imperia - NATL
Kumbaya - LULL

Australian
Kookabura - PLAY
Reedy river - RUR
Waltzing mathilda - RICH
Yea ho little fish - LULL

English (songs fr. England)
Cutty wren - STRUG
I'm gonna be an engineer - WOMEN
Jute mill song - WORK
Lavender's blue - FRIEND
Liberation is a zippy thing - HUM
Maintenance engineer - WOMEN
On ilkley moor baht 'at - SUN
One bottle of pop - ECO
Streets of London - CITY
Sun song - SUN
To stop the train - TRAV
(see also: Sidney Carter, Beatles, Cat Stevens)

French (see also Jacques Brel)
A la claire fontaine - GOOD
Alouette - PLAY
Canadien errant - HOME
Frere Jacques - MORN
Orleans, beaujancy - DREAM
Plaisir d'amour Joie d'amour - FRIEND
Viva l'amour - UNITY

Games
Farmer in the dell - PLAY
I've been to london - PLAY
Mulberry bush - PLAY
Oats, peas, beans - RUR
Peanut butter - PLAY
Itsy bitsy spider - PLAY

Gay liberation
Dear men - MEN
Don't buy juice - STRUG
Gay spirit moving - HUM
Gentle loving people - ADDS
Homophobia - MEN
(& others in WOMEN, ADDS)

German
Freiheit - NATL
Die gedanken sind frei - PRISON
Lachen, lachen → Summer's coming - SUN
Moorsoldaten → Peat bog soldiers - PRISON

Hebrew: see Jewish

Hymns (see also SPIR generally)
Balm in Gilead - GOOD
Bright morning star - MORN
Morning has broken - MORN
My lord what a morning - ADDS
Now the day is over - LULL
Tallis canon - LULL
That cause can neither be lost... BETT
Turn back O man - BETTER

Irish (see also Clancy Bros.)
Cockles & Mussels - CITY
Drill ye tarriers drill - WORK
Johnny I hardly knew you - PEACE

Italian
Funiculi, funicula - GOOD

I.W.W. ("Wobblies")
Their little red songbook is available for $1 fr I.W.W., 2422 N. Halstead, Chicago IL 60614
Commonwealth of Toil - RICH
Hallelujah I'm a bum - RICH
The Internationale - STRUGGLE
Joe Hill - WORK
Preacher & the slave (pie in the sky) - RICH
Solidarity forever - STRUG

Japanese
Furasato - PEACE
Sakura - SUN

Jewish (Most books only have lyrics anyway. Learn them from a friend!)
Dodi li - FRIEND
Djankoye - RUR
Dona, dona - STRG
Erev ba - MORN
Finjan - SUN
Haida, haida - SPIR
Hava nagila - GOOD
Hava nashira - SPIR
Hevenu shalom alechem - UNITY
Hineh ma tov - UNITY
Lo yisa goy Vine & fig tree PEACE
Shabat shalom - SPIRIT
Shalom chaverim - UNITY
Sunrise, sunset - INSIDE FRONT COVER
Tumbalaika - FRIEND
Tzena, tzena - CREA
Ya'aseh shalom - NATL
Zum gali gali - RUR

Musicals (Sheet music for marked songs can be ordered from Chappell Music Co., 810 Seventh Ave, New York NY 10019.)
All good gifts - SUN
Day by day - SPIR
*Edelweiss - SUN
Moon river - TRAV
*My favorite things - GOOD
*Oh what a beautiful morning - MORN
Save the people - BETT
*Soon it's gonna rain - SUN
*Sound of music - SUN
*Summertime - LULL
*Sunrise, sunset - INSIDE COVER
Tender shepherd - LULL
They call the wind Maria - ADDS
Where is love? - HOME

Native American
Lone wild bird - SPIR
Now that the buffalo's gone - RURAL
Piney Wood hills - RURAL
We circle around - SPIR

Norwegian
Oleanna - PLAY
Per spelmann - CREATIVE

Popular Bobby McGee - TRAV
Downtown - CITY
King of the road - RICH
Lean on me - FRIEND
Lord, won't you buy me... AMER
Salt of the earth - RICH
Side by side - ADDS
Sixteen tons - MINE
Those were the days - CHANGE
Up on the roof - CITY
What the world needs now - BETTER
(see also Beatles, Jimmy Cliff, Cat Stevens, Stevie Wonder)

Portuguese
Imperia, imperia - NATL

Quebec - see French

Re-evaluation Counseling songs
Most of these are in SONGS ON OUR WAY OUT #1 ($1 fr Rational Island Publ, PO Box 2081, Main Office Sta, Seattle WA 98111) and on a tape SOUNDS GOOD ($5 fr Ellie Marsh, Box 29, Altamont NY 12009).
Come alive - BETTER
Dear friends - UNITY
For the children - HOME
Liberation is a zippy thing - HUMAN
Love song for myself - MEN
One wish - HUMAN
Re-eval. talkin about it blues - HUMAN
There's a woman (Sheila Katz) - WOMEN
Welcome home - HUMAN
(see also Ellen Deacon, Mary Dart, Mike Zwell)

Rounds
Allelulas (I & II) - SPIR
Appletrees in bloom - SUN
Black socks - PLAY
By the flood of babylon - HOME
Canoe round - SUN
Chairs to mend - CITY
Chew your food - HUMAN
Come follow - SUN
Dear friends - UNITY
Don't put your base in my backyard → One bottle of pop - ECO
Down at the station - TRAV
Ego sum pauper - RICH
Frère Jacques - MORN
Haida, haida - SPIR
Hava nashira - SPIR
Hey, ho nobody home - RICH
Hineh ma tov - UNITY
I love the flowers - SUN
Jubilate deo - SPIR
Kookabura - PLAY
Lachen, lachen → Summer's coming - SUN
Make new friends - FRIEND
Miserere nostri domine - SPIRIT
More we get together - UNITY
O how lovely is the evening - MORN
One bottle of pop - ECO
Orleans, beaujency - DREAMS
Prodigal son → Hava nashira - SPIRIT
Ride-a-cock horse - DREAM
Shalom chaverim - UNITY
Summer's coming - SUN
Sweet the evening air → Appletrees in bloom - SUN
Sweetly sings the donkey - MORN
Tallis canon - LULL
Tender shepherd - LULL
Vine & fig tree - PEACE
White sands & gray sands - DREAM
Why shouldn't my goose - PLAY

Russian
Meadowlands - NATL
Those were the days - CHANGE
Volga boatman → River of my people UNITY
Where have all the flowers gone - PEACE
Zhankoye → Djankoye - RURAL

Scottish
Bheir mi o - LULL
Dillan bay - SEA
Farewell to Tarwathe - SEA
I know where I'm goin - FRIEND
Jock o' Hazeldean - FRIEND
Loch Lomond - SUN
Mari's wedding - FRIEND
Skye boat song - LULL
Song of the seal - SEA
Wark o' the weavers → Work... WORK
Wild mountain thyme - SUN
(see also Robt Burns, Ewan MacColl)

Spanish (many of these are on Monitor records)
Abelachao - NATL
A la huelga - WORK
Bamba - CREA
De colores - SUN
Guantanamera - CREATIVE
Hacia la libertad - NATL
No nos moveran → We shall not be...WORK
Plegaria a un laborador - RURAL
Solidaridad par' siempre - STRUGGLE
Song for Victor - CREATIVE
Vientos del pueblo → Winds of... NATL

Spirituals
Come & go with me - BETTER
He's got the whole world → We've...UNITY
Swing low - HUMAN
Wayfarin stranger - BETTER
(see also "Hymns" + SPIR & FREE sections)

War Tax Resistance
I ain't payin (marchin) anymore - PEACE
Study war no more - PEACE
Universal citizen (soldier) - PEACE

Yiddish: see Jewish

96 $595

NOTE: Songs within each section are arranged alphabetically by title – so to find a song turn first to the section it's in, then find the song.

America	
Better World	songs of hope
Changes	songs about time, growing, and stages of living
City	
Creativity	songs of singers, weavers, fiddlers, dancers
Dreams and Fantasies	magic and wonder
Ecology	
Freedom	songs of Black Americans and their struggles
Friendship and Love	
Good times and Blues	
Home	
Human Liberation	
Lullabies	
Men	
Miners and Mountains	songs of Appalachia
Morning and Night	
National Freedom	
Peace	
Play	songs, fun songs, young peoples songs
Prison	
Rich and Poor	
Rural	songs of farmers, peasants, Native Americans, the West
Seas and Sailors	
Spiritual	
Struggle	songs about social change
Sun and Rain	songs of forests, hills, seasons and weather
Travelling	songs of railroads, truckers, people on the move
Unity	and community
Women	
Work	songs, working people, and union songs